Dec. 17, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

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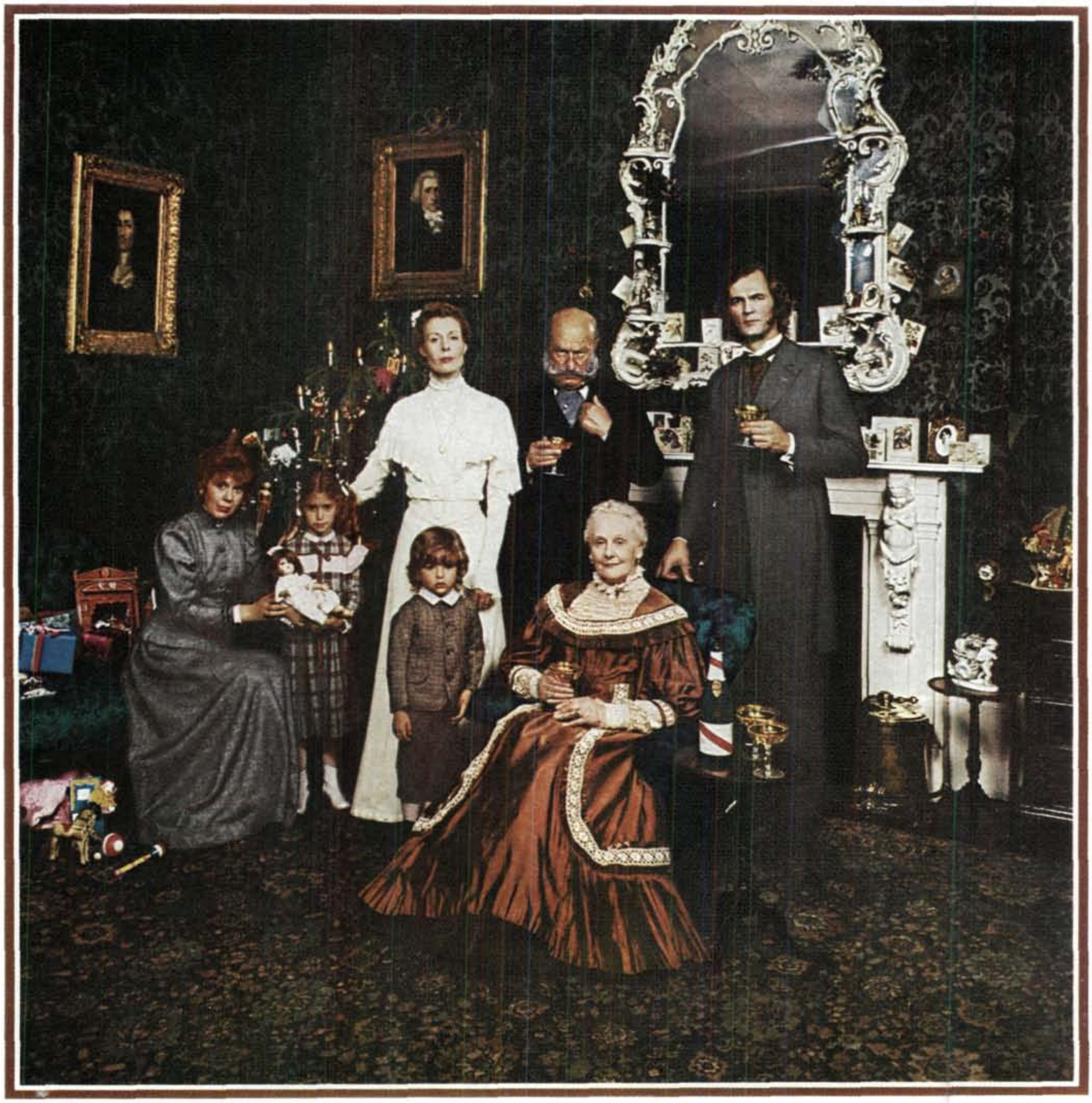

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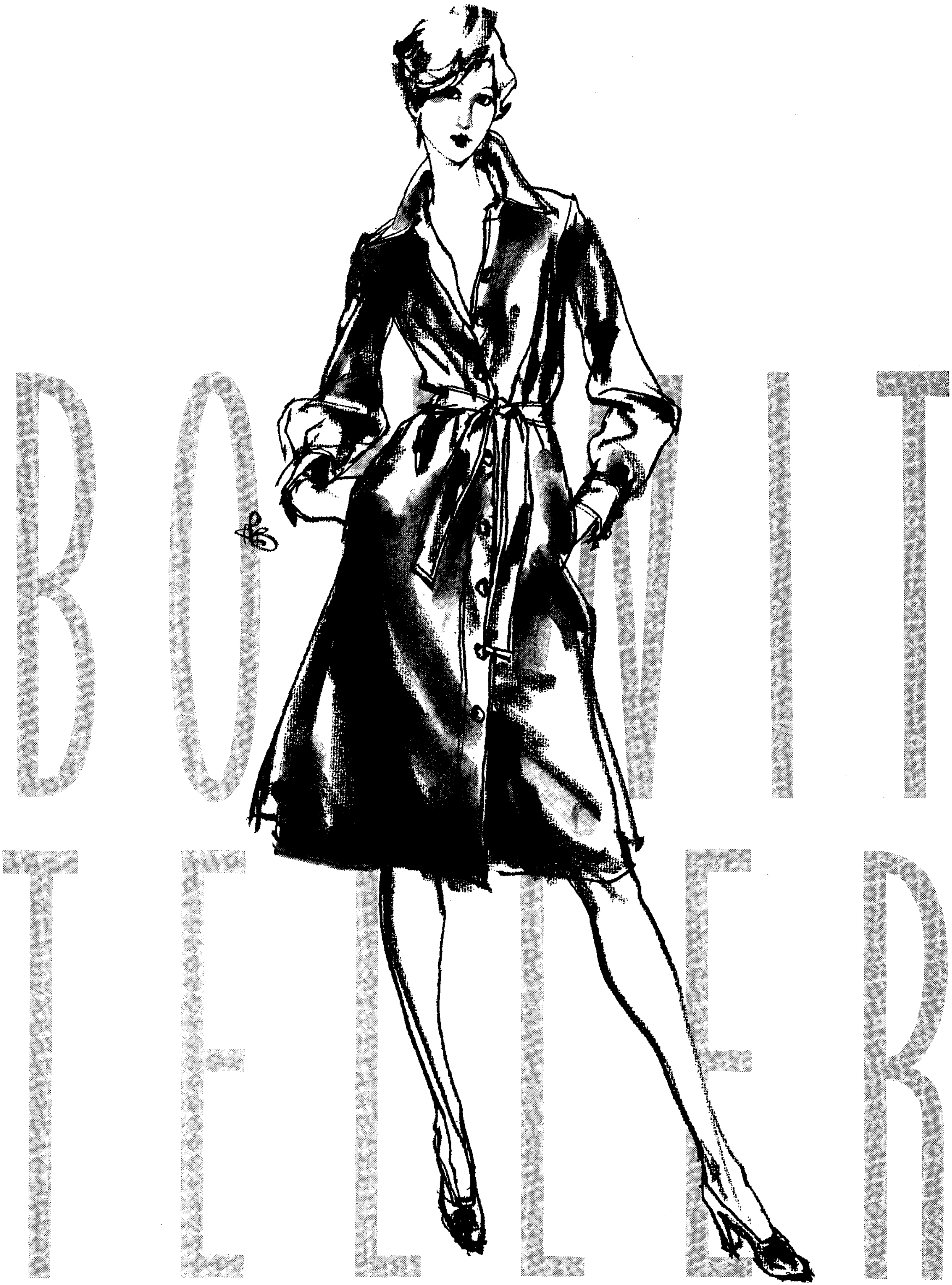

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

City Center Acting Company—Opening performances of a four-week repertory of four plays that will run through Friday, Jan. 11. Chekhov's THE THREE SISTERS, directed by Boris Tumarin: Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 1:30 and 6:30; and Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8. . . . ¶ John Gay's THE BEGGAR'S OPERA, directed by Gene Lesser: Friday, Dec. 21, at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510.)

Creeps—A sad, painful, effective non-play, by David E. Freeman, set in the dirty men's washroom of a shelter for victims of cerebral palsy. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Fay and Michael Kanin's play RASHOMON, adapted from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa, will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Flies—Jean-Paul Sartre's play, directed by Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Foursome—Sex in Britain, as transplanted to a beach near Galveston, Texas. A grim, joyless play by the English dramatist E. A. Whitehead. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gigi—One has been here before, not once but many times. Still, the sets and costumes are lovely, and the cast is amiable. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—An uneasy marriage between Neil "Doc" Simon and Anton "Doc" Chekhov. The cast—Christopher Plummer, René Auberjonois, Barnard Hughes, Frances Sternhagen, and Marsha Mason—is superb. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Mein Mama der General—A *third* Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Iceman Cometh—James Earl Jones in a revival of the Eugene O'Neill classic. Directed by Theodore Mann. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 13, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin—Robert Wilson's twelve-hour, dusk-to-dawn, production. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Four performances: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, all starting at 7.)

Molly—A dreary musical, purporting to recapture middle-class Jewish life in the New York of the nineteen-thirties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—How welcome the old songs are, how unwelcome the book! The cast, headed by Cab Calloway, Barbara McNair, and Hal Linden, is charming and full of zest. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Raisin—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity.

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COVER: *Jean-Michel Folon*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., William Steig, Frank Modell, Warren Miller, George Booth, Mischa Richter, Lee Lorenz, William Hamilton, Stan Hunt, Dana Fradon, Robert Weber, Donald Reilly, Vahan Shirvanian, Al Ross, Joseph Mirachi, Henry Martin, James Stevenson*

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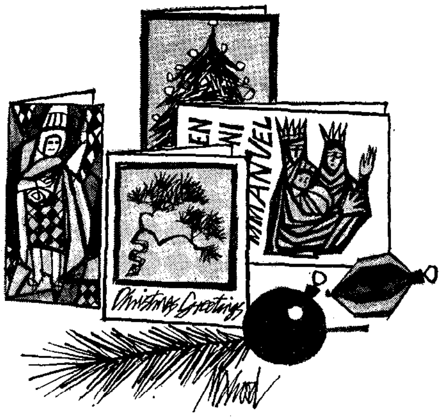
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Tooth of Crime—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Fridays through Sundays at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

Troilus and Cressida—Shakespeare is all but bypassed in this juvenile, boring put-on. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Veronica's Room—A mishmash of exchanged identities and displacements in time, intended to make our flesh creep; instead it makes our feet move. Written by Ira Levin and starring Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Visit, Chemin de Fer, and **Holiday**—An eight-week engagement presented by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **THE VISIT,** adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 7:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20, and Saturday, Dec. 22, all at 7:30. . . ¶ Miss Roberts and Mr. McMartin in Feydeau's **CHEMIN DE FER,** adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 13-14, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 21, at 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2. . . ¶ Charlotte Moore and John Glover in Philip Barry's **HOLIDAY,** directed by Michael Montel: Previews start Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 2. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 26. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Closes Saturday, Jan. 12.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,673 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **IRENE:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Debbie Reynolds and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of acerbic old clowns in a characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 6. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 12-14, at 6; Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 6; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 18-21, at 6; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Final performances—Wednesday evening, Dec. 12: "Kinetic Molpai," "According to Eve," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "Metallics," "How Long Have It Been," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Missa Brevis.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 14: "The Lark Ascending," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "Dance for Six," "How Long Have It Been," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "The Lark Ascending," "Icarus," and "Carmina Burana.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 16: "Dance for Six," "Kinetic Molpai," and "Missa Brevis.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 16: "Metallics," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Dan Wagoner and Dancers—Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Meets and Bounds," "Broken Hearted Rag Dance," "Brambles," and "Dan's Run Penny Supper.". . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Meets and Bounds," "Broken Hearted Rag Dance," "Iron Mountain," and "Changing Your Mind." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

Jean-Léon Destiné—With his Afro-Haitian dance company. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:15, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 5. For tickets, call AU 3-2865.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a three-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Dec. 18, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 6. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

World Festival of Magic and Occult—A three-week engagement by magicians, illusionists, and practitioners of the occult, including Aldo Richiardi, Jr. Not for children. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 12, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Princeton Triangle Show—A musical, "Future Schlock," is this year's undergraduate production. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

George Benson—Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721). Guitar, with his combo, at nine, through Sunday, Dec. 16.

Norman Connors—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a sextet, with vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. At ten, through Sunday, Dec. 16.

Blossom Dearie—Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080). Singing at the piano, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Fridays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Duke Ellington—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, with an orchestra. Nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven-fifteen.

Tyree Glenn—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trombone and vibes, with a septet. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to one-thirty.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays at ten.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer on

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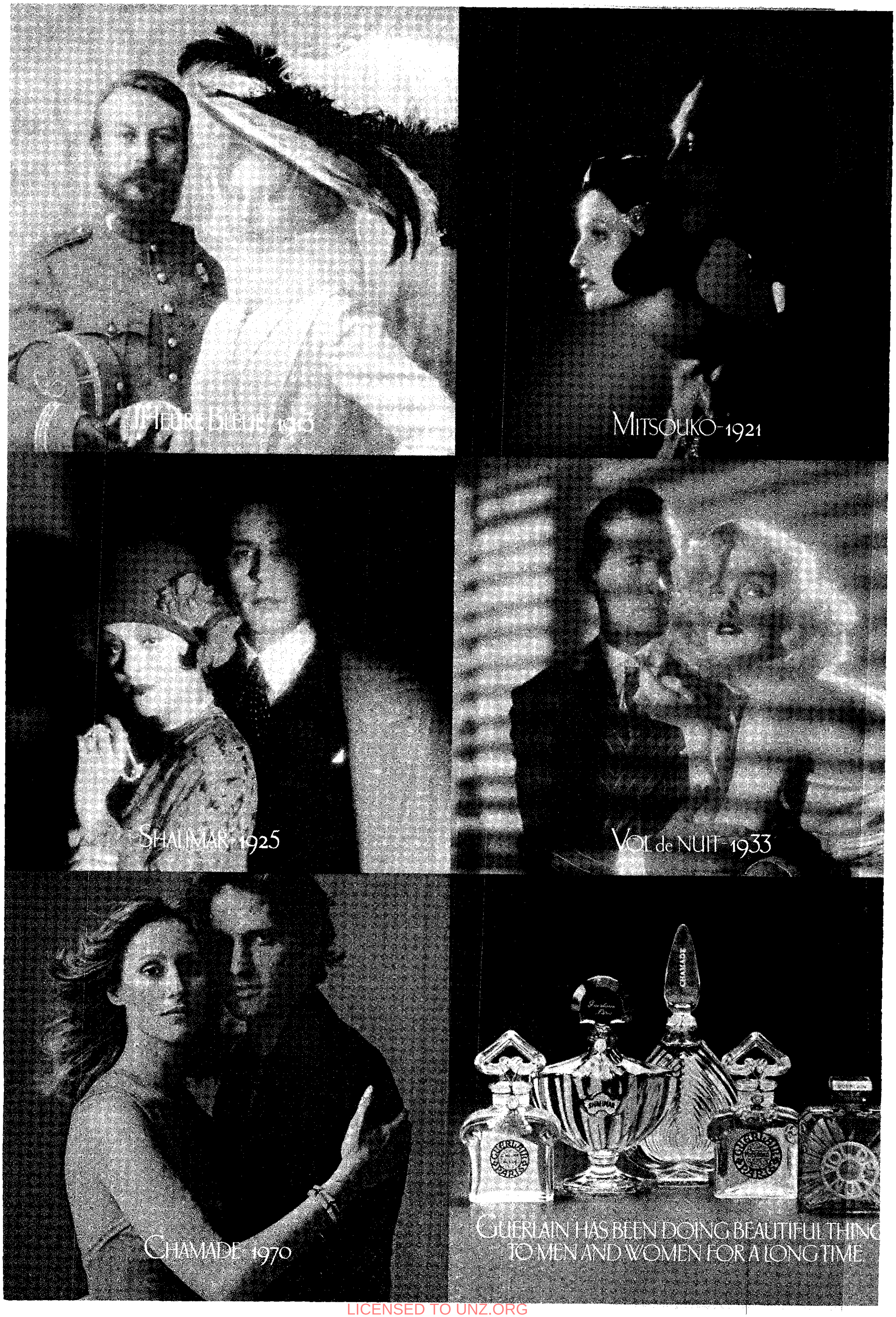
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, Dec. 16, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

NELLIE LUTCHER—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, from eight to one, except Sunday. Through Tuesday, Dec. 18.

JUNIOR MANCE—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, leading a trio. Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

MARIAN McPARTLAND—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, leading a trio, *from nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.*

MABEL MERCER—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GERRY MULLIGAN—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Baritone saxophone, with his band, the Age of Steam, at nine-thirty (Saturday at nine), through Saturday, Dec. 15.

ROSE MURPHY—*Cookery, 21 University Pl., at* 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano. Starting Wednesday, Dec. 19, at eight.

ODETTA—Metro, 188 W. Fourth St. (675-0892). Singing, beginning Thursday, Dec. 20, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

ARTHUR PRYSOCK—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with a trio led by saxophonist Red Prysock. Beginning Monday, Dec. 17, from nine-thirty (Saturdays from nine).

BOBBY SHORT—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

ZOOT SIMS AND BUCKY PIZZARELLI—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

HAPPY AND ARTIE TRAUM—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Vocals and guitars, beginning Wednesday, Dec. 19.

McCOY TYNER—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, starting Tuesday, Dec. 18.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An informal sort of bar, with kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz. The John Foster trio holds forth on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Monday, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar period pieces. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from *nine to three, pianist* Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Having midwifed the American folk renaissance, this simple *setting (little changed in* fifteen-odd years) now gives its attention to the hard-driving rock of Brian Auger's Oblivion Express and the comedy of Steve Martin. Through Monday, Dec. 17. Soupy Sales (no kidding) comes in on Wednesday, Dec. 19. Ice-cream concoctions or, for spartans, coffee, tea, or water. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. In spite of its obstructing pillars and a glare from the kitchen that pours out every time the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked, and attracts most of the attention. Saxophonist Joe Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck head up their fine quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and respectful ear for music, this intimate, warmhearted bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Pianist Hod O'Brien and a bassist play through Saturday, Dec. 15. On Monday, Dec. 17, Mike Longo, Dizzy Gillespie's pianist and musical director for the past several years, moves in with a bassist. Al Haig, who was breaking new musical ground in the forties and fifties and who sounds as fresh and inventive as many of the younger keyboard players around now, provides Sunday music. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

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CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; a Cole Porter song, after all, could be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night except Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

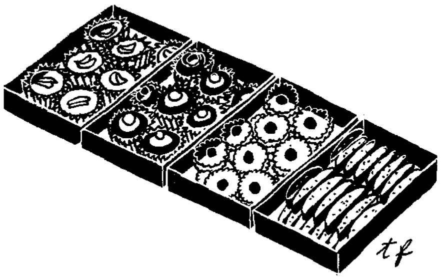
CHURCHILL'S, *1277* Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, well-lit bar and restaurant overflowing with enthusiasm (and patrons). Twenty-one-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr, trombonist Mathew Gee, and Sam Woodyard on drums play Wednesdays through Saturdays. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a traditional foursome, takes over Sundays through Tuesdays. Music from eleven until four. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The improbable callin'-over-the-back-fence vocal stylings of Nellie Lutcher are abetted by Morris Edwards on bass and Skeeter Best on guitar. Through Tuesday, Dec. 18. On Wednesday, Dec. 19, singer Rose Murphy, *another echo of old times* (her hits included "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and "Button Up Your Overcoat"), takes over the piano bench. Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dinner.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. Singer Rob Rothstein and his rock band the Rebels carry on through Sunday, Dec. 16. On Wednesday, Dec. 19, Breakfast Special, a group of country musicians who used to back guitarist Dave Bromberg, begin their stint here. Sounds from *nine. Sundays are set aside for* a hootenanny, and Mondays are silent.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the gently playful piano stylings of Ellis Larkins with Al Hall on bass Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 16, from four-thirty to seven-thirty, Larkins and Hall will play Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer compositions. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard from nine-thirty on Mondays, and from six to nine Mondays through Fridays singer-pianist Tad Bruce reigns over these tiny quarters. Snacks.

GUITAR, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—With its casual atmosphere, sparely designed chairs and lamps, and large, sprawling square tables, this spacious room looks not unlike a student-union lounge. The bandstand, which is also expansive, accommodates guitarist Gene Bertoncini and a bassist through Saturday, Dec. 15. The guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma arrives on Sunday, Dec. 16. Music from nine to one. Dinner.



HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A little over a year ago, this club was transplanted from its well-worn and warmly regarded quarters on Spring Street to this starkly modern and midtown setting, and for several months a good many of the club's former enthusiasts considered the move ill-advised. One missed the raucous informality of the old place; the new spot seemed, frankly, a bit dressy for jazz. Despite the top-drawer musicians on the stand (two "name" acts on almost every bill), the spacious room frequently drew few patrons, and this further contributed to the air of stiffness. But the management proved shrewd after all, for in recent months night-clubbing has reacquired something of its old cachet. And the Half Note is, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club. Gerry Mulligan's new outfit, the Age of Steam, *works opposite a trio headed by pianist Mike* Longo through Saturday, Dec. 15. On Monday, Dec. 17, singer Arthur Prysock, backed by saxophonist Red Prysock's trio, begins alternating with singer Sir Harvell. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, various performers are on hand from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Monday and Wednesday (Jim Roberts takes over on Wednesday). Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

JAZZBOAT, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—The musical offerings at this out-of-the-way spot are well worth the trip. The very fine guitarist George Benson occupies the premises through Sunday, Dec. 16. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A three-story restaurant complex. The main-floor dining room, square and barnlike, adjoins a circular bar where pianist Barry Harris and bassist Lawrence Evans are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz—if only one could hear it over the frantic convention of voices. Mondays through Saturdays from eight until one. A comprehensive menu. *Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the* lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Weathered wood, *ropes and riggings,* a young, ardent clientele, and an amicable staff form a setting for fairly reliable entertainment that varies from rock, folk, and blues to jazz. The big news at the moment, though, is Isis, an all-woman, Dixie-rock powerhouse that has attracted considerable attention in recent weeks and will remain through Sunday, Dec. 16. Shows begin at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who *thrive on* folk, blues, country, etc. The sturdy rock band Orleans shares the stage with the Dixie Hummingbirds, a vocal group specializing in gospel songs. On Wednesday, Dec. 19, Happy and Artie Traum—singers, guitarists, composers, and brothers—come running down the Thruway with their supply of fine Catskill Mountain music. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. *Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks* upstairs, where the music is.

METRO, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—A new Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. Comedian David Brenner is here Friday through Tuesday, Dec.

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14-18. On Thursday, Dec. 20, Odetta, a woman of many powers, begins her rites. Singer Diana Marcovitz shares the bill. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered.

Michael's Pub, *211* E. 55th St. (PL 8-*2272*)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The masterly Marian McPartland, on piano, takes charge of a trio from nine to one Tuesdays through Saturdays. Woody Allen, now a stand-up clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. The bluesy Junior Mance trio plays Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A genuinely exotic nightspot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, singing waiters, and forties campiness. Singer and comedienne Marilyn Sokol alternates with singer-guitarist Michael Federal through Saturday, Dec. 15. Peter Allen, an amiable singer and songwriter from Australia, trades sets with singer Gale Garnett, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 18. Shows start at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Intermittent piano music is provided by Edward Morris and Lewis Friedman from eight-thirty to two. Monday nights are showcases for other burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, assisted by pianist Jimmy Lyon, performs her recitatives at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Sign of the Dove, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080)—Blossom Dearie is singing concert-style in the **gallery**—i.e., at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, with no drinks served during the set. Tuesdays through Fridays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by saxman Zoot Sims and guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and their satisfying collaborations from nine-thirty until one. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Bassist Jimmy Garrison stops by with his trio on Thursday, Dec. 13. Saxophonist Bobby Capers leads a quartet on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15. Music from ten to three-thirty.

Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662)—Thirty-nine floors up (but not at all rarefied), this large, rectangular Stouffer's affords striking aerial views of Fifth Avenue and pleasant music. The trio of pianist Ray Bryant supplies the latter from nine-thirty to one. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The spacious upper deck, with its wooden booths, tables, chairs, and beams, is featuring the lilting music of Brazilian guitarist Sivuca's ensemble Wednesdays through Sundays. Harpist Daphne Hellman's trio is still a Wednesday feature. The music begins about ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now thirty-nine) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Drummer Norman Connors, displaying his reverence for Afro-American music, leads a sextet that comprises saxophonist Carlos Garnett, pianist Onaje, bassist Calvin Hill, Lawrence Killian on congas, Charles Sullivan on trumpet, and saxophonist Mquanda. With the addition of fine and unusual vocals by Dee Dee Bridgewater, the group plays through Sunday, Dec. 16. On Tuesday, Dec. 18, McCoy Tyner and his quartet descend the stairs. Tyner's brilliantly complex performances can be hard on the listener—he plays flat out at all times; his solos allow no letup—and this unrelieved, vertiginous intensity can make his music viscerally unsettling for those listeners who don't know what they've bargained for. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and company provide Monday-night services. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The Tyree Glenn septet (with Norman Simmons on piano, and with Carrie Smith handling the vocals) is taking turns with the Peppi Morreale trio in the **royal box.** Dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café,** from seven-thirty until curfew, Herb Winner's dance threesome calls the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's crew fills in on Sundays and Mondays. Also, Tuesdays through Saturdays, Lou Kovack provides cocktail piano from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Singer Ada Cavallo will be in operation in the **persian room** through Saturday, Dec. 15. Monday, Dec. 17, brings along vocalist Richard Ianni. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while pianist Ruth Andrews provides the music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling on Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown, the Duke Ellington band has the floor at dinner and supper. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view is presenting the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver, from seven to midnight, every night but Monday, when guest performers appear. On Thursday, Dec. 20, at eight and ten, the Grey Choral Group will sing Christmas carols.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Soprano Lana Cantrell is holding forth in the **maisonette** during the dinner and supper hours. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini band. Closed Sundays. . . . **la boite russe,** the across-the-way peace haven, has a violinist, a pianist, and a songbird named Aelita in action from eight to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper in the **empire room** are devoted to the songs of Tony Bennett. Dance music by the Bob Rosengarden band. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Frank Bowling—Two shows of large abstract paintings. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Through Jan. 13. Daily, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Through Dec. 29. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Burlin (1886-1969)—Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jon Carsman—Paintings of small towns. Through Dec. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Three sculptures suspended from the ceiling. Through Monday, Dec. 17. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Christo—Studies for six store-front projects. Through Jan. 3. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ken Danby—Superrealist paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcel Duchamp (1887-1968)—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, ready-mades, and etchings, from 1904 to the year of his death. Through Dec. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Fangor—Paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States. Through Dec. 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

John B. Flannagan (1895-1942)—Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings from the years 1924 to 1938. Through Dec. 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Dec. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Jacquemon—Abstract figures and landscapes in metallic and oil paint. Through Dec. 29. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Maria Cooper Janis—Abstract paintings of the Hampton shores. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Horst Janssen—Etchings by a German artist; first one-man show here. Through Jan. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Kahn—Watercolors. Through Friday, Dec. 14. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St.)

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Adirondack paintings from 1940 to 1966. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Claire A. Khalil—Watercolors resembling Persian miniatures. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

William King—Bronze and ceramic sculptures. Through Dec. 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Laros—Collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Twenty gouaches from 1930 to 1955. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Levine—Figures and Coney Island scenes in watercolor, and satirical drawings. Through Friday, Dec. 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isadore Levy—Abstractions suggestive of still-lifes and interiors. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson—Graphics from 1931 to the present. Through Dec. 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan McCartin—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes. Through Friday, Dec. 21. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry McCormick—Realistic paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Masayuki Nagare—Abstract granite sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Olitski—Recent circular steel sculptures by the spray-gun painter. Through Jan. 2. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Fay Peck—Oils, serigraphs, and monoprints of the female figure. Through Dec. 29. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Enzo Plazzotta—Sixty figurative bronzes, including a new series of ballet studies. Through Jan. 5. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Georges Rouault (1871-1958)—Forty years of paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 22.

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(Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Sorel—Witty depictions of the political scene and illustrations of fairy tales in watercolors and drawings. Through Dec. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Objects (headboards and dustpans), paintings, collages composed of Tarot cards, and works on paper by the Spanish artist. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Willy Weber—Highly polished metal reliefs by a Swiss artist. Through Jan. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A dazzling loan benefit of fifty paintings called "Twelve Years of Collecting," which shows off the riches of the Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh. Degas, van Gogh, Matisse, Gauguin, Monet, Renoir, Cézanne, and Vuillard are among the Impressionists on view, and Hals, Bernini, Tiepolo, Chardin, David, and Tintoretto are among the Old Masters. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by Avedisian, Hoyland, Wesley, and others. Starts Saturday, Dec. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: American landscape artists of the nineteenth century, among them Cole, Bierstadt, and Durand. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century European paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.) . . . **washburn**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century naïve artists. Through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Arman—Assemblages of objects imbedded in plastic. Through Dec. 30. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Beuys—Editions of objects, photographs, and documents by a German Conceptualist. Through Jan. 5. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Ken Bowman—Paintings based on photographs of America in the early part of the century. Through Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Francesca Chandon—Abstract paintings; first solo show here. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Colette—An environmental work of fabric and resin. Through Feb. 9. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Groth—Drawings by a Danish tapestry maker. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Irwin—An environmental work. Through Dec. 28. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Large paintings, cutouts, and drawings of figures alone or in groups. Through Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Lorber—Still-life paintings. Through Jan. 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings. Through Jan. 5. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Susan Shatter / Andrew Tavarelli—Gouaches and watercolors of panoramic views of cities. / Minimal paintings. Through Jan. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings from 1945 to the present. Through Jan. 13. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Strombotne—Paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Paintings of Ireland, Italy, and Maine. Through Dec. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: Navajo blankets from 1860 to 1890. Through Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **iolas**, 15 E. 55th St.: Ernst, Magritte, Brauner, Matta, and Fontana. Through Jan. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings, from 1906 to 1971, by outstanding French artists. Through Jan. 5. . . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such nineteenth-century Americans as Bierstadt, Eilshemius, and Inness. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) . . . **myers**, 50 W. 57th St.: Elaine Lustig Cohen, Mimi Grooms, Neil Welliver, and other gallery artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings on the theme of the city by, principally, Louis Lozowick, Ralston Crawford, and George C. Ault. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

George Brecht—Works from 1957 to the present by a pioneer of the Happenings of the late fifties. Through Jan. 19. (Onnash, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Buchwald / Ben Schonzeit—Abstract paintings and drawings. / Realist paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Olga de Amaral / Richard Aakre—Woven (horsehair and wool) sculptures. / Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 5. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Gilbert and George—Photographs of Gilbert and George themselves, drinking. The atmosphere is of days gone by. Through Thursday, Dec. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Glueckman / Mary Ann Gillies—Figurative works in mixed mediums. / A stone sculpture, a kinetic welding, and several woven pieces. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

John Grillo—Erotic drawings. Through Thursday, Dec. 20. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Jake Grossberg / Nobu Fukui—Steel sculptures. / Geometric abstractions. Through Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Kruger—Cloth and wood sculptures. Through Thursday, Dec. 20. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Pat Lasch—Works of stitching on raw linen. Through Wednesday, Dec. 19. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeffery Leder / Charles Meyers—Drawings on small squares of canvas which, in turn, are applied to larger canvases. / Painted acrylic pile. Through Dec. 27. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Shirley Pettibone—Paintings of sky and water. Through Dec. 29. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **cuningham ward**, 94 Prince St.: Paintings by Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych. Through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by John DeAndrea, paintings by Martin Hoffman, and Conceptual art by Don Celender. Through Dec. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Lawrence Calcagno—Abstract landscapes in a show that is running concurrently with his show (ending Sunday) at the New York Cultural Center. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

John Chamberlain—Three constructions made of crushed automobile parts. Through March 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

E. E. Cummings (1894-1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 29. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Pen-and-ink drawings for Brooks Atkinson's book of critiques, "The Lively Years, 1920-1973." Typed and edited manuscripts of the book are also on view. Through Jan. 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

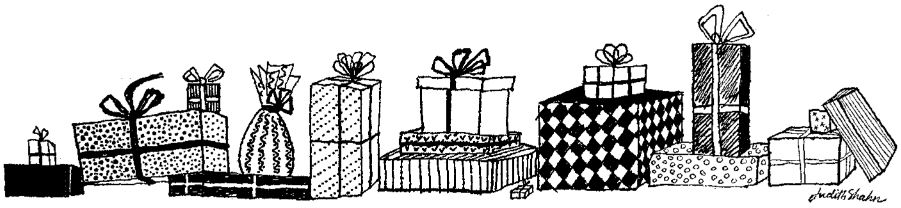
Group Shows—At the **new school**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Erotic Art," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by eighty artists, including Beckmann, Chagall, Rivers, and Segal. Through Jan. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **pratt graphics center**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: A loan show of chiaroscuro woodcuts from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Dec. 31. (Closed Saturday mornings.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Dane—Three years ago, this artist formed the habit of sending homemade postcards—printed with snapshots he had taken—to, among others, John Szarkowski, director of the photography department of the Museum of Modern Art. Szarkowski, who must like getting mail, has gratefully mounted a slide show of about eighty of his pen pal's postcards (to date Dane has made approximately fifteen hundred of them), and has included glimpses of the message-and-address sides of some of the cards along with the photographs. The snapshots are of parks, meadows, roadside restaurants, streets, automobiles, and monuments, and the messages are things like "Guess I'll work the fall semester and save enough to take off Feb. to Sept. It may even stimulate some character development. I'm always looking for small increments." Mr. Szarkowski's address, in case you want to drop him a line and get it exhibited, is 1165 Fifth Avenue. Through Jan. 6. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Emmet Gowin—In striving to find new forms, many young photographers are turning to the snapshot as a means of liberation from the tyranny of the handsome "designed" photograph of Cartier-Bresson, Kertész, Brassaï, and other Old Masters. The sort of dull, vague picture that amateur photographers put on the discard pile when they pick up their pictures at the drugstore now hang in avant-garde galleries and belong to museum collections. Gowin, a leading practitioner of this school, whose work is in the Museum of Modern Art, the Fogg Museum, and the Yale University Art Gallery, among other places, introduces a new technique in this exhibition which greatly augments the vacuity of his pictures. By using a lens that doesn't fit his camera, he gets round images instead of square ones, and all the photographs taken in this manner look as if there were something the matter with them—and look like the same picture. In addition to these works (most of them landscapes), there are conventional rectangular photographs whose originality resides in their gratuitous horribleness: a picture of a dead old woman in a coffin is one, and a picture of a spread-eagled, flayed rabbit is another. Some of the pictures of Gowin's wife, Edith—a slight, unsmiling young woman who looks as if she doesn't like her life very much—are moving. Through Jan. 5. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Shore—Twenty Photo-Realist photographs in color whose subjects are the gas



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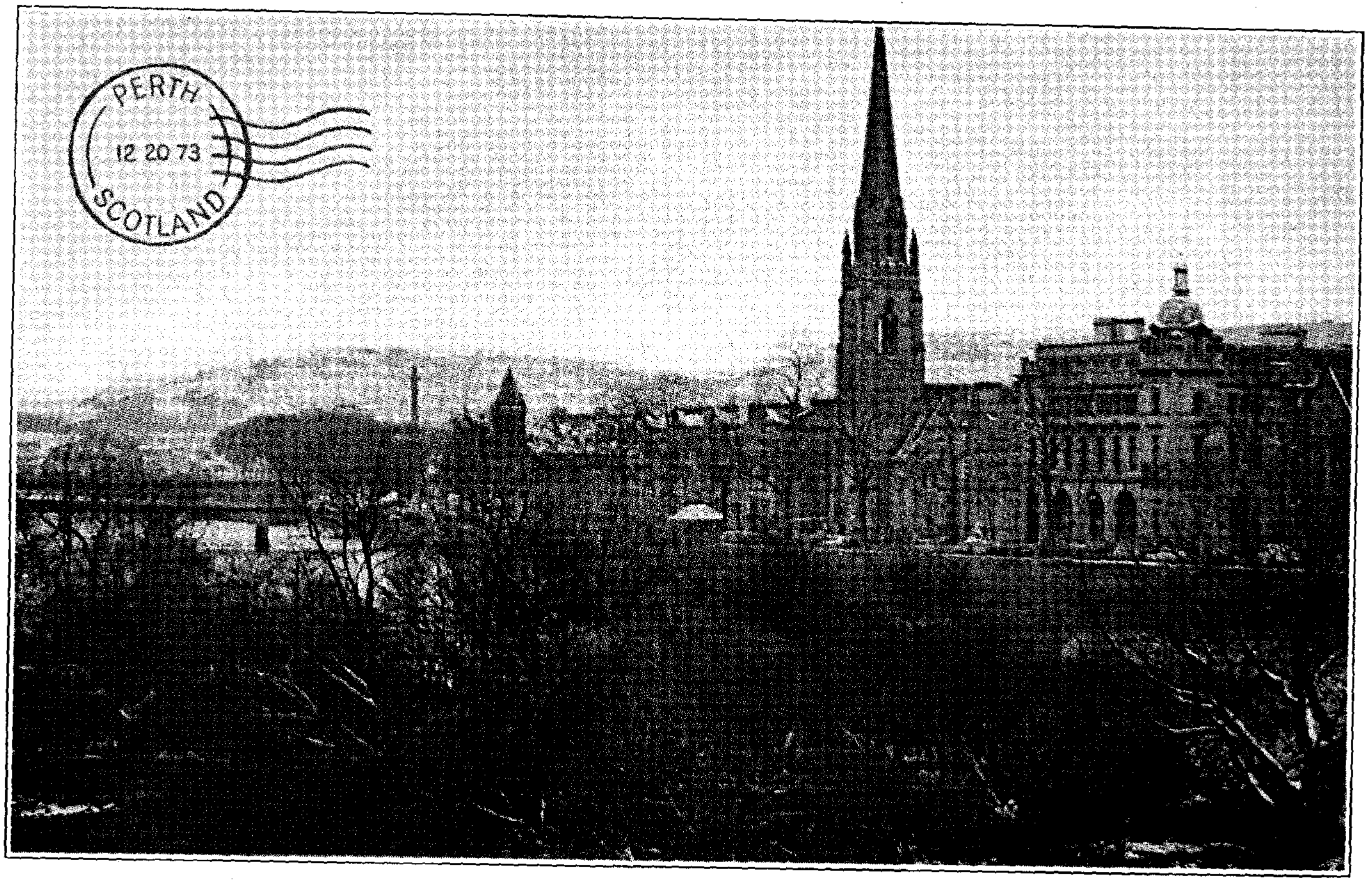
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stations, parking lots, Main Streets, and food that figure in the painting school of this name. To call these photographs "painterly" is odd but accurate. Through Jan. 5. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Laura Gilpin / Leland Rice—Mainly photographs of Navajo Indians / Portraits and interiors. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A superb exhibition of over a hundred photographs of landscapes and city scenes by such old masters as Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and André Kertész, and by such younger masters as Paul Caponigro, Elaine Mayes, George A. Tice, and Bruce Davidson. Through Jan. 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.) . . . **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Victorian Photographs of Famous Men, Fair Women, and Little Girls" includes work by Julia Margaret Cameron, Lewis Carroll, John Thomson, R. A. R. Bennett, and Alphonse Mucha, and is a show that admirers of early photography, students of the Victorian Age, and Humbert Humberts will all find very satisfying. Through Jan. 5. . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Around eighty-five photographs taken in Italy during the nineteenth century by such pioneers as Frith, MacPherson, Anderson, Perini, Pont, Sommer, and Stieglitz. Through Jan. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Gallery members and guests. Through Dec. 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A small exhibition called "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art"—which, appropriately enough, has received no publicity and whose whereabouts is known only to a few trusted guards—should be sought out by all lovers of prints. It is color prints like these that were exhibited in Paris in 1890 at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and contributed to the craze for "all one sees that's Japanese" that spread over late-nineteenth-century Europe and exerted a profound influence on nineteenth-century painting and decorative art. (Down the hall, in the Mary Cassatt show, are ten prints directly inspired by a visit that she paid to the show in the company of Degas.) However, because we've seen Cassatts and Degas and Monets and van Goghs and Gauguins and Whistlers, we cannot see what *they* saw, since our perception of the Japanese print has become ineradicably mixed with memories of Impressionist works. Torri Kiyanaga's "Summer Twilight on the Banks of the Suida River" and Eishosai Choki's "A Woman and Child Catching Fireflies" are two particularly evocative works for the, as it were, Impressionable. From a distance, Utamaro's "Woman at Toilette Nursing" is reminiscent, because it looks so busy, of Japanese pornography, but it turns out to be a chaste and humorous picture of a woman frantically trying to fix her hair and get dressed and suckle her baby all at once; the woman has her arms over her head while the baby hangs from her breast like a bat, and a maid bends over her as if to zip up her dress. The Cassatt prints, many of which also depict dressing-table scenes, seem a little insipid in contrast to Utamaro's strong, alive composition. . . . ¶ Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Oils, pastels, and prints by Mary Cassatt, from the museum's collection. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Two hundred objects of the North, Central, and South American Indians, spanning four thousand years, on loan from the Museum of the American Indian. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings by van Gogh and his contemporaries, accompanied by passages from letters van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo, and others, which contain comments on artists, schools, paintings, and theories. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings spanning the career of Joan Miró from 1921 to 1972. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Designs for plays, operas, ballets, films, circuses, and Happenings, as well as for unrealized projects. Among the artists represented are David Hockney, Allan Jones, Diego Rivera, Ben Shahn, Fernand Léger, Jim Dine, and Paul Cadmus. Through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred and fifty items in various mediums emphasizing the Futurist and Dada periods, lent from the Winston/Malbin collection, in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings, gouaches, drawings, and color charts by Kasimir Malevich, the Russian artist and leader of the Suprematist movement, on loan chiefly from the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam. Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings by Lee Krasner, dating from 1951 to the present. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings executed between 1963 and 1973 by Larry Zox. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings of night scenes by George Ault, a leading figure in the Precisionist movement. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Abstract wood sculptures by Michael Lekakis. Starts Friday, Dec. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) In the museum's downtown branch, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St., an exhibit of sculptures by Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, and David Smith. Through Jan. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Morris Broderson, Lois Dodd, and Raymond Saunders, eligible for purchase under the Academy's Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada. Through Sunday, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Sculptures and graphics by thirty-five members of the Academy and Institute. Through Sunday, Dec. 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for export to the West. Through Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—American genre paintings of the nineteenth century, with emphasis on the last quarter, by Homer, Eakins, and lesser-known artists. Through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A loan show of sixteenth-century Italian drawings. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Manuscripts and illustrations of works by John Milton. Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Musical instruments and toys, some as unusual as a banjo made from a pressure cooker. Through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were

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designed to be portable, including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York by Cecil C. Bell, done between 1930 and 1970, the year of his death. Through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A number of Red Grooms creations—a general-store "environment," a parody of a Rembrandt, and so on, all bearing the Grooms trademark of garish exuberance. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Caseins, acrylics, watercolors, crayons, and silk screens by Lawrence Calcagno, some abstract and some reflecting landscape. Through Sunday, Dec. 16. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Roko Gallery, 90 E. 10th St. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, sculptures, medals, engravings, books, and bookbindings produced in Antwerp in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Photographs by Puerto Ricans which document both their life in New York City and on their homeland island. Starts Friday, Dec. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"New York to 1765: River, Bowery, Mill, and Beaver," the first of a series of bicentennial presentations. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century portraits, engravings, books and manuscripts, and other objects trace life in early New York as it grew from a small company-owned town to the complex it was to become on the eve of the Revolution. Two smaller exhibits are also there: "The Duychincks—Merchants, Chiefs, and Painters" and "Pieter Schuyler and the Indians." Through March 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Over two hundred and sixty treasures acquired between 1970 and 1072 and amplifying the long-resplendent Berg Collection; included are letters, typescripts, first editions, and drawings by the renowned in English and American literature. Through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by Nelson Stevens. Through Jan. 6. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. For tickets, call CI 5-5730.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Carolyn Val-Schmidt, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2:30.)

Handel's "Messiah"—sing-in at Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center: With Allen Sever, organ. Robert Jones, tenor, and Thomas Pyle, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. (Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.) . . . **musica sacra of new york:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Carole Bogard, soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Richard Anderson, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8. . . . **oratorio society of new york:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Eleanor Steber, soprano; Muriel Greenspon, contralto; Dean Wilder, tenor; Robert Hale, bass-baritone; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Rollin Smith—Organ, in the last in a series of recitals. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 12: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lawrence Shadur; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 14: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Placido Domingo, Thomas Stewart, and Andrea Velis; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "Die Zauberflöte," with Anna Moffo, Rita Shane, Luigi Alva, Donald Gramm, Jerome Hines, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "La Traviata," with Mary Costa, Leo Goeke, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 17: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lawrence Shadur; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 18: "Manon Lescaut," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carlos Montane, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 19: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Placido Domingo, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 20: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 21: "Die Zauberflöte," with Anna Moffo, Rita Shane, Luigi Alva, Donald Gramm, Jerome Hines, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 22: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 22: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, John Alexander, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

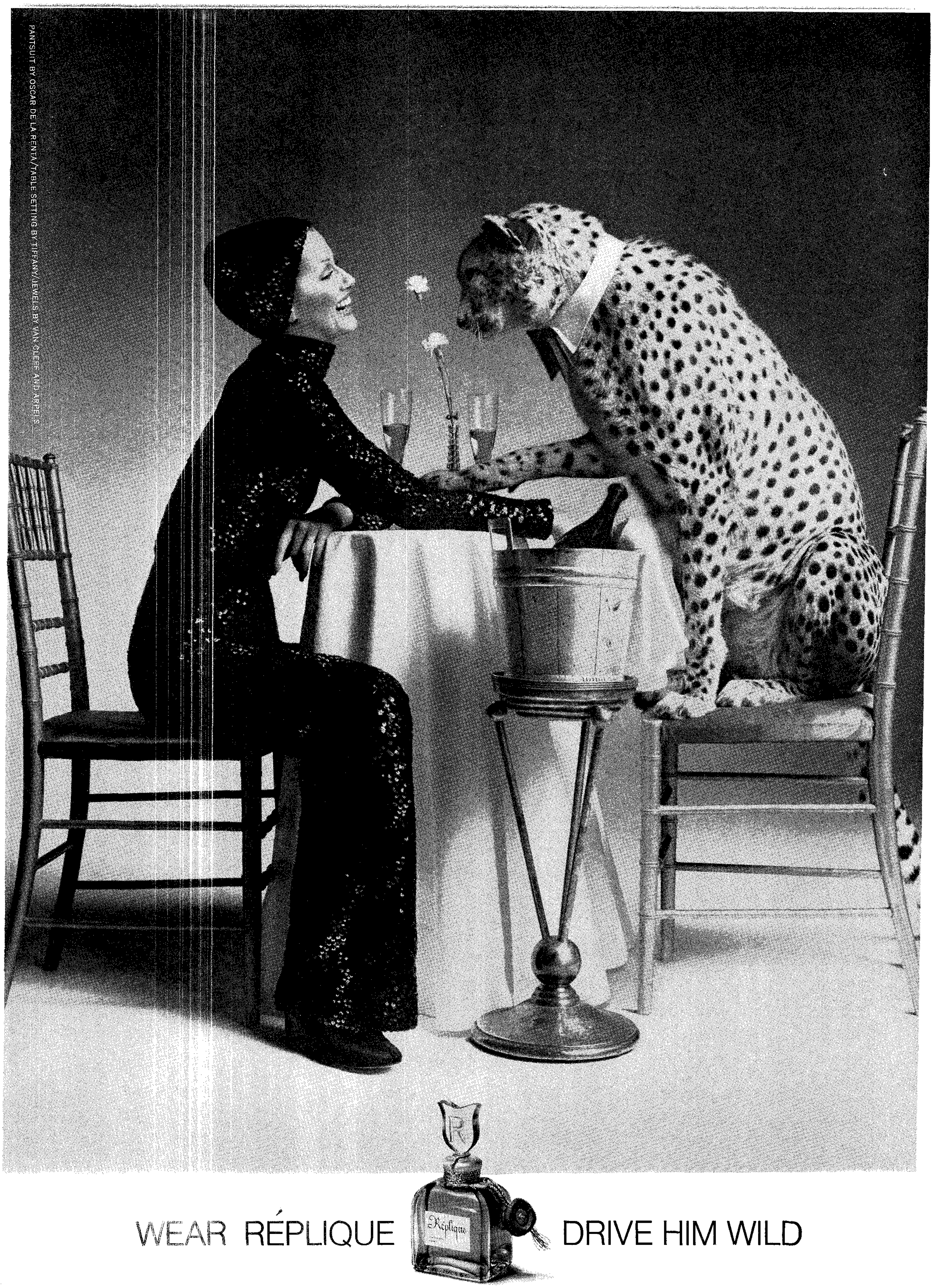
St. Stephens Opera—An orchestra, a chorus, and soloists in the last four in a series of performances of Benjamin Britten's church parables, staged by Nathaniel Merrill. "The Prodigal Son": Wednesday, Dec. 12, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Burning Fiery Furnace": Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. (St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," in English, directed by Peter Herman Adler, who will also conduct the Juilliard Orchestra. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, and Monday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez directing Schumann scenes from Goethe's "Faust" on Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8; Friday, Dec. 14, at 1:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30 (all with Judith Blegen and Phyllis Bryn-Julson, sopranos; Hilda Harris and Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-sopranos; Louise Parker, contralto; Stuart Burrows, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; John Shirley-Quirk, bass; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30 (with Angel Romero, guitar). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, at 8:30 (all with Peter Serkin, piano).

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 12, and Friday, Dec. 14, at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8:30, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8, with Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8, with Malcolm Frager, piano.)

National Symphony Orchestra—James DePreist conducting a concert postponed from Nov. 18, with Edwin Thayer, French horn, and Sergiu Luca, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 7.)

Mannes Orchestra—Terrill Jory conducting, with Myung Whun Chung, piano. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Vienna Johann Strauss Orchestra—Walter Goldschmidt conducting an all-Johann Strauss II program, with Birgit Sarata-Pitsch, soprano, and Wolfgang Siesz, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Morton Gould conducting a program including one of his own works, with Lorin Hollander, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing a concert of baroque music, with Susan Belling and Jean Hakes, sopranos; Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano; Sidney Johnson and Robert White, tenors; Raymond Murcell, baritone; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Manhattan Chorus—Daniel Paget directing. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

RECITALS

Marilyn Neeley—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord, in the second in a series of three recitals of eighteenth-century music, this one with Bruce Brewer, tenor, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber Music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; Richard Goode, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 5.)

Nathan Milstein—A program of Bach partitas and sonatas for unaccompanied violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Victor Monge—Flamenco guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Composers' Forum—The last in a series of programs, this one devoted to works by David Maslanka and Luis Jorge Gonzalez. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Roberta Peters and George Shirley—Soprano and tenor, in a benefit recital. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3.)

Bach's Uncle—Edward Smith, harpsichord; Sue Kahn, flute; Jerry Grossman, cello; and Marsha Heller, oboe, in a program ranging from Bach to Satie. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of the American Symphony—Players from the American Symphony Orchestra in the first in a series of six concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

The Composer Speaks—In the second in a series of six concerts, Gunther Schuller will introduce and discuss his "Music for Brass Quintet," to be performed by the New York Brass Quintet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—A program of Spanish music of the Golden Age. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Presenting "Las Cantigas de Santa Maria," music and verse as performed in the medieval court of King Alfonso X, with six singers and instrumentalists and a narrator-troubadour. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—The tenth in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by the **Erick Hawkins Dance Company** on Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 5:45.

Bette Midler—Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 22.

Paul Bley and Scorpio—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-2028.

Lee Evans Orchestra—Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8:30.

Betty Carter and the Danny Mixon Trio—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.

Mandrill, Captain Beyond, and Osibisa—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8 *and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.*

Theodore Bikel—Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.

New Lost City Ramblers—New York University Law School, 40 Washington Sq. S. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Emma Creamer Gospel Singers—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3.

Jazz/Tap—*John T. McPhee, Chuck Green, and* Buster Brown. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Emerson, Lake & Palmer and Stray Dog—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 17-18, at 8.

Accent on Percussion—Roy Haynes, Ray Barretto, Robin Kenyatta, Jaki Byard, Lew Soloff, Richard Davis, and Stella Marrs. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Beach Boys—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.

Bluegrass Concert—The Country Gentlemen and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Virgil Fox—"Heavy Organ." (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

Lou Reed—Academy of Music. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Jay & the Americans, The Four Tops, and Martha Reeves—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.

McKendree Spring and Jambalaya—Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 22-23, at 8.

Benny Goodman Exhibit—Rare photographs, films, original artwork, posters, sheet music, and audio material depicting Benny Goodman's life and career. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden**: Knicks vs. Kansas City-Omaha, Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8. . . . **Nassau Coli-**

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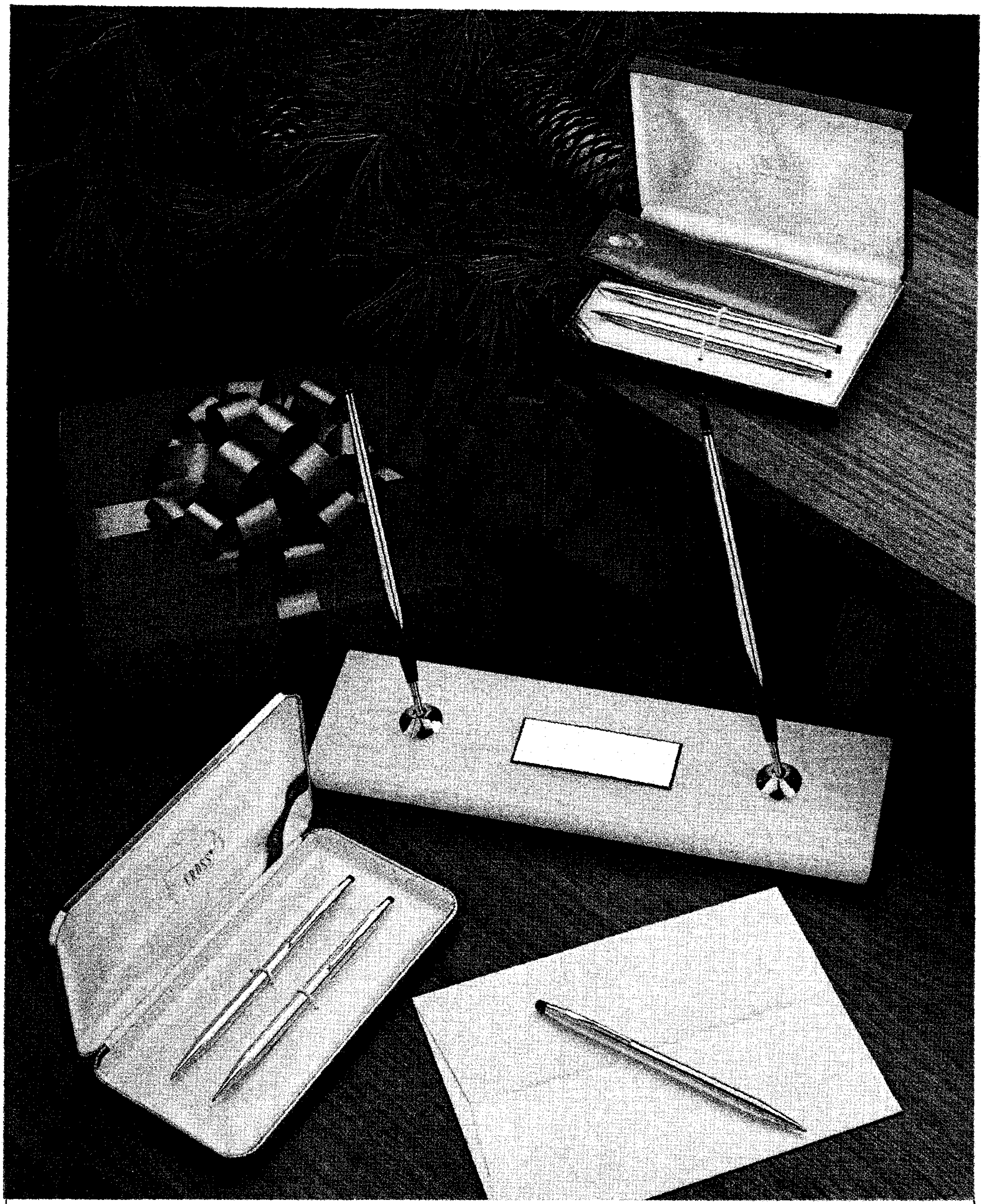

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

SEUM: Nets vs. Carolina, Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, Dec. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Sunday, Dec. 16, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Friday, Dec. 21, at 7:35.

BOXING—Jerry Quarry vs. Earnie Shavers, heavyweights, 12 rounds, and Jorge Ahumada vs. Andy Kendall, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8:30.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Dec. 16: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Minnesota Vikings, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Sunday, Dec. 16, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Dec. 20, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Dec. 15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7:35.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 29. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 16. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 22.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERETTAS—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Dec. 22, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **KING'S PLAYERS**: "Rainbow Junction." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Guess Again." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863). . . . **NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY**: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 11 and 2.). . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE**: "Creative Puppetry." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

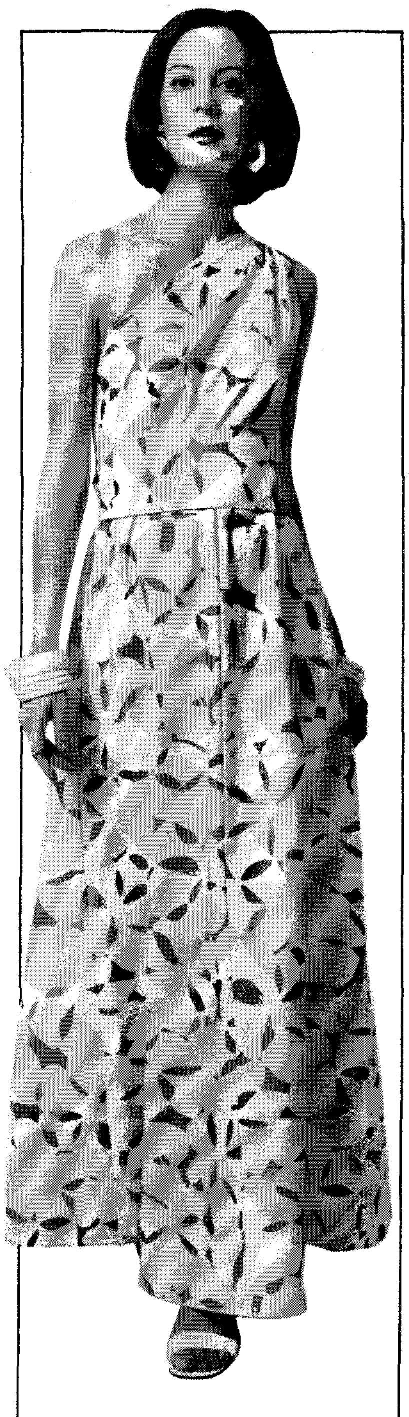
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 10:15 and 2: *Objets de vertu*, antique jewelry, and chess sets; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 10:15: Russian works of art, including icons, porcelains, and silver; from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 2: Twentieth-century American paintings by Hopper, Prendergast, O'Keeffe, and others; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2: Continental furniture and decorations, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Graphic Americana, including historical maps, portraits, drawings, books, and prints; from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 14.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 12 at 5:30: "Bed and Sofa" (1927), directed by Abram Room. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 5:30: "The Water Was So Clear" (1973), a Japanese film with no dialogue, directed by Yoichi Takabayashi; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8: "The Stone Wedding" (1972), in Rumanian, directed by Mircea Veroui and Dan Pitza. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 2: "The Water Was So Clear" (1973). . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 5:30 and Dec. 15 at noon: "Pather Panchali" (1955), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 3: "Living Together" (1972), in French, directed by Anna Karina. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 5:30: "Praying Is Not Enough" (1972), a Chilean film, directed by Aldo Francia; French titles only. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 12:30 and 3: "Ella Cinders" (1926), directed by Alfred Green, with Colleen Moore. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 5:30: "The Stone Wedding" (1972). . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 2: "Praying Is Not Enough" (1972). . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 5:30: "Living Together" (1972). . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2: "The Three Musketeers" (1921), directed by Fred Niblo, with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 5:30: "Heroes" (1941-71), directed by Frederick Becker. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 5:30: "The Three Musketeers" (1921). . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 5:30: "I Don't Have Time" (1972), in Italian, directed by Ansamo Giannarelli. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 8: "Ganga and Hess" (1973), directed by Bill Gunn, with Duane Jones. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 12: A program of cartoons. . . . ¶ Dec. 13: A program of cartoons by Frank Tashlin. . . . ¶ Dec. 14: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950), directed by John Huston, with Sterling Hayden and Jean Hagen. . . . ¶ Dec. 15: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones. . . . ¶ Dec. 16: A program of cartoons by Max and Dave Fleischer. . . . ¶ Dec. 19: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones. . . . ¶ Dec. 20: A program of cartoons by Max and Dave Fleischer. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 4 and 6, Fridays at 5 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Dec. 12: "David Holzman's Diary," directed by James McBride. . . . ¶ Dec. 13-19: "Snapshots," directed by Irving Horowitz. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 20: A program of fourteen animated films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information. . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette St. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—Dec. 12 at 8: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8: "The Killers" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 7: "Caught" (1949), directed by Max Ophuls, with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 9: "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 8: "Out of the Past" (1947), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Robert Mitchum. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 8: "They Live By Night" (1949), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 8: "The Big Heat" (1953), directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Hireling" and "Siddhartha."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 15: "Deliverance" and "Performance."
Dec. 16-18: "Paper Moon" and "Catch-22."
From Dec. 19: "Le Sex Shop" and "I Am Curious—Yellow."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 18: "Paper Moon" and "Catch-22."
From Dec. 19: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 13: "Le Sex Shop" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Dec. 14: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Harrad Experiment."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 18: "Hurry Up, or I'll Be 30" and "The Producers."
From Dec. 19: "Serpico."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Billy Jack."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Don't Look Now."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Long Goodbye."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Happy New Year."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Dec. 16: "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
From Dec. 17: "Alfredo Alfredo."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 16: "Executive Action."
From Dec. 17: "Sleeper."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Westworld."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Westworld."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Dec. 12: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 13: "Don Quixote."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Mean Streets."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Dec. 12: "A Night in Casablanca" and "Love Happy."
Dec. 13-19: "Room Service" and "Go West."
From Dec. 20: "A Night at the Opera" and "The Big Store."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Dec. 17: "The Paper Chase." (No evening performances on Saturday, Dec. 15.)
From Dec. 18: "Cinderella Liberty."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Breezy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Dec. 19: "American Graffiti."
From Dec. 20: "The Laughing Policeman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 17: "The French Conspiracy."
From Dec. 18: "Fantastic Planet."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 16: "The Way We Were."
From Dec. 17: "Papillon."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 18: "Le Sex Shop."
From Dec. 19: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 13: "Sisters."
From Dec. 14: "The Long Goodbye."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 13: "Frankenstein's Bloody Terror" and "Dracula vs. Frankenstein."
From Dec. 14: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Dec. 16: "The Way We Were."
From Dec. 17: "Papillon."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Ash Wednesday."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Henry VIII and His Six Wives."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Battle of the Amazons."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Five on the Black Hand Side."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Grande Bouffe."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Bang the Drum Slowly."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Dec. 12: "Payday."
Dec. 13-18: "Henry VIII and His Six Wives."
From Dec. 19: "Goya."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 13: "Deliverance" and "The Candidate."
From Dec. 14: "The Long Goodbye."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 18 at one or another of the theatres: "I. F. Stone's Weekly"/"Last Tango in Paris" and "Bed and Board"/"A Touch of Class" and "The Nelson Affair"/"The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Heat."
From Dec. 19: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 15: "What's Up, Doc?" and "A New Leaf."
Dec. 16-17: "Traffic" and "That Man from Rio."
Dec. 18: "Contempt" and "Testament of Orpheus."
From Dec. 19: "Brewster McCloud" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Hireling" and "Siddhartha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Dec. 12: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 13 (tentative): "A Boy Named Charlie Brown" and "Snoopy, Come Home."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin Hood."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 16: "The New Land."
From Dec. 17: "Sleeper."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 13: "Zorba the Greek" and "Justine."
Dec. 14-16: "Play It Again, Sam" and "Casablanca."
Dec. 17-18: "Le Boucher" and "La Femme Infidèle."
Dec. 19-20: "Claire's Knee" and "Bed and Board."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"England Made Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Dec. 13: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Harrad Experiment."
From Dec. 14: "Woodstock" and "Monterey Pop."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 13: "Massacre in Rome."
From Dec. 14: "The Long Goodbye."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 18: "Fritz the Cat" and "The Cheerleaders."
From Dec. 19: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Hireling" and "Siddhartha."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Dec. 18: "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From Dec. 19: "Ash Wednesday."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 12: "A Delicate Balance" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From Dec. 13: "Lawrence of Arabia."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 18: "The Day of the Jackal" and "Pete 'n' Tillie."
Dec. 19-20: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 18: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "The Revolutionary."
Dec. 19-20: "The Bank Dick" and "My Little Chickadee."

Note—A few specialist film houses—**bleecker st. cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals (mostly); weekends only. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 14-16: "Gold Diggers of 1935" (Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart) and "Gold Diggers of 1937" (Dick Powell and Joan Blondell). . . . **film forum,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes.* At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. . . . **pagoda,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alfredo Alfredo—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Pietro Germi. (Plaza; starting Dec. 17.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Beekman; through Dec. 19.)

Ash Wednesday—With Elizabeth Taylor and Helmut Berger, directed by Larry Peerce. (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 19.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 18.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields in one of his rudest. Terrific. (Thalia; Dec. 19-20.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 19-20.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Dec. 20.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naive feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (Eastside Cinema.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 17-18.)

A Boy Named Charlie Brown (1969)—A very sad excuse for a children's picture—a pathetically limp animation feature that barely taps the verbal wit or the great charm of the comic strip it's derived from. (Guild; starting Dec. 13, tentative.)

Breezy—With William Holden and Kay Lenz, directed by Clint Eastwood. (Columbia II.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Elgin; starting Dec. 19.)

The Candidate (1972)—We need political films, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Greenwich; through Dec. 13.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 14-16.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 16-18.)

Cinderella Liberty—With James Caan and Marsha Mason, directed by Mark Rydell. (Columbia I; starting Dec. 18.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10-20.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 18.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Festival.)

The Day of the Jackal—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by cabinet ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (Symphony; through Dec. 18.)

A Delicate Balance—From Edward Albee's play. The third presentation in the American Film Series (primarily subscription). With Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair, directed by Tony Richardson. The film will be shown on Dec. 12, at 2 and 8, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information, call 489-8820.

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Greenwich; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 15.)

Don Quixote—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, and Robert Helpmann as the Don and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Ciné Malibu; starting Dec. 13.)

Don't Look Now—With Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, directed by Nicholas Roeg. (Sutton.)

Dracula vs. Frankenstein—With J. Carrol Naish and Lon Chaney, Jr., directed by Al Adamson. (U. A. East; through Dec. 13.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Symphony; Dec. 19-20.)

England Made Me—Very slight, but it has a hushed, becalmed quality that is pleasing. Adapted from a Graham Greene novel published in 1935, this movie is about an amiable, giddy young Englishman (Michael York)—a schoolboy at heart—at loose in Nazi Germany. Hildegard Neil plays his sister, the mistress of a humorless swindler-financier (Peter Finch), and Michael Hordern turns up as a mildewed old newspaperman. Understated and rarefied, the movie often seems more Noël Coward than Graham Greene, but that's partly because Greene in 1935 wasn't yet quite Greene. It's far from great and far from original, but it's not bad, and York gives one of his best performances. Peter Duffell directed. (Paris.)

Executive Action—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—for 1973, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (Coronet; through Dec. 16.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux and the original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 18.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol shows how to make a civilized (though conventional) thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. With Michel Bouquet as the husband, Stéphane Audran as the wife, Maurice Ronet as her lover. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 17-18.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Frankenstein's Bloody Terror—With Paul Naschy, directed by Henry Egan. (U. A. East; through Dec. 13.)

The French Conspiracy—The stars in this political thriller bring so many associations from other political thrillers (better ones) that it's almost a satire. But this movie, based on the Ben Barka kidnapping, isn't satire; it isn't anything. No thrills and no political content, just a lot of stars—Gian Maria Volonte talking heroic hogwash as Ben Barka, while Jean-Louis Trintignant, Michel Piccoli, Michel Bouquet, and Philippe Noiret connive and intrigue, and Jean Seberg worries. All the film's energy must have gone into meeting the payroll. Yves Boisset directed. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 17.)

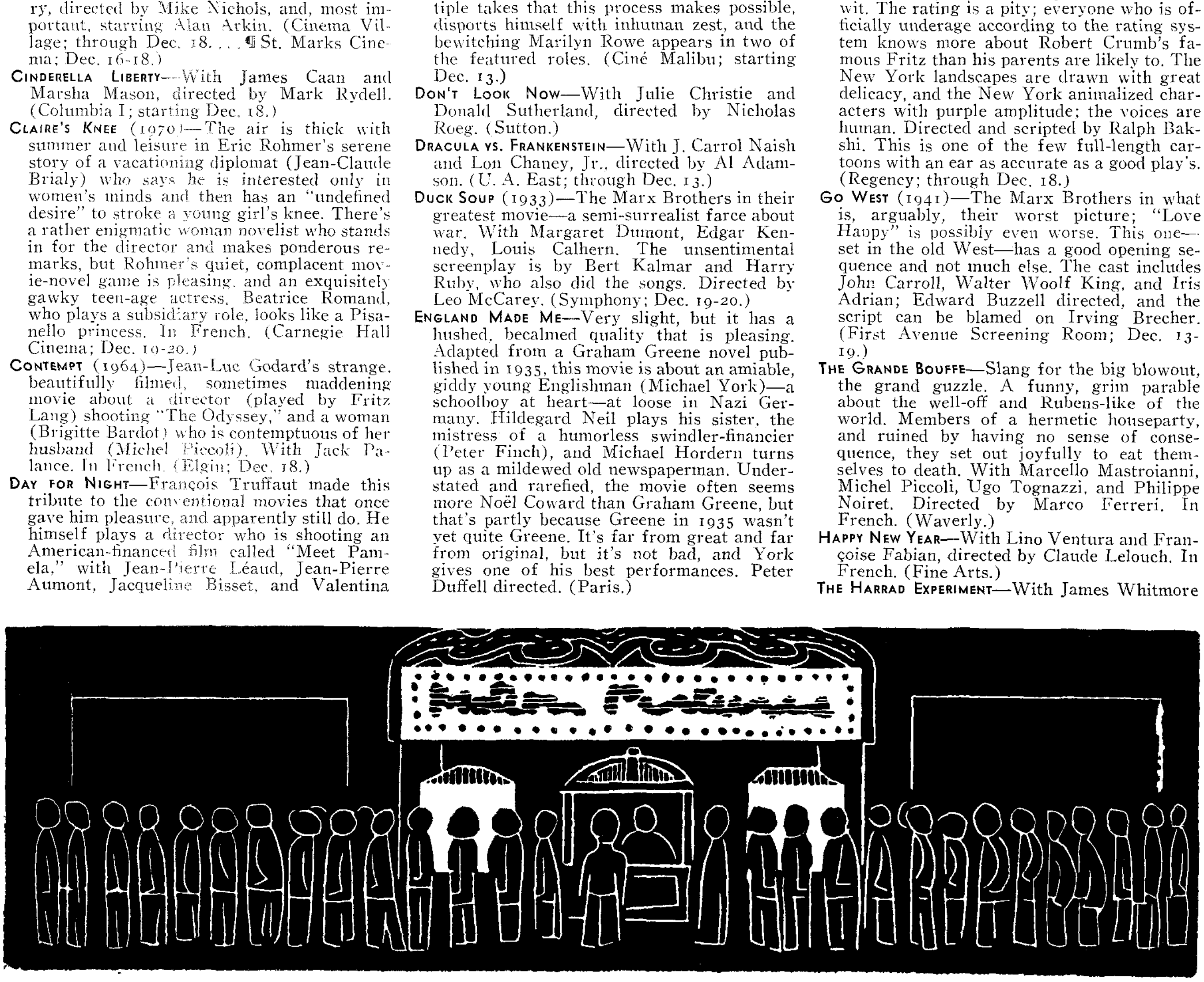
Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Regency; through Dec. 18.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers in what is, arguably, their worst picture; "Love Happy" is possibly even worse. This one—set in the old West—has a good opening sequence and not much else. The cast includes John Carroll, Walter Woolf King, and Iris Adrian; Edward Buzzell directed, and the script can be blamed on Irving Brecher. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 13-19.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Waverly.)

Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Harrad Experiment—With James Whitmore



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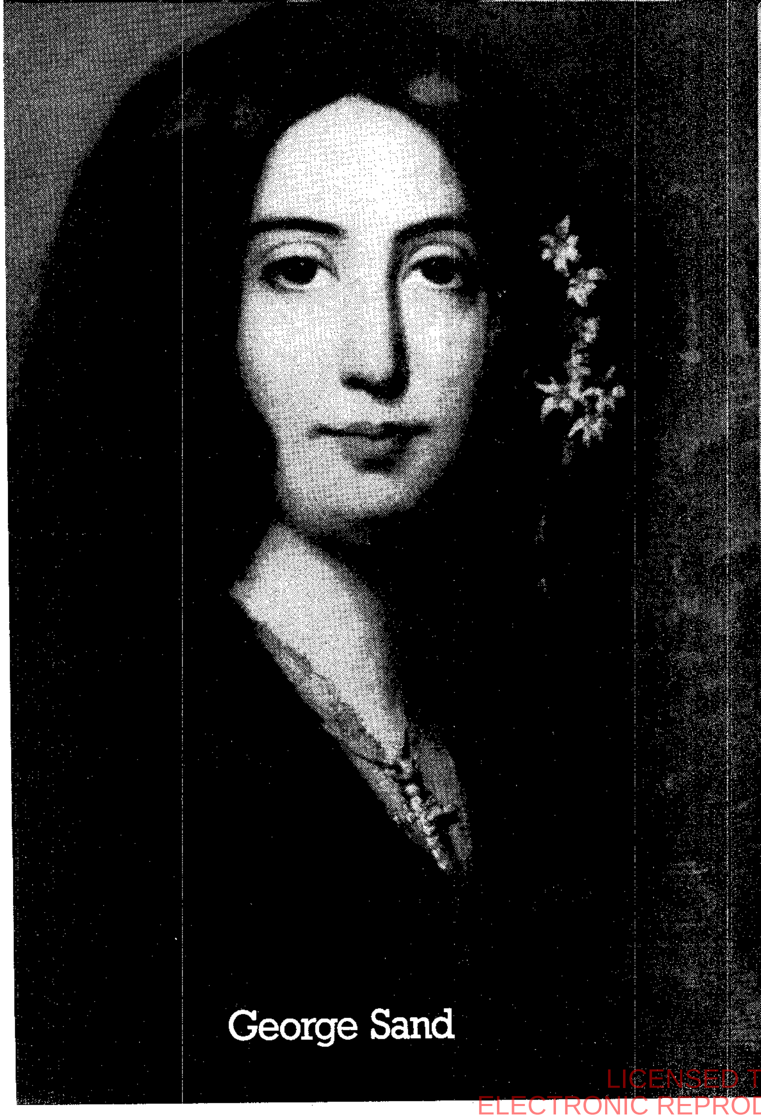
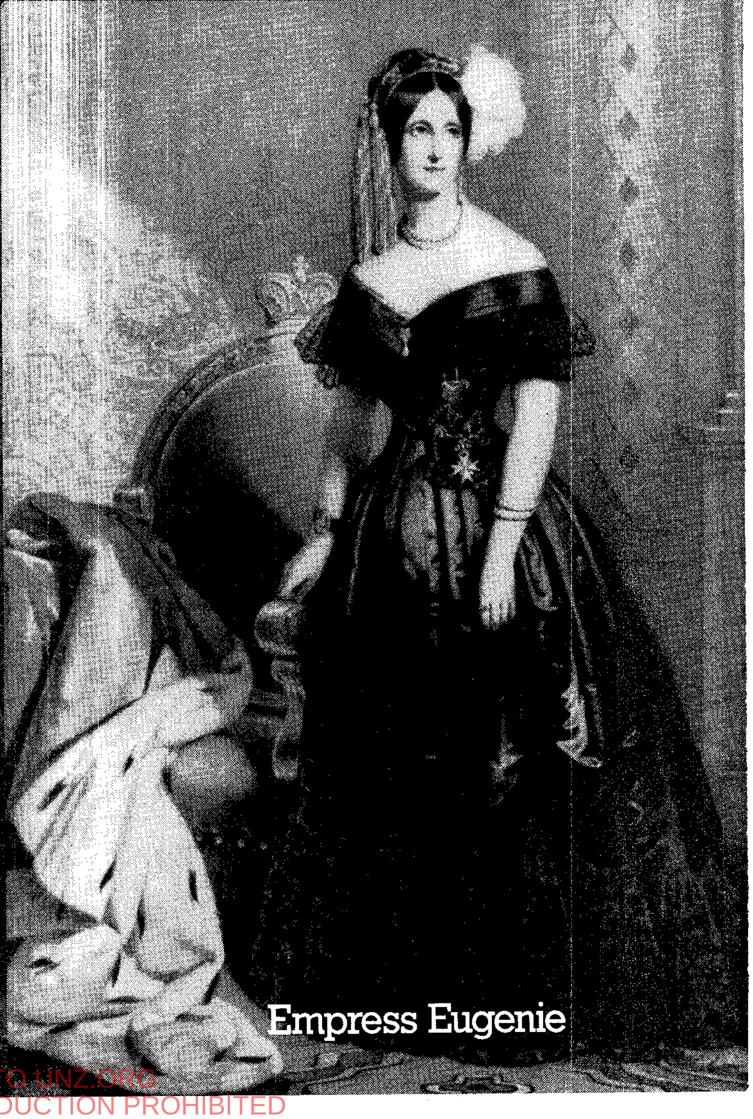
Lady Randolph Churchill

Colette


George Sand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and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Paramount; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Dec. 14.)

HEAT (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 18.)

HENRY VIII AND HIS SIX WIVES—With Keith Michell as Henry. Directed by Waris Hussein. (86th St. East. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema; Dec. 13-18.)

THE HIRELING—Made by an Englishman named Alan Bridges, from an L. P. Hartley novel about times between the World Wars when class warfare in England could cut to the raw. Robert Shaw plays a chauffeur who knows how to say "My lady" and stay just this side of rudeness; the girl he dotes on, Lady Franklin, is very well played by Sarah Miles, who gives to the character's etiolated breeding the sort of beauty that comes, like the perfection of old English lawns, from a family history of five hundred years of being looked after. Diluted stuff, vulgarized in its moments of melodrama. (Art, 23rd St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

HORSEFEATHERS (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.' " (Symphony; Dec. 19-20.)

HURRY UP, OR I'LL BE 30—With John Lefkowitz and Linda DeCoff, directed by Joseph Jacoby. (34th St. East; through Dec. 18.)

I AM CURIOUS–YELLOW (1969)—In her search for political commitment, the heroine, Lena Nyman, goes around as an inquiring reporter questioning people about nonviolence, the labor movement, socialism, and so on. The picture improves when sex and politics mix; there are some free—and very funny—sequences of simulated copulation. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 19.)

I. F. STONE'S WEEKLY—A documentary on the journalist, directed by Jerry Bruck, Jr. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 18.)

I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Elgin; starting Dec. 19.)

JUSTINE (1969)—Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" filmed in the foreseeable Hollywood way, with a script written all for narrative, and actors from everywhere (Anouk Aimée, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, Severn Darden). George Cukor directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 13.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Paramount; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Dec. 14.)

THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN—With Walter Matthau and Bruce Dern, directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Beekman; starting Dec. 20.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 13.)

THE LONG GOODBYE—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling

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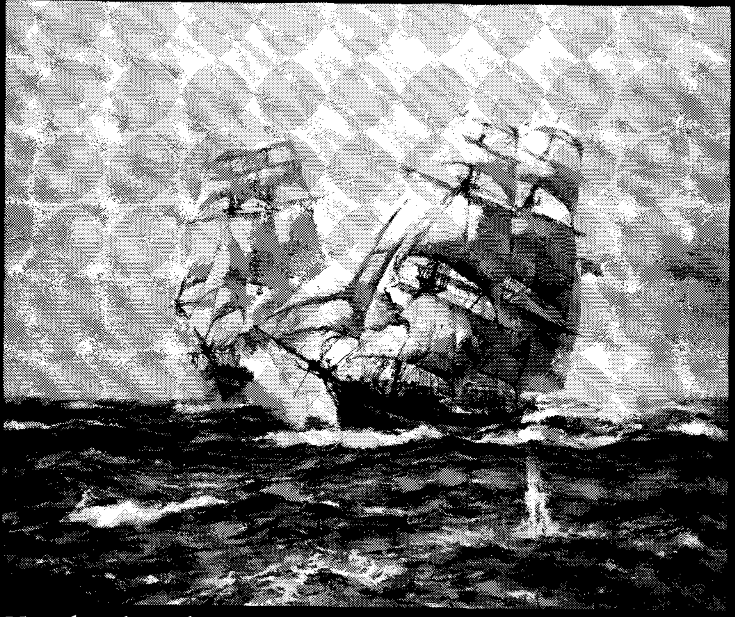

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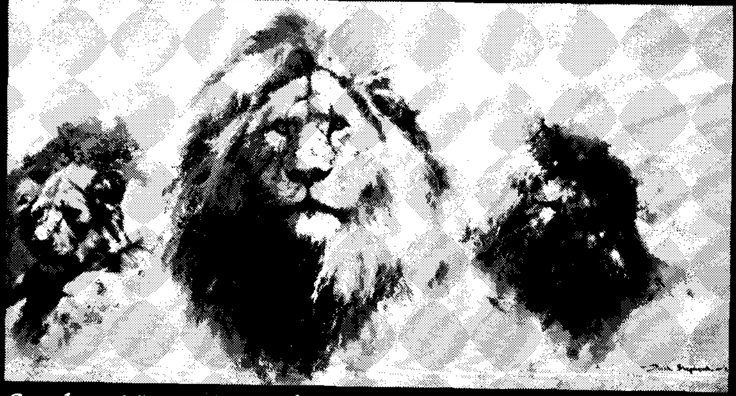

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Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 14.)

Love Happy (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 12.)

Massacre in Rome—With Richard Burton and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by George Pan Cosmatos. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 13.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (Cinema I.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Paramount; starting Dec. 14.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West respectively muttering and wambling in a most unusual Western. (Thalia; Dec. 19-20.)

The Nelson Affair—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton, and Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 18.)

The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seems as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Little Carnegie; through Dec. 16.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Elgin; through Dec. 15.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Dec. 20.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—In this comedy, the Marx Brothers dismantle the international-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though it is not as famous as the Marx Brothers' films of the thirties, it's better than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. Directed by Archie Mayo. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 12.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Columbia I; through Dec. 17. No evening performances on Saturday, Dec. 15.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 16-18.)

Papillon—Based on the book by Henri Charrière, with Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum; starting Dec. 17.)

Payday—Shot entirely on location in Alabama, this is an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possible for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star—a goaty, rancidly unromantic third-rate Johnny Cash. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better. (5th Ave. Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 15.)

Pete 'n' Tillie (1972)—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Symphony; through Dec. 18.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 14-16.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (34th St. East; through Dec. 18.)

The Revolutionary (1970)—A good film by Paul

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Williams, aged twenty-five, about the progression of a middle-class student from a bookish left-winger into a radical agitator. The film is set vaguely in present-day America, but there is also a tang of Europe and the Old Left, and the casting mixes yippies with people who look authentically like the C.P. members of the thirties. (Thalia; through Dec. 18.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 13-19.)

Serpico—With Al Pacino, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Baronet. . . .¶ 34th St. East; starting Dec. 19.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Gramercy; through Dec. 13. . . .¶ 72nd Street East; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 19.)

Siddhartha—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling, as compared to thinking, when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Art, 23rd St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Sisters—This low-budget horror movie about a psychotic ex-Siamese twin is a long way from being a brilliant thriller, but its limp technique and gratuitous dumbness don't seem to matter to the happily crazy-scared audience. With Margot Kidder, who knows how to turn on sexiness with a witch's precision, and Jennifer Salt, who gives a feeble performance. Brian De Palma, the director, can do flaked-out humor and high-pitched, demented knife-slashings, but he can't get two people talking in order to make a simple expository point without its sounding like the drabbest Republic picture of 1938. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 13.)

Sleeper—Directed by, and with, Woody Allen. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie; starting Dec. 17.)

Snoopy, Come Home (1972)—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him more than Charlie Brown does. The set-piece farewell scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in the picture is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild; starting Dec. 13, tentative.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness and unfulfillment and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (Plaza; through Dec. 16.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Thalia; through Dec. 18.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy; through Dec. 13.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny,

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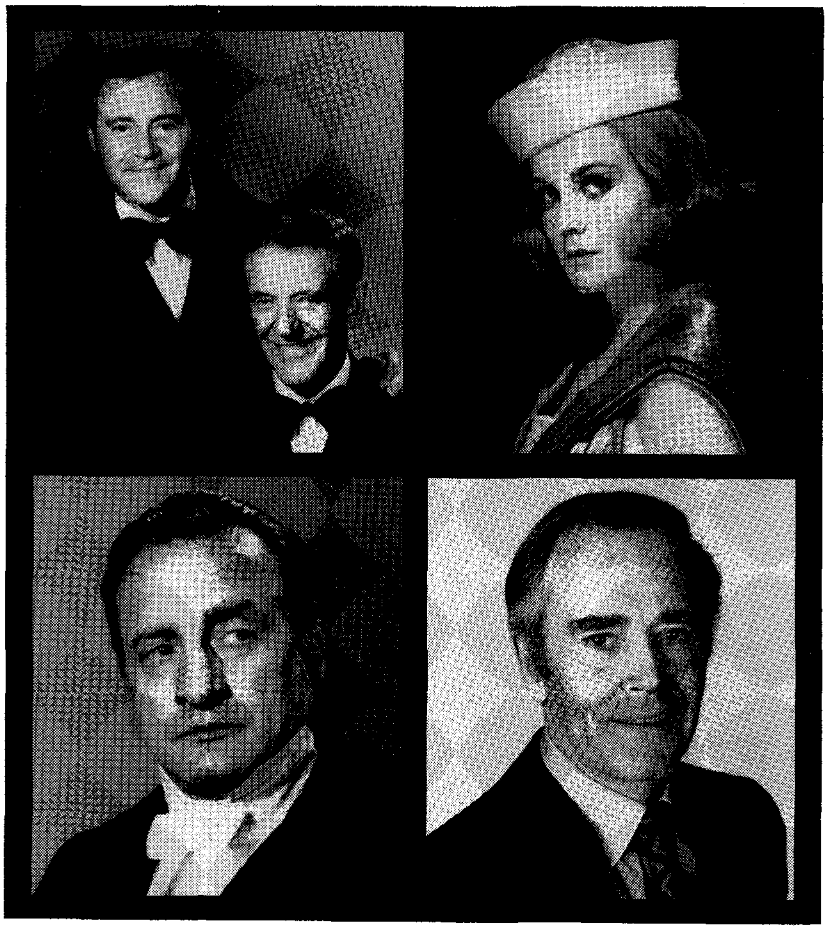

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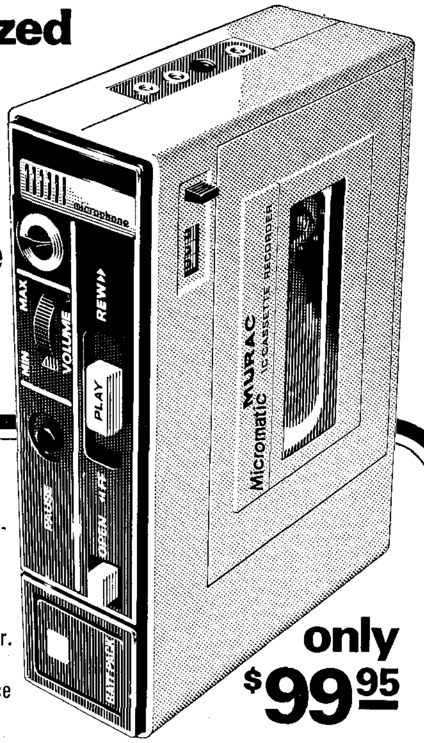

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about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema II.)

TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet, slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Elgin; Dec. 18.)

THAT MAN FROM RIO (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 16-17.)

A TOUCH OF CLASS—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 18.)

TRAFFIC (1971)—M. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new and rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Elgin; Dec. 16-17.)

THE WAY WE WERE—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum; through Dec. 16.)

WESTWORLD—Michael Crichton wrote and directed this sci-fi movie; it's set in Delos, a Disneyland for adults, where vacationers can play out their movie-fed fantasies by living in total environments that simulate past ages—ancient Rome, the medieval world, or the West of the eighteen-eighties. Computer-programmed humanoids satisfy the guests' vanity and lust and aggression. The idea is ingenious, and the film might have been marvellous; it isn't (the movie has the skimped TV-movie look of a too-tight budget), but it's moderately entertaining, and the leads (Richard Benjamin and Yul Brynner) are far superior to the actors in the usual sci-fi films. With James Brolin. (East 59th Street I, and East 59th Street II.)

WHAT'S UP, DOC? (1972)—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (seconds, really) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Elgin; through Dec. 15.)

WOODSTOCK (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Paramount; starting Dec. 14.)

ZORBA THE GREEK (1964)—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 13.)

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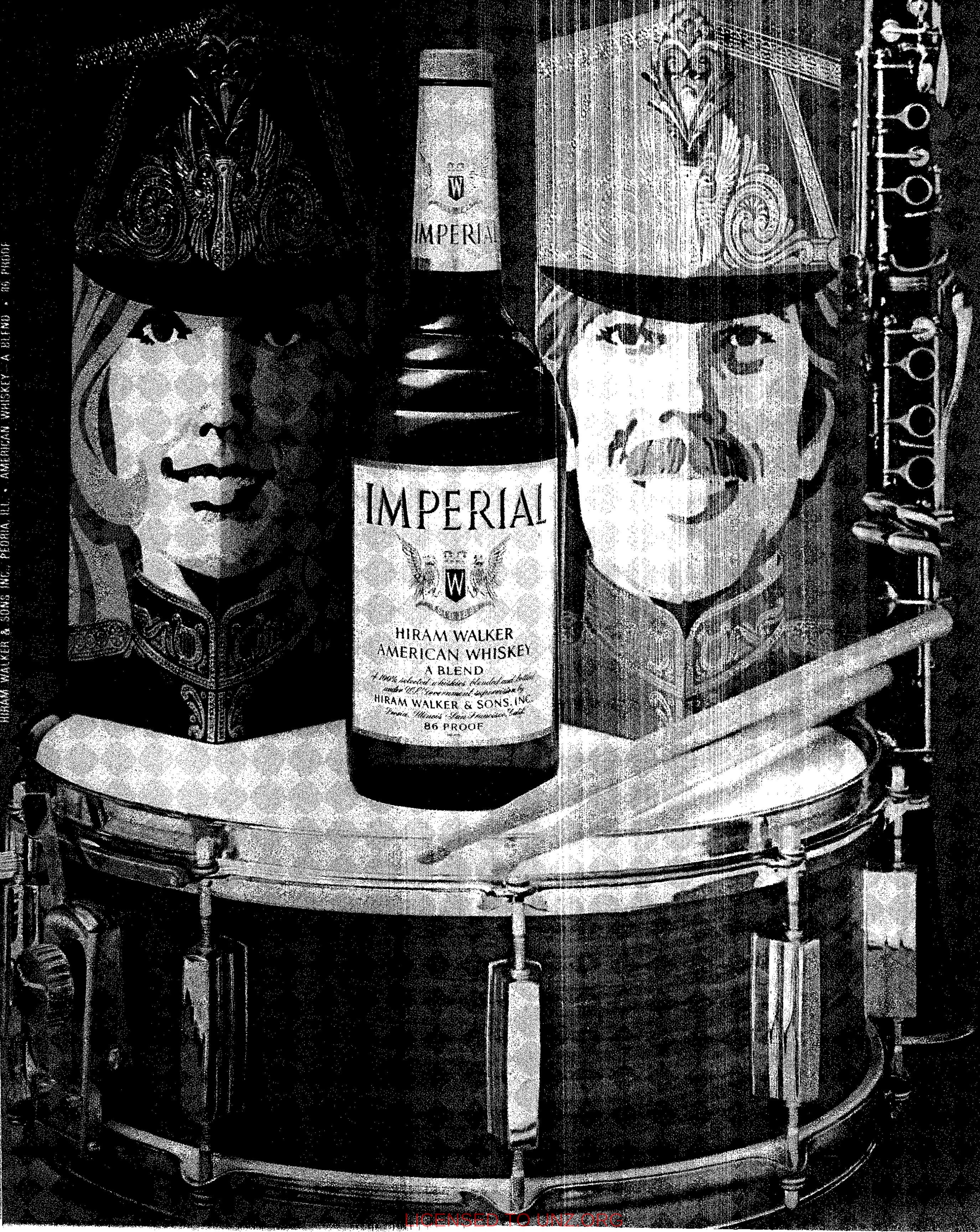
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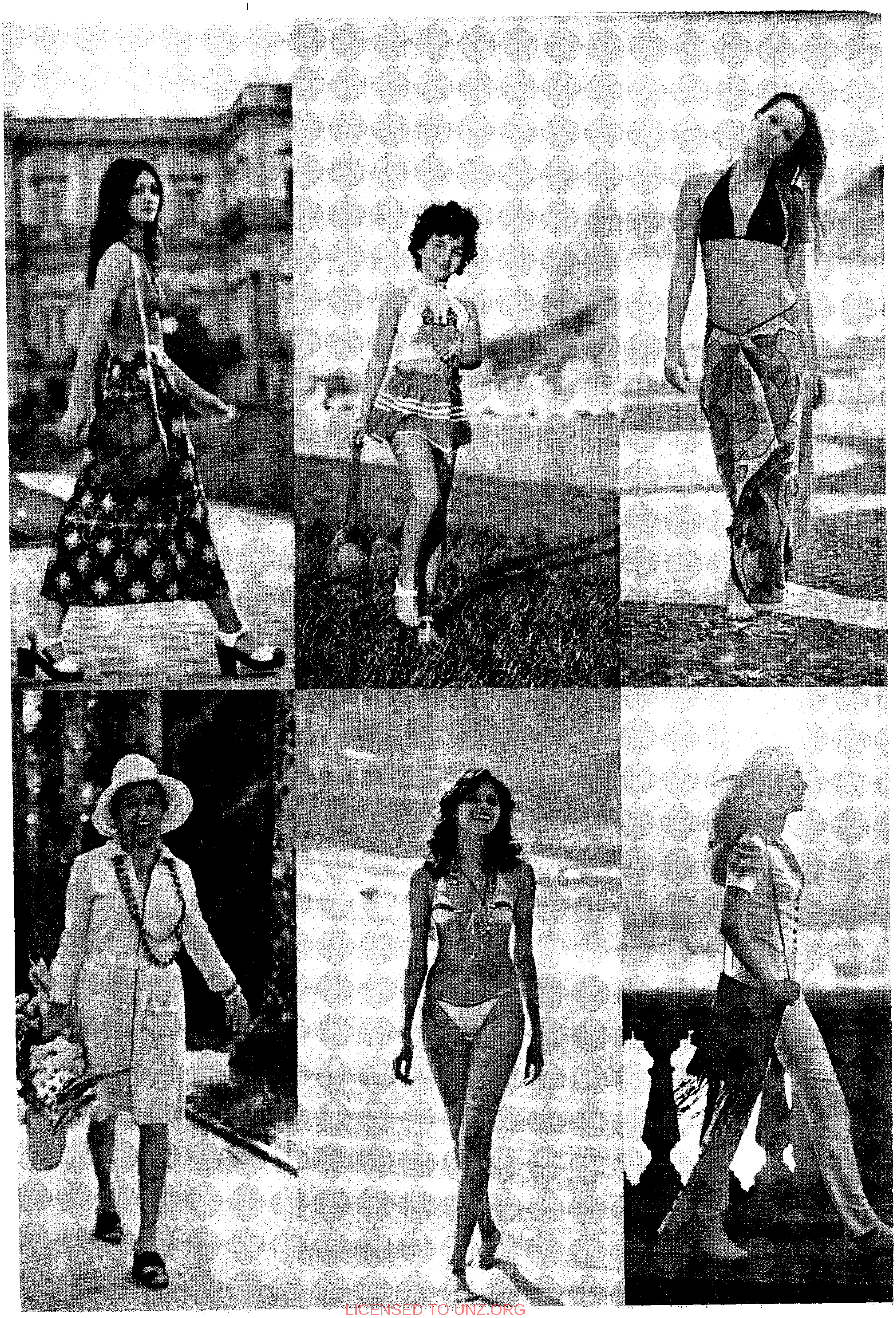

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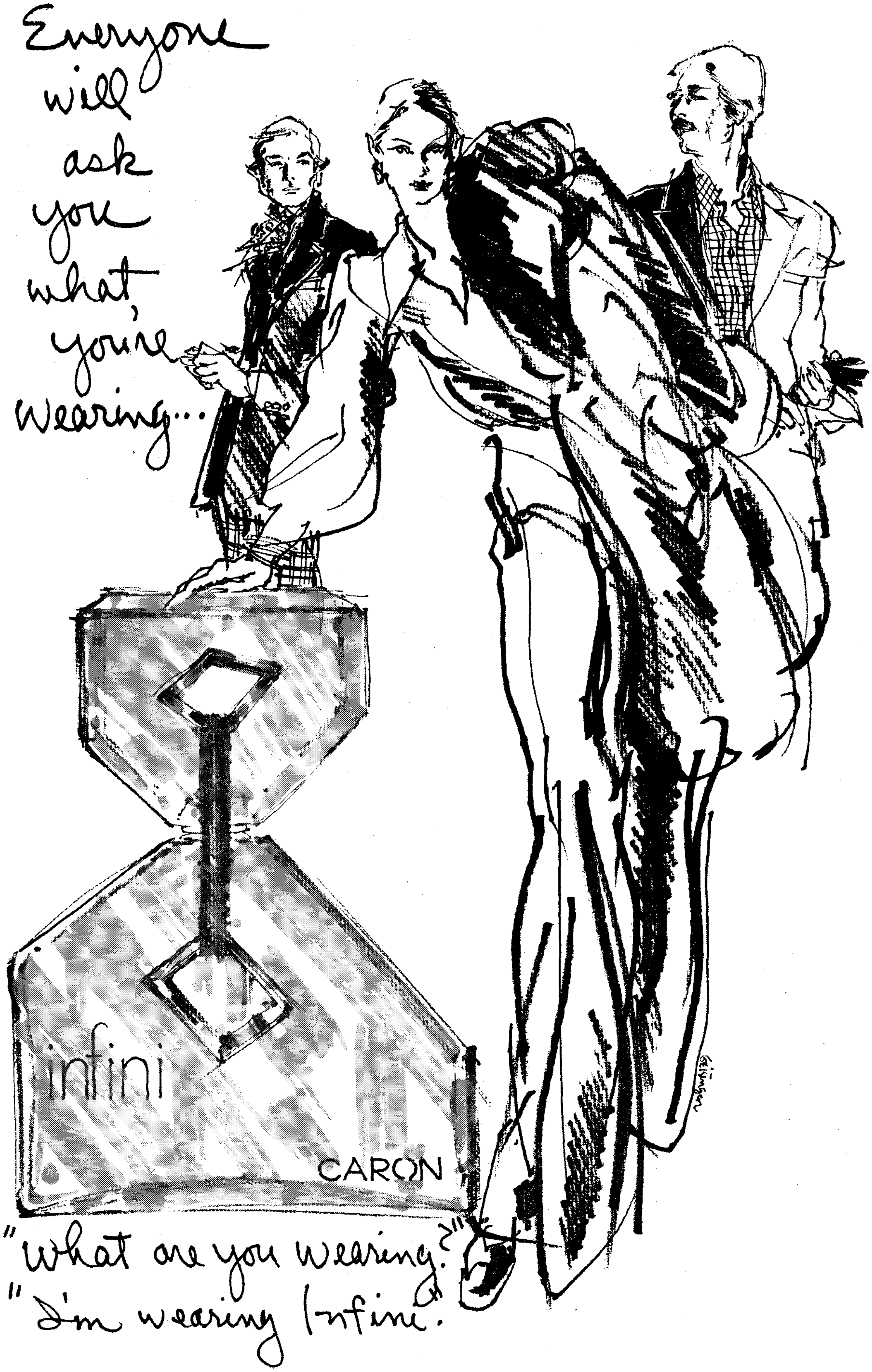
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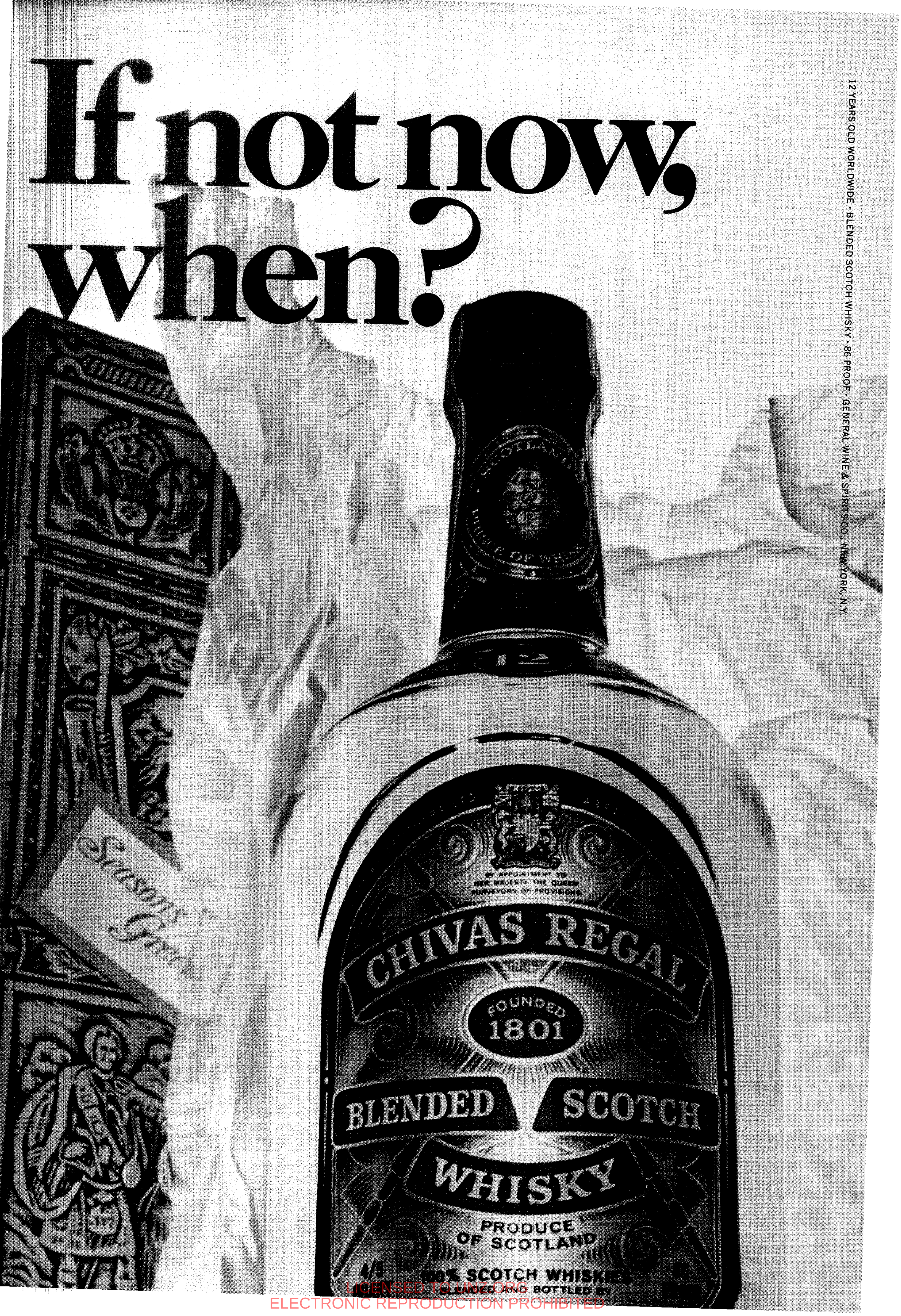
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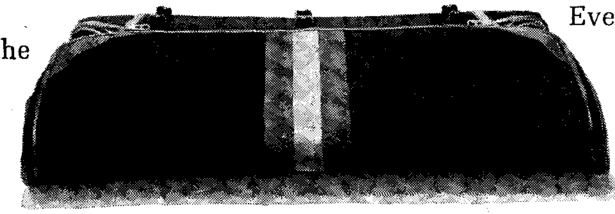

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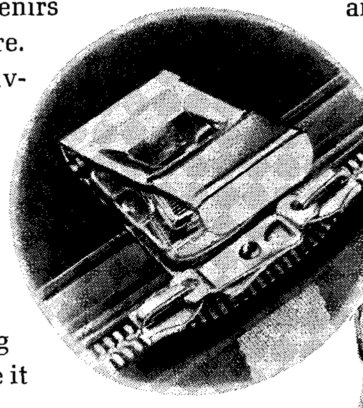

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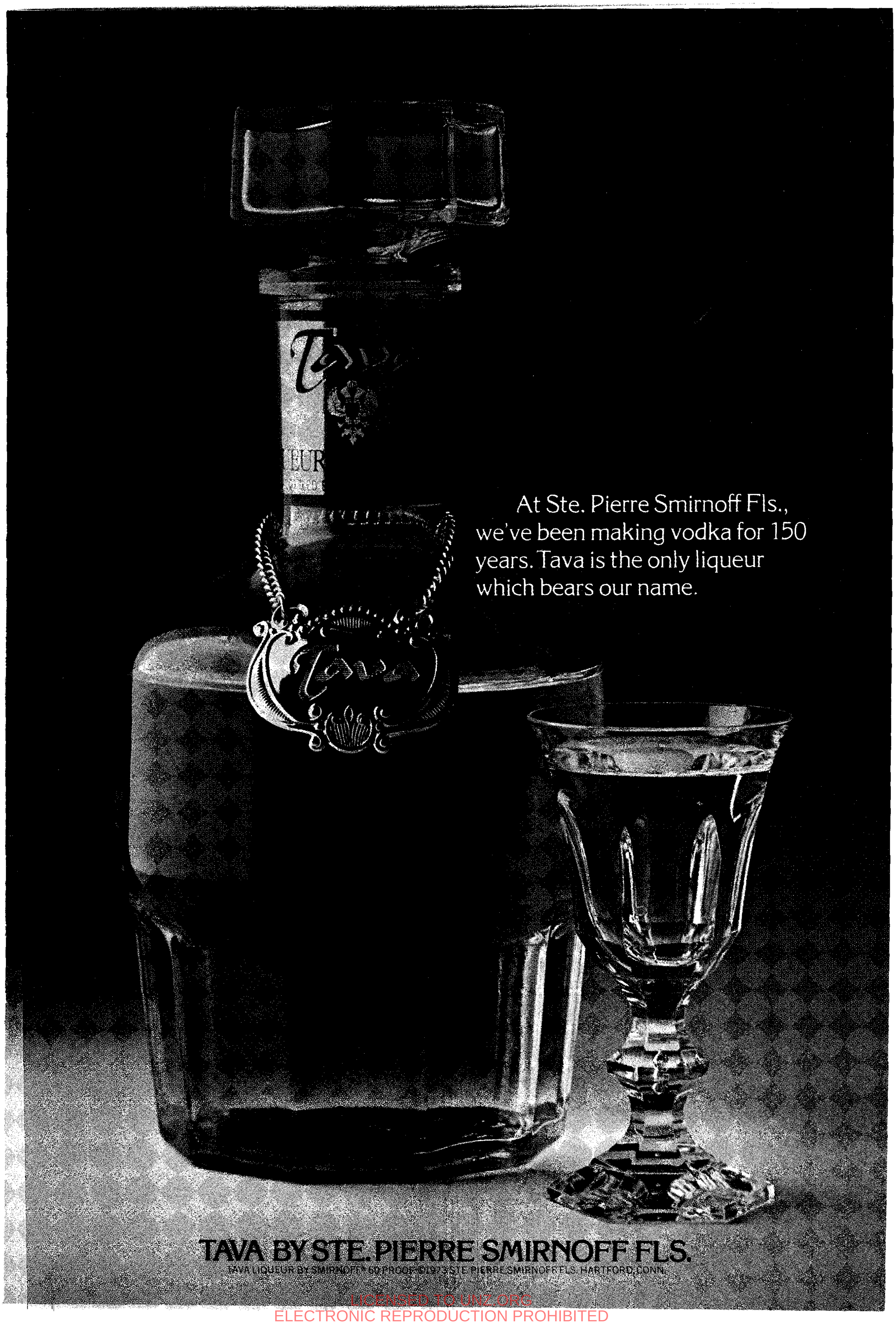

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TAVA LIQUEUR BY SMIRNOFF* 60 PROOF ©1973 STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. HARTFORD, CONN.

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Despite the seeming tongue-in-cheek quality of this announcement, we assure you it is serious. The arithmetic of distilling whisky is different from the arithmetic of drinking it, so the amount four men can produce is considerably greater than the quantity a similar number could consume.

The distillery we refer to is called Edradour and it happens to be the only one owned by William Whiteley & Company. So, while it is Scotland's smallest, it is, at the same time, our largest. As a man need only be tall enough to enable his feet to reach the ground, a distillery need only be big enough to produce good whisky.

In the case of Edradour, the whisky is so good that many of our contemporaries in the scotch business would like us to trade some of ours for some of theirs. However, we ourselves use every drop. At the moment, we have barely enough, so no one blames us for refusing to share it. Should our hopes of success in the American market be realized, our current output will, in fact, be hardly sufficient. Our purpose in adding a fourth man was to meet that eventuality. (The additional whisky won't be usable for twelve years, so you have plenty of time to make up your minds about us.)

Quaint as it may sound that we have so few workers in our distillery, Whiteley is not exactly a "cottage industry". Our blending, warehousing, and bottling facilities in Glasgow boast several hundred gainfully employed. That hardly makes us huge, but it is nothing to sneeze at.

The decision not to trade the Edradour was laid down generations ago by Mr. William himself. Having decided to create the world's most expensive whisky, he hoarded every cask and made it the basis of a blend named, with some justice, King's Ransom.

King's Ransom still derives its unique character from the Edradour malt and every drop is still twelve years old. A couple of things have changed, however. There are now a few other whiskies whose prices are equally intimidating. And there is now one other scotch which contains Edradour. Our eight-year-old, House of Lords. The price, as befitting a whisky named after a deliberative body, is considerably more democratic.

Greed compels us to admit that we'd prefer you to drink King's Ransom. Honesty compels us to admit that except for weekends and holidays, we ourselves favor House of Lords.

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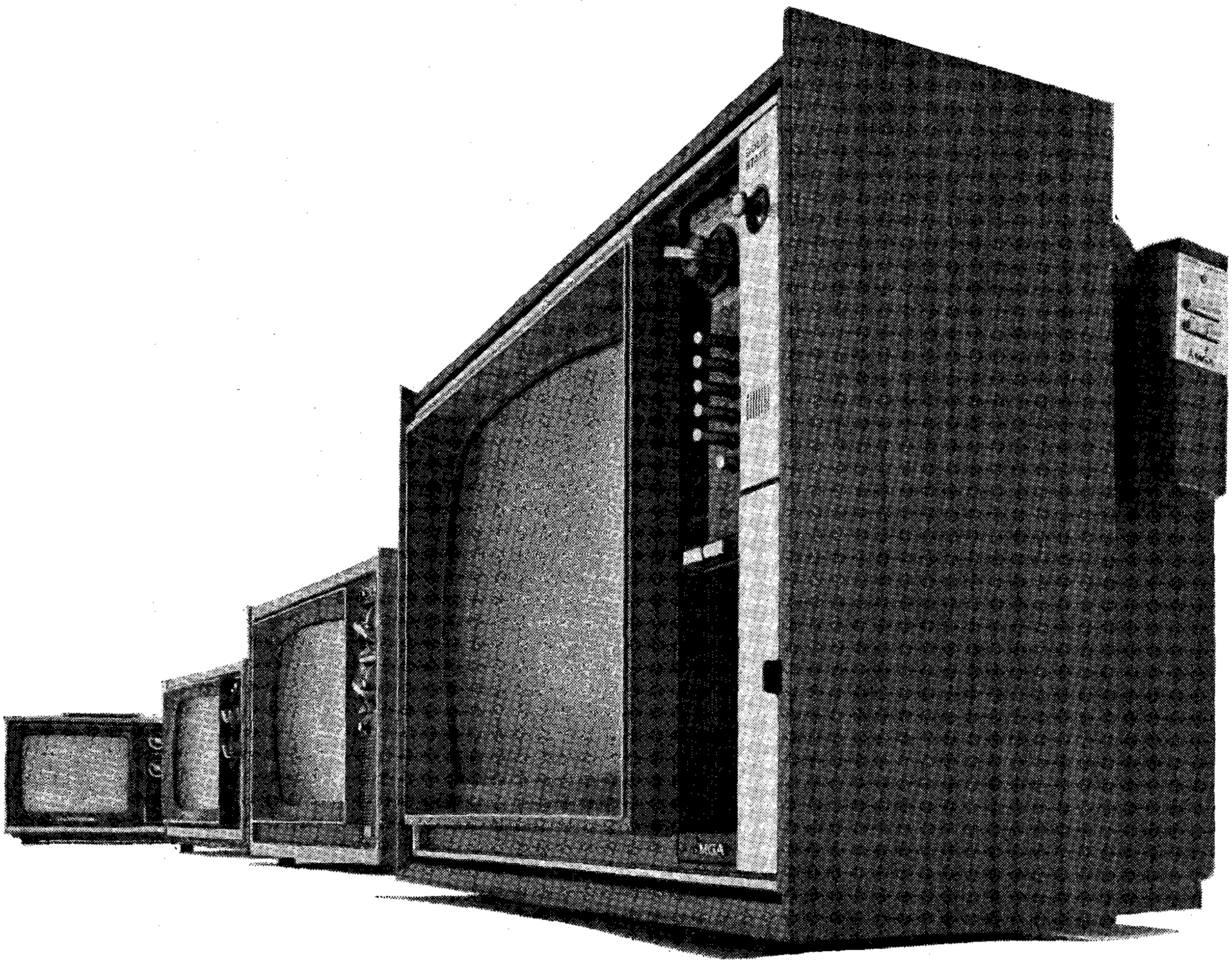

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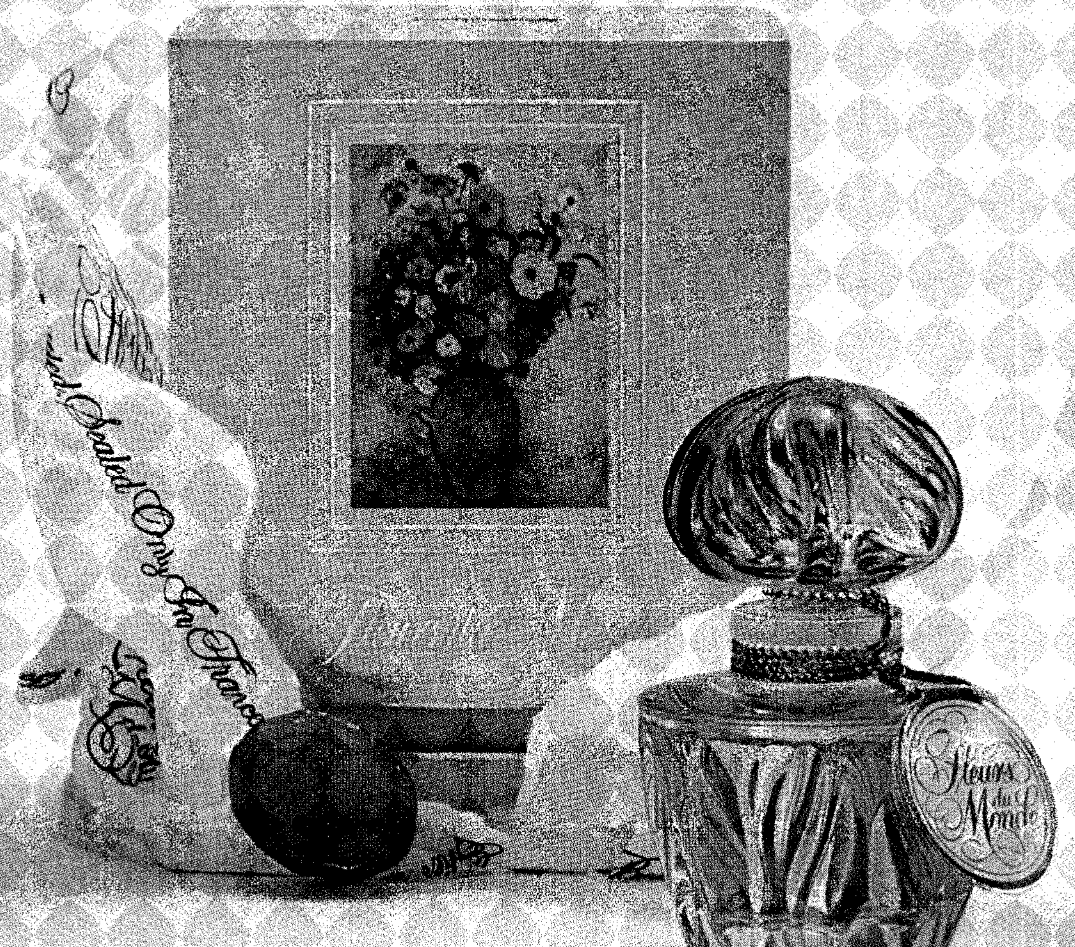
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

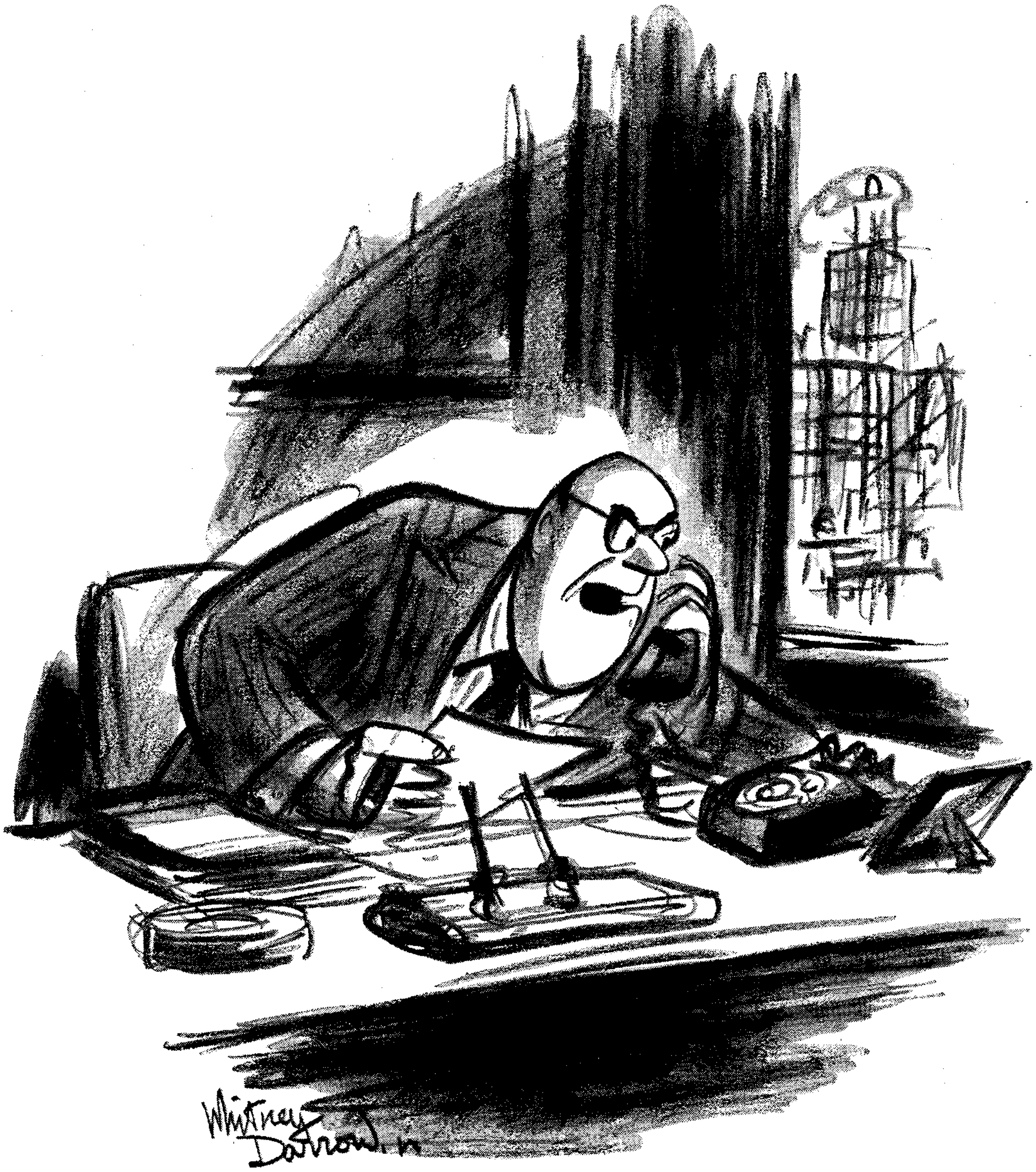
THE Big Lie is a strategy for concealing the truth by putting forward a story so audaciously false that it disarms ordinary skepticism, which is ready to cope only with petty distortions and deceptions. The White House, in its Watergate maneuverings, has apparently adopted another strategy: that of the Big Snarl. Instead of putting forward a single, easily grasped false story that routs all other stories, including the complex true story, from the field, one who resorts to this strategy puts forward—and then often retracts—numberless clashing, mutually cancelling stories, so that before long the integrity of all the facts and the logic of all the justifications are destroyed beyond reconstruction. Instead of hiding in simplicity, one takes refuge in hopeless complexity. Instead of advancing a phony story that pushes aside the truth, one assails the very idea of a single truth and effaces from the public mind the memory of what truth is. In this way, a public figure can in effect shred a bothersome issue while working to debase public standards to the level of his own conduct. In recent weeks, such deterioration has been spreading in our political life. It has shown up, for instance, in some new ideas about two basic elements of politics—confidence and candor.

Several weeks ago, at the time of the nuclear alert, Secretary of State Kissinger appealed to the press and the country to show confidence in the Administration. "It is up to you, ladies and gentlemen, to determine whether this is the moment to try to create a crisis of confidence in the field of foreign policy," he told an assembly of newsmen. He also said, "There has to be a minimum of confidence that the senior officials of the American government are not playing with the lives of the American people." The implication was that the public and the press were hurting the country by losing confidence in the President. And certainly it was true that a minimum of confidence must exist. But the Secretary had seemingly forgotten where confidence comes from. Having confidence in the government is not a duty of citizenship, like paying taxes. No such obligation could ever be met, because confidence is a state of mind and cannot be willed. A person looks at what his government is doing, and either he has confidence or he doesn't have it. If he doesn't have it, he can fake it but he can't manufacture it. In matters of public confidence, it is on the government that the obligation falls.

Candor is one quality that officials must have if they wish to win confidence. But it is a much simpler quality than anything the White House currently has in mind, to judge from the Operation Candor that has been under way recently. Candor is sometimes painful, but it is rarely laborious. No "operation" is required. A "counter-offensive" won't help. Perhaps what the White House now has in mind is not candor at all but something quite different: credibility. Credibility is the modern version of candor. Candor entails truthfulness, but credibility does not. Credibility is the public-relations version of truthfulness. It is the truth's "image." And, like any other image, it can be manipulated and faked. Probably none of us should be surprised when politicians offer us credibility instead of the truth; what is odd is that the audience sometimes seems to be satisfied. For example, one Republican governor was heard to remark admiringly after a meeting with the President, "He was very believable today—more believable than I've ever seen him before." It wasn't quite that the governor *believed* the President; it was only that the President had been *believable*—credible. Instead of asking "Is it true?" people were asking "Is it credible?" Observers were saying that the President had "helped himself" by his operation, although the observers did not believe him themselves. All over the country, Operation Candor was being reviewed like a new musical comedy. It seemed to be accepted that the President's candor, like the confidence that the Secretary of State was urging the rest of us to display, was an act—something forced or faked, which could be judged, like the skill of an actor. In this vision of our political life, it would be not only the performers but the members of the audience who would be actors. The President would perform and we would applaud. He would pretend to tell the truth and we would pretend to believe.

Testimonial

ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE, the senior architectural writer of the *Times*, is a native New Yorker. She grew up in the St. Urban, a sturdy old apartment building on Central Park West at Eighty-ninth Street. She studied fine arts at Hunter College and architectural history at New York University, went to Italy on a Fulbright Scholarship, was a curator at the Museum of Modern Art, and began publishing in the architectural press. In 1963, the *Times* hired her as its first architecture critic, and since then her polemics against ugly and inhuman buildings have won her a solid, educated following. Recently, she moved from the third floor of the Times Building, where most of the paper's reporters have their offices, and ascended to a sunny room on the tenth floor—the home of the editorial board. The room is modest in size, is painted off-white, and contains a chrome-and-teak desk. A set of Florentine architectural prints is hung, almost symmetrically, on two opposite walls. Mrs. Huxtable is the second woman to be appointed to the *Times'* editorial board (the late Anne O'Hare



"Oh, and, damn it, I nearly forgot! Merry Christmas!"

• •

McCormick was the first), and last week she received a unique distinction: she became the first member of the board in the paper's history to be given a formal reception and dinner in honor of her appointment. (John B. Oakes, the editorial-page editor of the *Times*, has said that when there are celebrations they usually come after a board member quits.) The event was sponsored by the Architectural League of New York and the New York Landmarks Conservancy, and it was held in the old United States Custom House, on Bowling Green—the work of the architect Cass Gilbert. Some two hundred and eighty people paid a hundred dollars each to attend the affair (the proceeds went to the sponsors), and perhaps the most notable tribute of the evening was the fact that a number of these guests were architects whose work Mrs. Huxtable had, at one time or another, strongly criticized.

Before the reception, a group of volunteers from the financial district and from local architectural schools shined up the Custom House. We dropped in on this operation and found several squads of young people working away at railings and plaques with rags and cans of Noxon. The building, most of which has been vacated by the Customs Service, appeared cleaner, at least, than it had when we last saw it, two months before. We came upon Richard Weinstein, director of the Mayor's Office of Lower Manhattan Development. Mr. Weinstein is the public official who took the first steps to preserve the Custom House when the Customs Service announced that it would move out of the building. He helped organize a Committee of Sponsors, made up of financial-district leaders, and he has kept track of the project since. He is an architect by training, and, along with several other architects in the Lindsay administration, he has a long-standing—and often reciprocated—admiration for Mrs. Huxtable. "It's especially fitting to have the dinner in this building," he told us. "Ada Louise was largely responsible for a Presidential directive that is helping to make it possible for the Custom House to survive. The directive orders the General Services Administration to make every effort to turn over to local authorities buildings on the National Register of Historic Places that the federal government is vacating. It was Ada Louise who brought the plight of the St. Louis Post Office, and other buildings like this one, to the attention of Arthur F. Sampson, the administrator of the G.S.A."

"How does she feel about all this attention she's getting?" we asked.

"I think she's appalled by the fuss," Mr. Weinstein said. "At the same time, she's gratified by the recognition of her work."

The reception and dinner proved equal to the Gilded Age style of the Custom House. On arriving at the building, guests were greeted by a pair of trumpeters on the front steps, playing fanfares. The bronze gates and the door at the top of the steps were open for the first time in twenty-five years. In the main vestibule, a crowd in evening dress sipped drinks and emitted a babbling sound, above which was heard horn music by Purcell, Gabrieli, Bach, and others, played by a quintet called the New York Brass Choir. It was, in short, a spectacular reception. Of the conversations we had, we will report only one—with Harold Fredenburgh, an associate of I. M. Pei & Partners, which is the architectural consultant for the planning study on the Custom House. The Custom House is a trapezoidal granite building with an inner court, inside which is an elliptical rotunda. The court could be glassed over, Mr. Fredenburgh said, and the top of the rotunda could be opened, letting daylight in. In addition, the granite facing on the court could be removed and replaced with glass, thus opening up the higher floors. A hotel, a public park (in the rotunda), a museum of the American Indian, and a café-theatre (in the basement) are among the uses he suggests for the building. The ideas are tentative, he said, and he hasn't yet estimated their cost.

From the reception, the guests stepped into the rotunda, just off the vestibule, where a caterer served dinner. The rotunda appeared transformed, not only because of the cleaning but because of a new lighting system, designed by Edison Price. The lights made visible a row of Reginald Marsh murals that had long been obscured by darkness. The dinner—one of candle-lit conviviality—was followed by numerous "remarks," through which Mrs. Huxtable, looking marvellous in a mauve Halston and a string of pearls, had to sit like a kind of idol. Mayor Lindsay presented her with the city's Diamond Jubilee Medallion, and Mr. Sampson gave her a copy of an old print of the Custom House. We will quote only one speaker, Mr. Oakes, who listed his colleague's attributes: "Unpredictable, perhaps; uncontrollable, certainly; unerring in her aim; undeviating in her standards; unshaken in her principles; undaunted in her courage; and, I might add, unflinching in her attack on the editor who dares to tamper with her copy. You think this frail little wisp of a woman needs protection? Try to cut a line from a Huxtable editorial and, as one of her former colleagues once observed, you'll find she needs protection like Attila the Hun. . . . Ada Louise Huxtable began contributing to the editorial page of the *Times* even before she became this newspaper's architecture critic. Her very first editorial urged, appropriately enough, creation of a Landmarks Preservation Commission and—several paragraphs later—attacked New York City's 'shoddy standards,' leading to the 'speculative commercial and residential structures of totally undistinguished design that add nothing to the city except more rental space.' Does that sound familiar? Well, it should."

New in the Berg

SING, Goddess, the perennial virtues of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, whose 1970-through-1972 acquisitions—by gift or purchase—currently fill the cases in its great exhibition hall, on the third floor of the Public Library. English and American literature is the Berg's thing, but Aeschylus is also represented, with a prompt copy of the translation of his "Agamemnon" by Louis MacNeice which was used in the nineteen-thirties by the Group Theatre in London. In fact, the Berg Collection now has the entire archive of the Group Theatre. On display we found typescripts of proofs of several plays by the late W. H. Auden (some written in collaboration with Christopher Isherwood), and the manuscript draft of a 1935 statement by Auden that was published in the program for his "The Dance of Death":

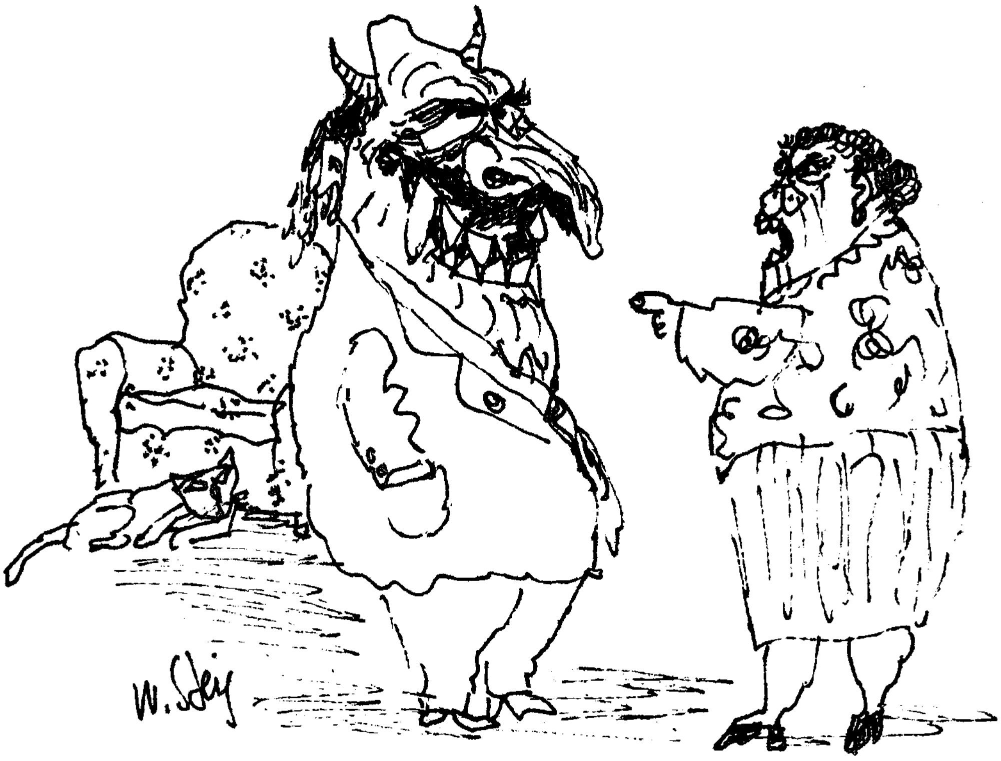
> Drama is essentially an art of the body. The basis of acting is acrobatics, dancing, and all the forms of physical skill. The Music Hall, the Christmas pantomime, and the country house charade are the most living drama of today.
>
> The development of the film has deprived drama of any excuse for being documentary. It is not in its nature to provide an ignorant and passive spectator with exciting news. . . .
>
> Drama is not suited to the analysis of character, which is the province of the novel. Dramatic characters are simplified, easily recognizable, and over life-size. . . .
>
> Drama . . . deals with the general and universal, not with the particular and local, but it is probable that drama can only deal . . . with the relations of human beings with each other, not with the relation of man to the rest of nature.

We turned from the Auden display to a section called "The James Joyce Circle in France;" it contains photographs of the great man, letters by him, and French translations of his work, among them a 1929 "out-of-series" first edition of "Ulysses" (one of ten copies printed on Holland paper) that is in perfect condition, its white cover (and eight hundred and seventy uncut pages) having survived without a smudge the German Occupation of Paris, in the possession of Adrienne Monnier, who was the proprietor of La Maison des Amis des Livres, a celebrated Joyce hangout.

Not in good condition (soiled), but a great find, is the typescript of William Faulkner's first novel, "Soldiers' Pay," which was published in 1926. "A war story about a maimed hero. Very bad," Dr. Lola L. Szladits, the Berg's curator, who had joined us, said; nor did she recommend, on literary grounds, Washington Irving's "Astoria," a hackwork account of John Jacob Astor's fur-trading in the Pacific Northwest. The item was, however, a house desideratum, since Irving was the first president of the Astor Library, a predecessor of the New York Public.

We went on to a typescript, with the author's revisions, of Marc Connelly's 1930 "Green Pastures," discovered, after forty years, by the author in a backgammon table, and bought by Dr. Szladits at auction; to one hundred and three letters from Ezra Pound; to a 1911 letter from the Great Northern Railway Company of Ireland to Sean O'Casey, firing him; and to typescripts of Conrad's "Victory" and "The Rescue." These were listed as gifts of Conrad's American publisher, Doubleday & Company, and we asked Dr. Szladits how the gifts had come about. "Ken McCormick came to our '1922: A Vintage Year' show last year," she said, referring to Doubleday's senior consulting editor, "and I showed him around. He got more and more excited the more Doubleday books he saw. I told him we were strong in Conrad, and his firm has now made us stronger."

Another publisher's recent present is a number of letters to and from Edna



"Now I see you in your true colors!"

St. Vincent Millay, given by Harper & Row. One of these, written by the poet in 1946 to Cass Canfield, then the chairman of Harper's board, shows that times haven't changed:

> For how long a time does Harpers expect that I shall be content to remain out of print? . . .
>
> My books . . . are no longer available: no bookstore carries them. What is the meaning of this? . . .
>
> If the firm of Harper & Bros. would be happy to sever its connections with me . . . I should like nothing better than a simple paragraph of plain speaking on your part.

Mr. Canfield's reply is, tantalizingly, not in the show, but the sting is taken out of the above by a subsequent letter from Miss Millay:

> First of all, I want to thank you for your kind and thoughtful letter. . . . I was deeply touched, and very grateful, and I still am.

Other nuggets abound, but let us conclude with two more letters—one from Virginia Woolf to Harmon H. Goldstone, and one from Arthur Conan Doyle to his son Adrian. Mrs. Woolf's was written in 1932, when "Mrs. Dalloway," "To the Lighthouse," and "Orlando" were behind her, and it answered a number of questions sent her by Mr. Goldstone, who is now chairman of the Landmarks Preservation Commission and was then a senior at Harvard, working on a critical study of the author:

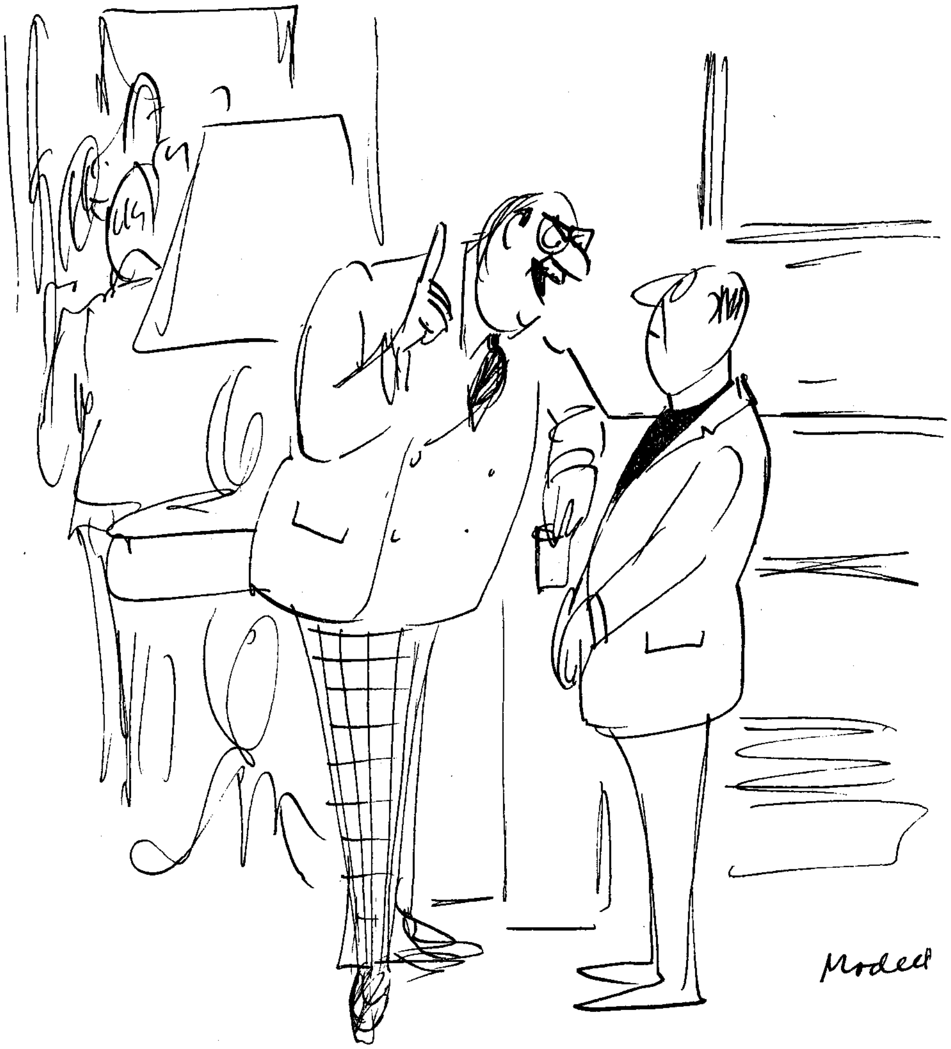
> . . . The Bloomsbury group is largely a creation of the journalists. To dwell upon Bloomsbury as an influence is liable to lead to judgments that, as far as I know, have no basis in fact.

And Conan Doyle wrote, a week before his death:

> I think all is clear in my affairs. I should hate to leave complications.
>
> Will you see that Miss Holland has £100? I would have put it in but she was the witness and I would have had to do a Codicil. . . .
>
> Au revoir to all of you.

Elsewhere

CHRISTMAS shopping is almost a science with our friend Lola Finkelstein, who has been educating us in this and that recently.



"If it's up there, I'll be there."

"The most exciting way to shop, and the most fun way, is *elsewhere*," Lola told us the other day. "The whole point is to get *what* other people don't and *where* they don't. For example, where do I get a Christmas present for my kitchen?"

"What Christmas present for your kitchen, Lola?" we asked.

"Wallpaper. I don't want a wallpaper you see in all the trendy, newly done homes. So I get wallpaper at Zuber Rieder, in Paris, on the Boulevard Beaumarchais. There's no question but that American wallpapers are superior in all the practical ways. But for my kitchen I got a classic Portuguese tile, in light blue and white, on heavy glazed paper. I packed it in a suitcase and took it home with me. It weighed a lot. My children think I'm nutty, and the paperhanger said, 'Not another of those terrible French papers that fall apart when you pick them up!' But the whole point is that *I* like it when I look at it. Now, my friend Mimi, who lives in Switzerland, comes to New York to do a lot of *her* shopping. She wants Woodson wallpaper, because she wants an American wallpaper that doesn't look like traditional European walls. She gave her daughter's bedroom a present of Woodson wallpaper showing a stylized bouquet of spring flowers, with bedspread and curtains made to match. But my friend Angelica, who lives in Rome, goes to *London* for wallpaper. Colefax & Fowler. Angelica lives in a fourteenth-century palazzo, and it's believed to be the only palazzo in Rome with English wallpaper. You know—those romantic, bucolic motifs, with lots of shepherdesses and animals. Mimi goes to South America for her doorknobs, but maybe that's *too* special."

"What about presents for people?" we asked.

"Well, take panty hose," Lola said. "Mimi wears panty hose exclusively from Saks, but I get mine at Marks & Spencer in London. When I look at mine, I have the feeling that I'm wearing hose from an English institution known for the best quality at the lowest prices. Everybody in England calls it Marks & Sparks. And you can return *anything* there. Or take underwear. For our husbands. My husband used to wear Sulka cotton-mesh undershorts, which he bought in Paris, but after the dollar was devalued, Sulka stopped carrying this type of cotton undershorts. So Mimi sends my husband cotton undershorts from Zimmerli, made in Switzerland. I found cotton undershorts in Marks & Sparks, but my husband won't wear any except Zim-

OZZIE
by Ozzie Nelson

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merli's. Mimi's husband likes wool undershirts only. There's only one place that makes them, and it's in Rome. So Angelica gets them as a present to send to Mimi's husband in Switzerland. Angelica's husband won't wear any underwear except underwear from Macy's. So I go to Macy's and get him *that* as a present and ship it to him in Rome. You get the idea?"

"Yes, Lola," we said. "But isn't that a very expensive way to shop?"

"Not when you get it all together," Lola said. "Now, my husband likes Lanvin pajamas, made in Paris. They're cut slimmer than American pajamas, and you don't get all that flapping around. I went to buy some and was absolutely appalled at the price. So I sent one pair of the Lanvin pajamas to Ascot Chang, in Hong Kong—he's a well-known shirtmaker—and he copies the Lanvin pajamas for my husband. It helps even things out. Or people in London go to Mothercare, where you get very inexpensive, high-quality things for babies, and send me underpants for my granddaughter, while I'm getting Carter's baby stuff for Angelica in Rome. The general idea is that I like European things because using them reminds me every day of pleasant experiences. But Mimi feels there's much more variety here, and she is bored by what enchants *me*. Mimi buys her kids jeans from Sears Roebuck and wash-and-no-iron stuff from Bloomingdale's. Angelica gets her kids cotton knits at Bloomingdale's. But I get kids' clothes at—"

"Marks & Sparks?" we asked quickly.

"You're catching on," Lola said. "I go to Kids in Gear, on Carnaby Street, once in a while, too. And I get Scotch smoked salmon in London—at the Safeway supermarket on the King's Road. There's a very nice girl named Maureen who is the fish girl, and she cuts and slices the salmon like an artist and places each slice on a separate piece of paper and wraps it up beautifully, so that it can travel in my suitcase. Mimi likes to eat stuff from California. I get her Fun in the Sun Marshmallow Candies from Palm Springs. Angelica likes Nabisco graham crackers and Ring-Dings—stuff like that. But I like to munch on McVitie's Digestive Biscuits, which a London friend sends me from Harrods. And Mimi sends me chocolates from Zurich, while I send her Mary Jane peanut-butter bars from here."

"Anything else?" we asked.

"Notebooks," Lola said immediately. "Mimi won't write in anything except those spiral things I buy for her in Woolworth's. And Angelica wants Brett notebooks. You know, those black-and-white sort of speckled composition books with the hard covers—the kind we had in school. But I use notebooks from Smythson, in London, or Prisunic, in Paris. Everyone who knows me knows I like notebooks with graph paper—even index cards of graph paper, which you get in France. People send me those every December."

"Very nice," we said.

"Very," Lola said. "It's important to keep up people's *morale*. You've got to find things that make people feel cheered up by something. I've got a friend, a writer, who won't write on anything except Blokk-Notes. From Norway. These Blokk-Notes just happen to make this writer feel cheered up. So why not?"

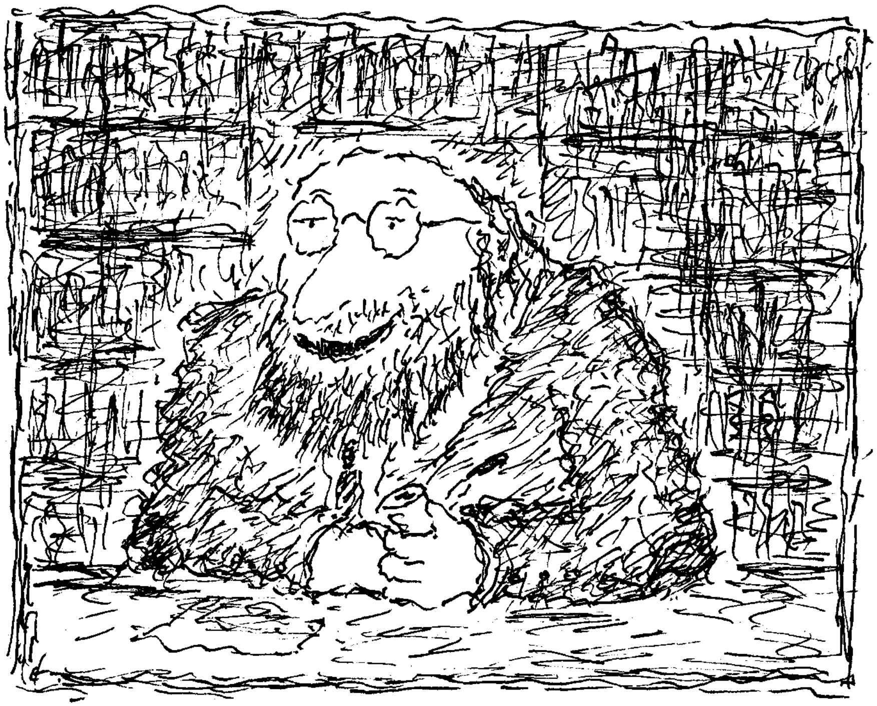
"Agreed," we said.

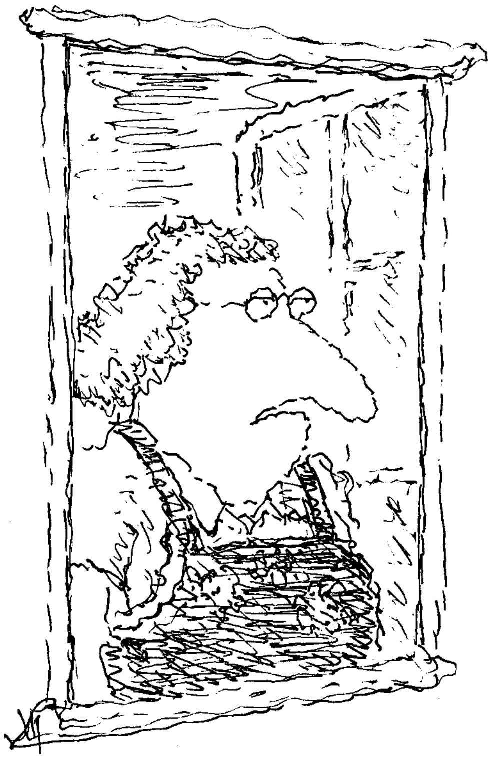
"Every Christmas, Angelica sends me some tortellini and other pasta right out of Rome, and that really cheers me up," Lola said. "I bought some Chinese tennis balls, made in Shanghai, and my problem now is to find someone who really prefers them."

THE INQUIRING DEMOGRAPHER

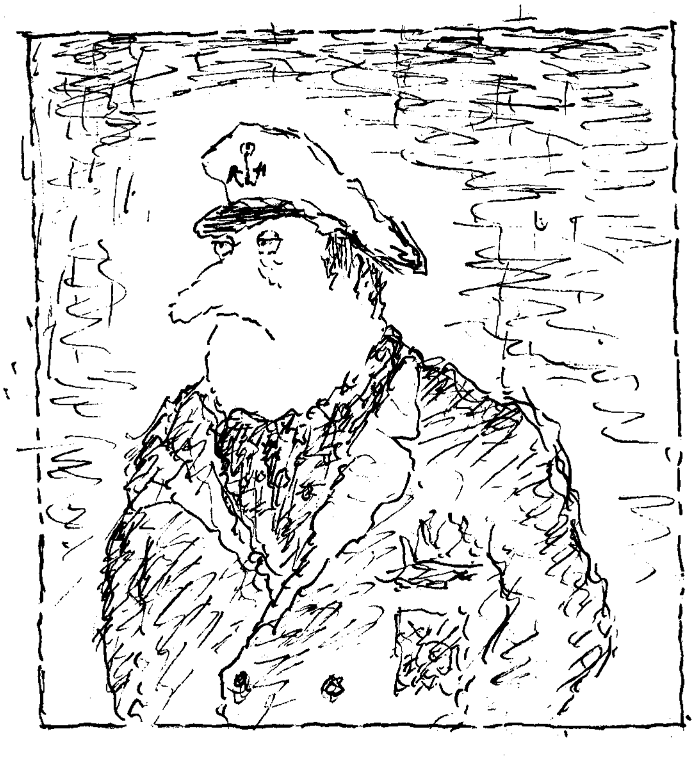
THIS WEEK'S QUESTION: HOW DO YOU THINK WATERGATE WILL AFFECT THE ENERGY CRISIS?

WENDELL R. STACKS, UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN: The question is whether the President retains the moral authority required of a leader asking sacrifices from the citizenry at large. For example, my wife has voluntarily discontinued use of our electric plum-pitter. She now pits plums manually. We do it together, really, as a family. We have reminded our son, who happens to be a warlock in Cambridge, how much kerosene is required even for the ritualistic burning of the eye of a newt or the tail of a frog—reminded him not because we want to impose our will on him, you understand, but merely to keep him aware of the priorities. As our family makes these sacrifices, though, there is one thing I can't help wondering about the White House: Does that paper shredder of theirs run on electricity?

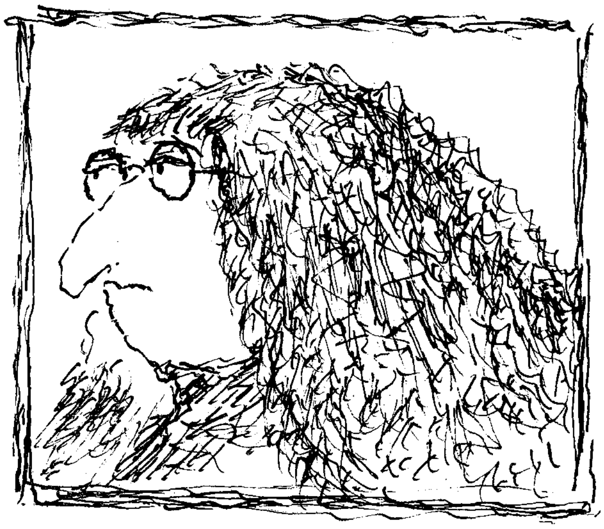




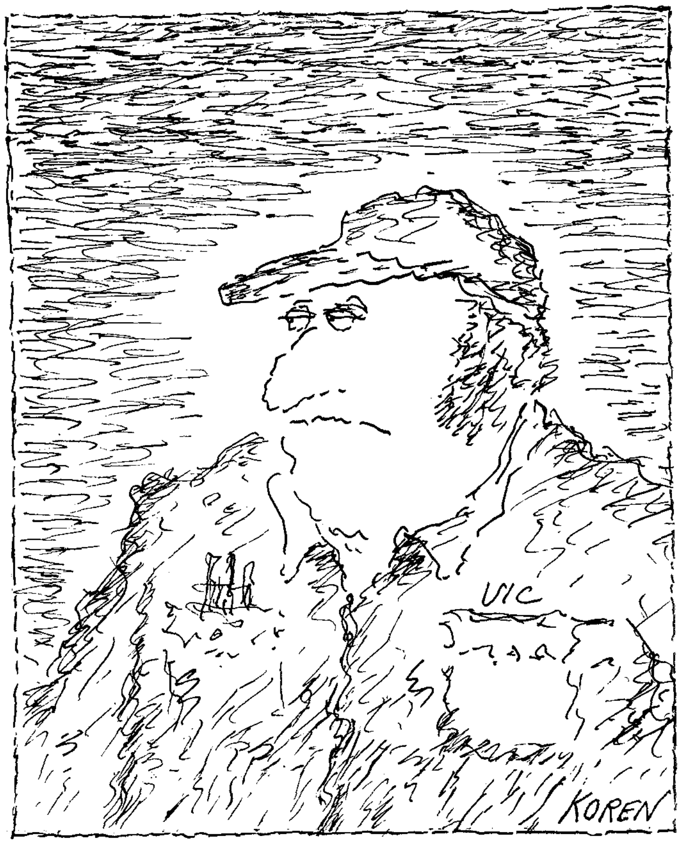
MRS. ETHEL GRABZNIK, HOUSEWIFE NAMED "TYPICAL MAJORITY VOTER" IN 1972, DAYTON, OHIO: I'm sorry. I speak for quotation only to Douglas Kiker.



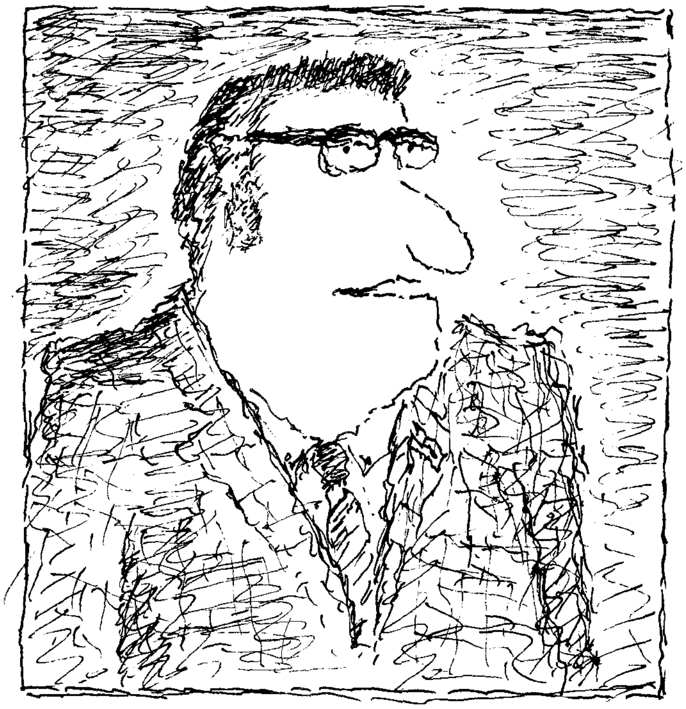
PEMBROKE BARSTOW, PHILANTHROPIST AND YACHTSMAN, HOBE SOUND, FLORIDA: The problem was those tacky little people in their motorboats. I've always said the problem was those tacky little people in their motorboats. Now that the government realizes they're the problem, their gas will be taken away and they'll have to go back where they came from, and we environmentalists will get some peace. It's about goddam time. I gave three hundred thousand dollars to the Nixon campaign in unmarked eight-cent stamps in 1972, and if they'll keep the gas away from those tacky little people in their motorboats I'll give three hundred thousand more. That's a promise.



MAUREEN BAKER LUTON, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, CONSPIRACY RESEARCH INSTITUTE, HERMOSA BEACH, CALIFORNIA: I think the question to ask is: Who would have the most to gain if James McCord (whose whole career has been in electronics, remember; Hunt is the writer) happens to write a letter that lets slip certain information that leads to televised congressional hearings that preëmpt "As the World Turns" (a television show—electronics again!), which leads housewives who would normally spend their afternoons watching at home to drive their cars to shopping centers instead, which, at the same time (when you think of all the infinite variety of times it *could* be), increases public consciousness of the so-called "gas shortage" in a way that ostensibly has no connection at all with James McCord? And I think the answer is obvious.



VICTOR GRABZNIK, ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR, DAYTON, OHIO: Look, I got this Chevy Impala hardtop with tape deck, factory air, and wide tracks, right? That's not a night club; what we're talking about is a family car, if you know what I mean. O.K., so we drive maybe once every other month to see my brother-in-law in Youngstown, and I do a steady seventy on the Interstate, and I get maybe twelve point six, twelve point seven miles to the gallon. So does that sound like reason enough to audit a person's tax returns?



MARTIN G. ANDERSON, REPUBLICAN COUNTY CHAIRMAN, ABNASSET COUNTY, MINNESOTA: I think the first thing to make clear is that when people say things like "the lights are burning late at the White House these days," they are merely using a figure of speech. There is no proof whatever that the lights at the White House are burning later than they have burned before, and I think the American people, with their traditional fair-mindedness, know this. Even if the lights were turned on, there is still no proof that they were turned on under this Administration. These things have been going on for years. President Nixon still lunches on cottage cheese, which requires no cooking. Also, I understand he spends many hours sitting alone in the dark.

—CALVIN TRILLIN
AND EDWARD KOREN

OLD FRIENDS

JUST after dawn, the train stopped at a small station in northern Yugoslavia—a drab, yellow stretch of stone, framed by brittle trees and yellow fields. Scobie left the compartment and hurried into the large, high-ceilinged waiting room, where he was served sweet, milky coffee in a plastic cup, and then he walked down the platform outside, breathing clouds of steam and slapping his hands together for warmth. The sun rose in streaks over the fields. Men in high leather boots, thick surplus overcoats, and Russian fur caps moved slowly from doorway to doorway, pushing carts or consulting clipboards. The train, windows blank, hissed. A few other passengers disembarked and ran into the waiting room. Birds fluttered into holes in the station wall. Gradually the sky cleared, becoming open and blue. Scobie reached the end of the platform, lit a cigarette, turned and walked back along the cold concrete, stamping his feet, trying to shake the sleep from his legs. In the yard of a stone house next to the station he saw an old woman, dressed in black, throwing a bucket of soapy water out onto the hard soil. Her face seemed much too young for her body, but before he could look closer she had disappeared into the house, shutting the door behind her; Scobie continued along the platform, stamping, huffing, thinking of all the trains he had ever been on, all the sights he had seen. He remembered a playground on Long Island, a farmhouse in England, a pasture of sheep in Switzerland. The images—single, isolated—always suggested stories he tried to imagine, lives and worlds through which he passed as quickly and mysteriously as they passed him.

He threw away his cigarette, breathed deeply, held his breath, beat his arms, ran in place, exhaled.

The still, flat sunlight on the platform was crossed by the shadow of a bird. Somewhere over the fields a bell rang, three slow times, and was silent. A man's cough carried through an open window. Plates and voices rattled together inside the station. The train hissed again; steam rose from the wheels; metal clanked.

Pacing, Scobie stared at the *wagons-lits*. The long green carriages had little left of their original elegance. The train was no longer an instrument of romance. Times had changed. Single compartments had been made into double compartments. The dining car didn't exist. The carpets were economically gray, the walls functionally plastic. He couldn't help missing the luxury he had never known—the privilege of sweeping across Europe in the warm, lamp-lit twinkle of the old train. His grandmother and grandfather had visited Europe in the mid-twenties, and he vaguely remembered tales of steamer trunks and silk dresses. His father, too, as a boy, had seen Europe, but Scobie could not remember where he had gone or how he had travelled. Life must have been very different then: culture comfortable, songs lighthearted—even the sad ones—and plays gay, even the serious ones. His father had once told him at dinner, exasperated by argument, that people of his own generation had never asked themselves *why* they were doing something; they had just done it, and if they didn't like it they had done something else. "*Some* people of your generation asked themselves why," Scobie had replied, and his father, glumly returning to his meal, had said no more.

Scobie opened the door to the waiting room.

A dozen fellow-passengers stood huddled together, drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes. Scobie paid for another cup and went to the window, where he saw his brother crossing the platform. Matthew entered the room and walked to the counter—his eyes still puffy and small from sleep, his reddish-blond hair prickly with static, his clothes disorganized.

WHEN Matthew turned, the hot plastic cup burning his hand, and saw Scobie standing like a refugee in his full-length, second-hand overcoat, he almost laughed. Broad, stooped, Scobie's figure demanded unattainable order. His narrow eyes were dry with sleep, and his long hair curled around his ears like feathers.

"Good morning."

"Morning." Scobie stamped his feet. "Christ, it's cold. We'll die in Venice—to coin a phrase."

"It might be warmer, being by the sea."

"I hope so."

Matthew squinted through the window at the train, shining in the sun. When he woke, he had been dreaming of Alexandria, Virginia, of their green brick row house, of the tangled garden out back, of the walk he and Scobie used to take to school across the railroad tracks and past the squat, three-story apartment buildings.

"Do you think Mom and Dad are there yet?" Scobie asked.

"Sure. Quentin's probably there, too. He was supposed to get in last night."

"I worry about him."

"Oh, yeah."

"He smokes too much dope."

"It's the way he smokes it. He makes it into such a big thing."

"He's only eighteen," Scobie said.

"But we weren't like that when we were eighteen."

"Sure we were."

"No, we weren't. We thought it was great, but we *did* things. We got high and went for walks, we got high and went to the movies, we got high and talked. We had fun. We didn't just sit around smoking our brains out in a dark room."

"Matthew, you've become a reactionary."

Matthew put his empty cup down on a table and rubbed his hands together.

Suddenly a whistle blew, doors slammed, and the waiting room emptied. Matthew followed Scobie outside and climbed aboard the train.

The beds of their compartment had been made and folded back to form two facing seats. Franny, Matthew's girlfriend, was reading, and Susan, who was Scobie's girlfriend, sat opposite her, a crossword puzzle on her lap.

The train jerked forward a few feet and stopped.

"We're there!" Scobie cried.

They sat and waited, the sun streaming through the window and filling the compartment with swirling motes. Matthew, leaning his head on Franny's shoulder, settled back, half asleep, and felt the sun on his hands, heard voices speaking Greek in the corridor, smelled the dusty fragrance of the faded seats. He thought of Alexandria again, the room he had shared at the top of the house with Scobie—an attic room with a sloping ceiling and beautiful beds: ship's beds with an enclosing rim of wood above the mattresses. His father had made those beds, as well as the bookshelves and the desks that doubled as bureaus. On winter mornings, when the walls were pale blue with the light of reflected snow, that room had smelled much like this train: musty, clothlike.

"Name a poem by Byron," Susan said.

"Which poem?" Scobie asked.

"Any poem."

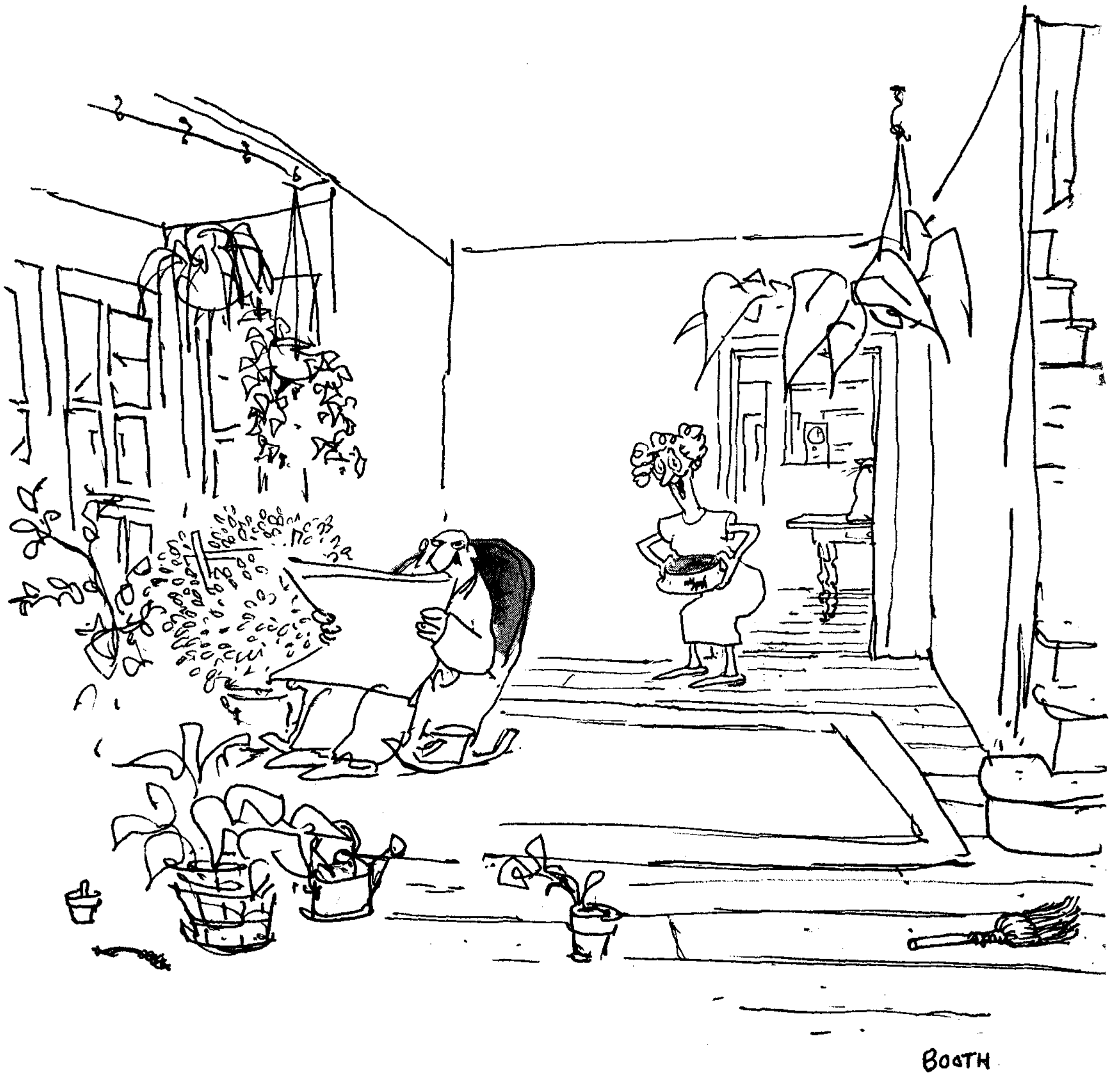
"Oh, for Chrissake, Susan."

"Then who killed Medusa?"

"Perseus," Franny said.

"Thank you."

Slowly, the train began to move, curving into hilly country and gathering speed until the trees became quick, snapping sticks spinning past the window. Matthew, pressed against the glass, could see the small station vanishing in the distance, motionless in its rectangle of sunlight. A few figures were moving about on the platform. A dog jumped into the yard of a nearby stone house. The glittering fields revolved out to a perfectly blue sky.



"Here, Shih Tzu Dong! Here, Shih Tzu Dong! Din-din!"

• •

QUENTIN saw them coming from the *pensione* window, four stumbling shapes in winter coats. Behind them rose a bright-red Ferris wheel, and the yellow and pink houses stretched along the Grand Canal, and the dome of St. Mark's. He opened the window and called, "Hello!" They saw him and waved. His hand, as it fell back to the sill, was as heavy as granite. The afternoon sunlight shimmered on the blue-green water. Passing boats crisscrossed the glow with the webbing of their masts and smokestacks. Twisting to the left, Quentin watched his brothers turn into the door of the *pensione*. Scobie was laughing, bumping into Matthew, pretending to stagger. Watching, Quentin felt small again—the youngest son, the child. He left his room and walked down the corridor to the door of his parents' room and knocked.

"Come in." His mother was standing by the closet, brushing her dress. Her hair, which she had grown to her shoulders, was streaked with a pale gray. She looked up and smiled.

"They're here," Quentin said.

The bathroom door opened and his father stepped out, sideburns wet from shaving.

"They're here," Quentin said again.

"Sam, help me with my dress."

His father tugged at the zipper and fastened the clasp, his fingers working carefully, delicately.

"Hold still, Laura," he said. "Stop twitching."

"Knock-knock. Come in. Thank you." Scobie stood in the doorway, grinning. "Hello."

"Hello, darling."

Matthew, Susan, and Franny crowded in behind Scobie.

"Hello, Quentin. How are you?"

"Fine."

Scobie stood back and looked him over. "Mother, this boy needs food."

"He won't eat any."

"Speaking of which, they're waiting for us downstairs," his father said.

"Yes," his mother said. "I thought we could eat a big meal now and then just have a snack tonight."

"Who's sleeping where?" Matthew asked.

"You and Scobie are with Quentin," she said. "The girls have their own room."

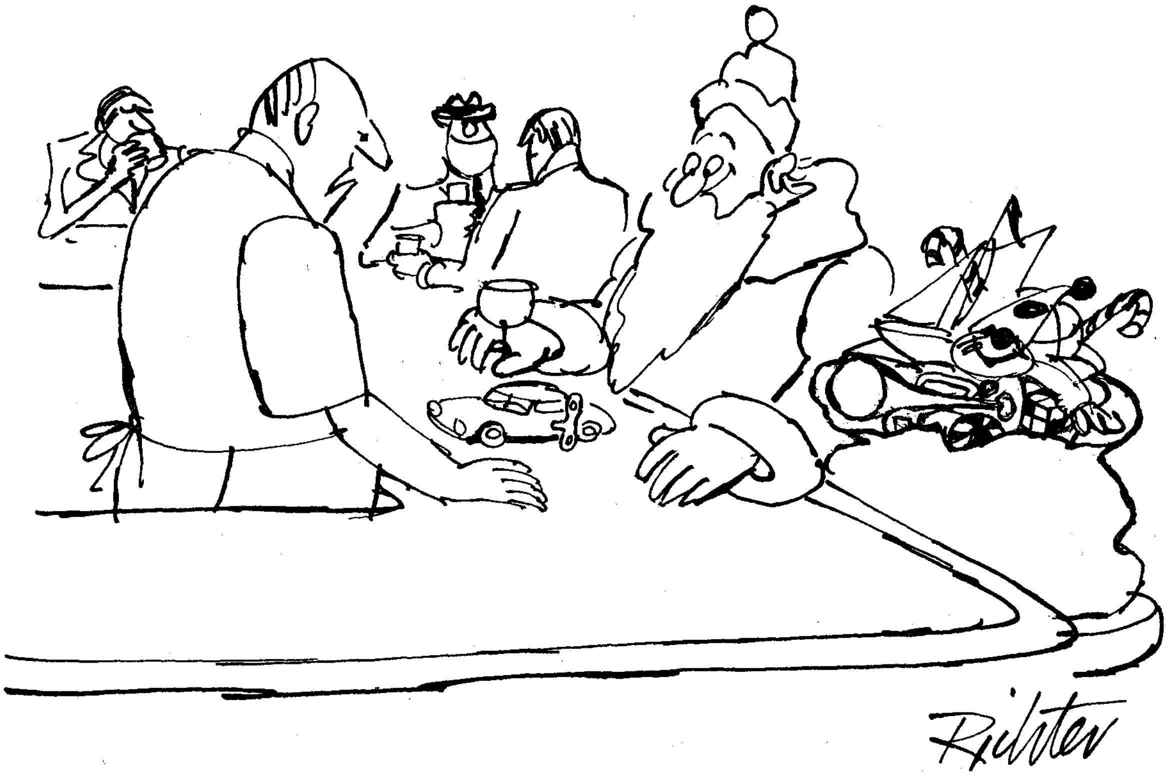
"I'll show you," Quentin said.

The corridor was patterned with shafts of sunlight, and, leading the way, Quentin felt as if he were walking into a camera, into the fluttering lens of a magic eye. Shadows lay at the end, modulated depths and shades broken only by gleaming doorknobs. His hands were heavy again, swinging at his sides—objects he seemed to be carrying.

"Here." He opened the door and stepped inside.

"Ah, yes," Scobie said, climbing over the mound of clothes cluttering the floor. "Quentin has settled in."

THE room was silent except for the ticking of the alarm clock and an occasional boat whistle out on the



"If it's all the same to you, I'd rather have cash."

canal. It was sunset. Through the window Laura could see a dull red brightening the sky. She rolled over and snapped on the bedside lamp. Sam was still asleep, his hands tucked under his pillow. She lit a cigarette and leaned back. A pile of gaily wrapped Christmas presents lay on a table in the corner. For a moment, she remembered the childhood joy of travelling from New York to Northfield, Massachusetts, where her great-aunt Judy had lived in a long white house, with stables at one end and a library at the other. In between were rooms and rooms—a living room with violet cushions and a grand piano, a dining room with a row of windows overlooking the apple orchard, a kitchen with a shiny brick floor and a fireplace big enough to stand in, and, upstairs, bedrooms with brass beds and finely painted porcelain washbasins. At Christmas, the whole family would gather, cousins driving from as far away as Cincinnati. The hallway would fill up with boots and overcoats, fires would be burning in all the fireplaces. A huge Christmas tree, cut just that week, would stand in a corner of the living room, and slowly the presents would accumulate under the fresh pine needles—ribbons and tinsel and gold paper all merging into one tantalizing glow. Judy's father and husband had both been ministers, and so there was always a trek to church across the snowy fields and hymn singing in the living room—with Judy, already in her seventies, banging on the piano—and a long grace before Christmas dinner. How she had loved that house, and how strange to find it, on a trip to Northfield to visit her father's grave just two years ago, belonging to a nearby boys' school—the beneficiary of Judy's will. Laura had walked through the rooms—the library a club room, the living room a center for black students, the bedrooms junior-faculty apartments—and wondered what had happened to all her Christmas playmates.

Outside, the fair had opened, and the lights and noises penetrated the quiet room.

Laura put out her cigarette. After Christmas, she decided, she would take Quentin shopping. The only clothes he seemed to have were hand-me-downs from Scobie and Matthew, and they were dirty and full of holes.

She looked at the clock. "Sam," she whispered. "Sam."

THE black, open mouth swallowed a witch with blinking red eyes. Just below, on the same cardboard mural, a whore sang to the stars, her massive thighs stretched in pleasure. Sam slowly looked at the other paintings adorning the fun house. They were all oversize, grotesque, garish. Yet here and there he found evidence—a line, a shade—of artistry. The noise of gunshots and breaking plates filled the night. Hundreds of small children, dressed impeccably in skirts and capes and caps, had been brought to the fair by their parents; the fathers had longish, carefully styled hair, and the mothers had faces etched with makeup. The Ferris wheel and the merry-go-round were the most beautiful Sam had ever seen: the seats carved and gilded and sumptuously covered with a soft red material that looked like velvet. Beyond the fair, the houses of Venice rose into darkness, a few lights on behind a few windows, the old walls faded and smoothed by centuries of rain and wind. Italy, he thought, would be a good place to live—if he could only find a house by the sea. And the thought of his imminent retirement suddenly took him from the fair and spun him into his own saddened state: fifty-three, sagging in the middle, gray-haired, and tired of serving his country. He had things of his own to do. He wanted to paint again. For twenty years he had been rising at six and driving to an office in some embassy, greeting his secretary, drinking a second cup of coffee, straightening his tie, and walking down the ringing corridor to the nine-o'clock staff meeting. Twenty years! The waste involved—his knowledge, his experience, his time and his effort and his care. He would take it all with him when he retired. It would be useless. Except that it was his life, the sum total of twenty professional years. Nothing is ever wasted, he thought. Nothing. Ever.

"Hey, Dad, let's ride the bumper cars!" Matthew said, pulling him by the arm.

Sam and Quentin in one car, Matthew and Scobie in another, they sped around the circular inclined raceway. There were about fifteen other cars on the track, with a major collision every few seconds. Sam's knees did not quite fit under the miniature dashboard, his glasses kept slipping down his nose, and his checked tweed cap threatened to fly off in his wake. Laura and Susan and

Franny stood on the edge of the raceway and laughed hysterically. Quentin, sitting next to him, had his knees up under his chin and his hands clutching the dashboard, and his long hair flew out behind him like a frazzled weather net.

And yet, Sam thought, taking his car around a corner and sending Matthew and Scobie into a spin, I am not so badly off, not really. Three healthy sons. A beautiful wife. In Venice for Christmas. And not so paunchy. Not so tired.

"Dad, look out!" Quentin screamed.

Hit broadside by a grinning Matthew, Sam's car twisted a full circle and smashed into the rubber guardrail. He backed the car around and took chase.

And not so slow, either.

AFTER lunch the next day, Scobie and Susan took a boat out to the Lido. The sky was overcast, the water dark green. Small whitecaps nudged the buoys. Scobie and Susan sat near the bow, holding hands. The Venetian houses faded behind them, and before them the newer, French-looking buildings of the Lido grew in size. It was cold and damp. Scobie tightened his scarf around his neck and turned up the fur collar of his coat. The wind made his eyes water. The smell—sea, brine—was almost mythological, he thought. A smell designed for stone, sirens, stars. In Greece, where he had spent four years as a child, the smell had been the same, only warmed by the sun filtering through the closed shutters of his bedroom window every morning and wakening him with a longing for adventure. That sensation—the hot laziness, the lapping waves below the terrace, the cool shadows of the rooms—had been with him ever since, a romantic contact with the earth. The landscape itself had seemed touched by a kind of longing, an almost religious melancholy. Objects stood out with special clarity. Sounds carried with special vibrancy. From Greece, he supposed, came his love for beauty of surface, tone, shade, melody, abstraction in the simplest sense: a pale wall in a patch of sunlight, a curtain dancing with dust, a woman's fingers idly twisting the stem of a glass. He was constrained by his senses. And his senses constantly led him away from his own time, his own place.

"What's the matter?" Susan asked.

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is. What's wrong?"

Susan's white, angular face, surrounded by a scarf, smiled at him. Her eyes were large and dark, her fine lips settled, resolute. He leaned over and kissed her.

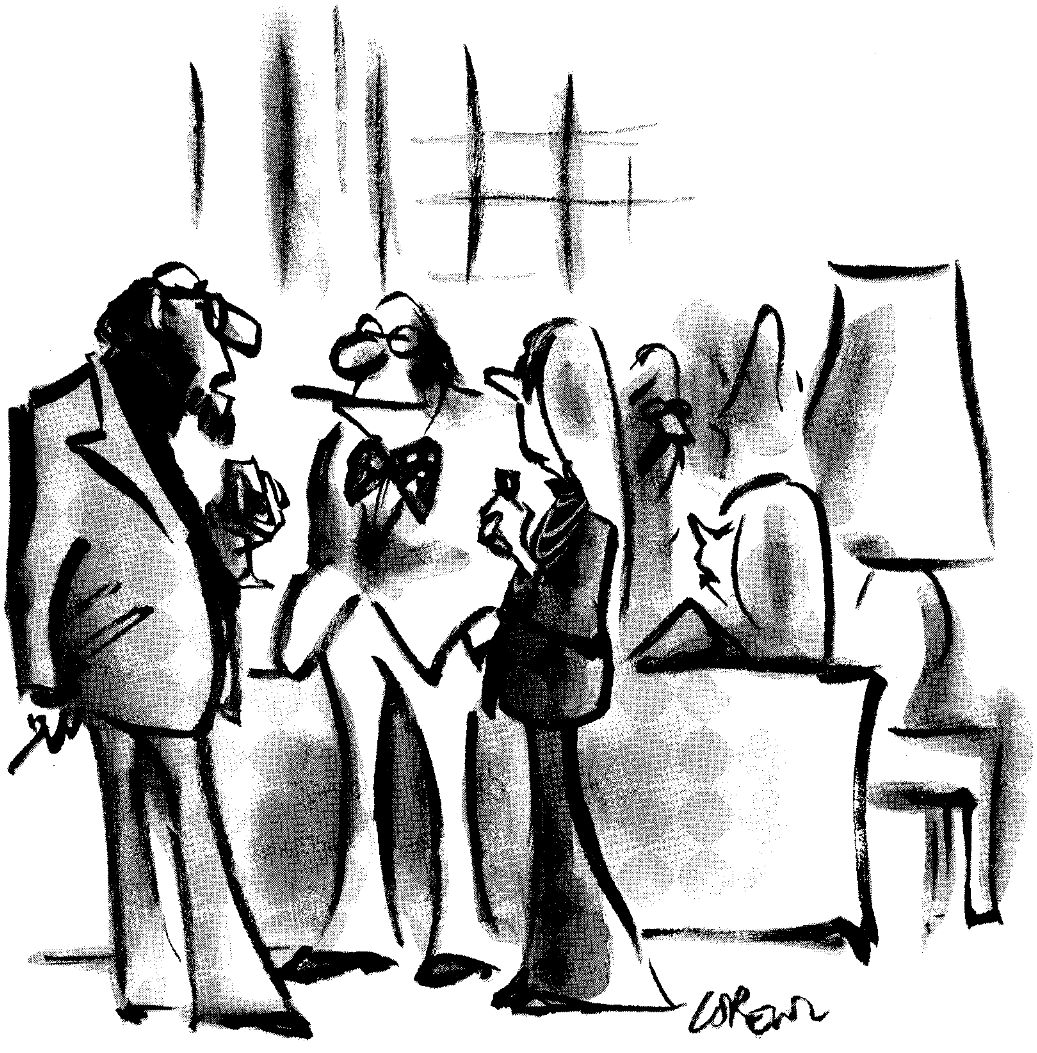
"Do you realize this is our first Christmas together in eight years?" he said. "The family's, I mean."

"Christmas is always disappointing," she said.

"I guess."

The boat swung to starboard and rubbed in against the dock. Scobie and Susan followed a large group of laughing teen-agers onto the pavement and down a wide boulevard.

After Venice, the Lido looked dismal in the gray afternoon light. They walked under the bare elm trees, past pink villas that had been converted into summer hotels, until they reached the beach. There they turned, the sand and striped cabañas at their left, the trees and hedges of a park at their right. There were only a few people out walking. On the beach a man and a boy were trying to fly a kite. Seagulls circled the long, rolling waves, now and then dipping down for fish. Their cawing—orchestrated, precise—reminded Scobie of his English boarding school, the Saturday afternoons he used to spend walking along the crumbling shale cliffs, listening to the gulls and watching the trawlers move slowly up and down the Bristol Channel. There the grayness had been a drizzle, and the gulls had called to him from a sky as thick as clouds. Everything remained intact in his head. He never forgot: the cold mornings, the long, wooden eating tables, the underheated classrooms, the headmaster's daughter, the hitchhike to London, his drunken, rainy rages along country lanes shaking with lightning. These remained, though the true misery of being there, his pointless anger, had mellowed, so that now, while he remembered he had hated that school, he could hate it no longer. Time had passed, and with it accuracy. Memory had become



"I've done some soft-core, some as-told-to's, and a few gothics. Right now I'm into psychohistory."

poetic: It is spring, and suddenly, after months of rain and mist, the sun sets fire to the hidden, fertile seeds and the whole world opens up like a bud; the fields turn bright green; the hillsides sparkle with flowers; the rocks are covered with a soft, unending moss; hundreds of birds flutter and sing in the ivy; and he sits in the small, grassy graveyard of the church, alone, a bottle of wine by his feet, smoking a cigarette, listening, smelling, and then, his head casting a shadow across his lap, reading—reading in a way he would never be able to read again, as if these words, these magical sentences, were as real as the countryside around him.

Susan took him by the arm and turned him around so that he stood facing the stolid stone façade, the gravel paths and clipped hedges and boarded-up windows, of the Hôtel des Bains.

WANDERING from room to room of the Doges' Palace, his neck strained from staring up at Tintorettos, Matthew marvelled that here, in perhaps the most beautiful city in the world, he found not purity and light but darkness and fear. Every stone had been lifted by hands commanded to lift. Every painting had been commissioned to awe an ambassador. Every sculpture, every tapestry was there only because someone, somewhere, had wanted more power or money or prestige. The architecture was graceful, yes—the fine Gothic arches elegant in their quiet rows. But inside he saw only immodest greed. The strong had done what they could; the weak had done what they had to do. So Venice was built. Even today he saw nothing but things. Beautiful things. Shirts, ties, shoes, gloves, books, food, liquor, pens, china, perfume. Too much, too beautiful—this palace running on and on, rooms growing larger, the brilliant polished floors and the glutted, swirling frescoes and the gold ceilings and the tarnished mirrors. And to think that all through his childhood he had thought the Bridge of Sighs was a lovers' bridge, some splendid marble pathway to bliss. Now here it was, a short walk across space to prison.

Franny whispered, "I hate this place."

One by one, the dungeons passed. Clean. Swept. But once, right here, the scene of death. He shivered.

They returned to the palace and walked down stairways and empty corridors, trying to find their way out. Franny's cheeks were red from the cold. Her hiking boots clunked on the marble floors. Matthew pulled his wool cap down over his ears and took her hand.

He and Scobie used to hold hands, he remembered—a habit they had picked up in Greece. But once back in the States they had stopped. It was too sissy. Too frightening, he suspected, such intimacy. Later, when they were in Rome, they had seen other children their age holding hands, but they never did it again themselves. They were already self-conscious. Their love took other, more hidden forms: the comfort of shared memories, and a strange, mutual protection—keeping up, looking after, sheltering.

Franny pushed open a heavy door and they stepped out into a courtyard.

"The sun!" she cried. "Look, Matthew."

Above them the clouds had pulled apart enough to let through a long arc of golden light.

The sun is Greece, he thought. Columns like prayer lifted toward the sky.

The dry earth. The water cool and green above the rocks. The pines. The boats pulled up for the night. The fishnets spread to dry. And always the sun—hot and clear, or streaked (dawn, dusk), or just a hint of violet in the mountains. Always there, warming everything. How he loved Greece, and how he missed his little apartment, the stove, the view of the Acropolis, the bakery, the market, the tiny glasses of ouzo, the olives.

"Are Scobie and Susan going back to Greece after Christmas?" Franny asked.

"I don't think so. They'll keep travelling, I suppose."

"Matthew?"

"Yes?"

"What are we going to do?"

"Go back, of course."

"No, I mean after that."

"I don't know."

"Do you want to stay in Greece forever?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

"I think I want to go back to school," she said.

And here, Matthew thought, the problem presents itself: what to do? Stay in Greece or go back to America? In Greece, he had clarity, quiet, time,

APPROACHES

From their bedroom window in the night
they'd see the lights of landing jets approach them, writhe
spookily, turn gangly—incandescence frayed by a flaming lens.
So the airliners looked, all taffy-pulled,
passing behind chimney vapors of the house next door;
then overhead, out of sight, they sank toward the runway.

Into the darkness slithered that gaseous glow,
distorted glow upon glow, little more, beside the whine
swelling and faltering. Was going to bed the only means
of calling it a day, of ending it all? They had only
bed and vagueness in common, and those beasts in the air.

They went out for a walk one evening
for the brisk air, to move with each other for once
instead of lying still, and, choosing suburb over the boulevard,
made it toward the airport, each block pulling the planes down
closer upon their heads, till the fence on the field stopped them.

Beacons ignited two minutes off, and swelling
metal and form soon loomed—oh, so real!—one truly felt
them drifting through thick syrup. How down to earth,
how serious the sky in fact was to float all those iron tons!
Like challenged falcons they fell, the whole world their prey.

Unbearably the two held their ground as the screaming
engines lay on top of them in a fury of clear
oil slicks and rivets, the fullness of their fact mere feet high.
Downwind of the exhaust, they held their heads
against the dying roar and roll of fumes. Then it was gone, all over.

—DOUGLAS MOREA

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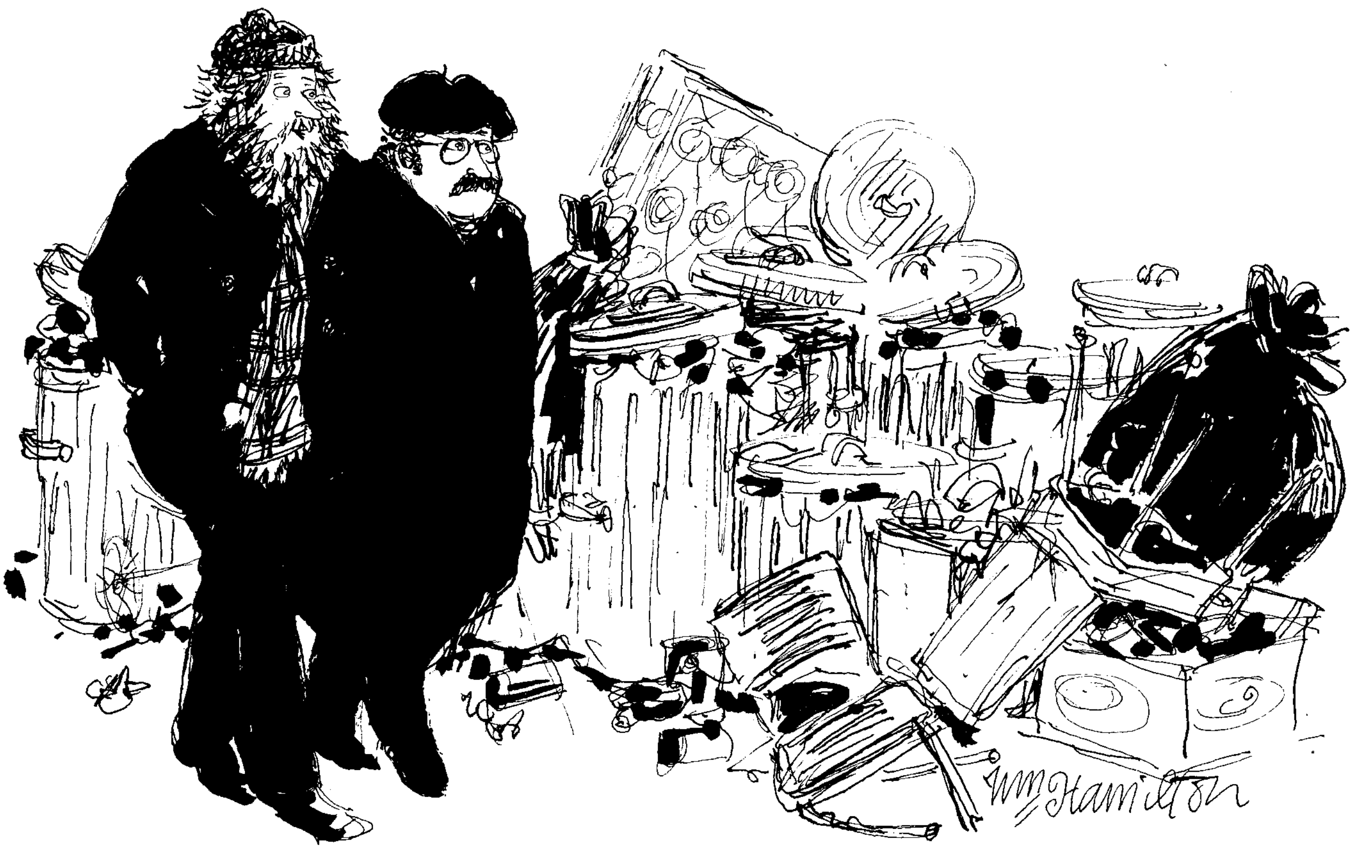


"It's heartbreaking no member of the Ashcan School lived to see this."

• •

memories. He studied the language, read, wrote. In America, he had nothing except a vague connection to the land. It was unhealthy, he suspected, to live at the center of the world. Once in America, only America exists. Everything seems of equal importance, therefore everything is equally unimportant. So signs and mysteries abound, hints and clues. Americans are all amateur detectives. They read the clouds, the papers, the songs for spiritual information, then shrivel up with what they think they have learned. Sleep badly. Take pills. Worry. Even his friends worried. Even he worried. But all those mountains and rivers, the deserts and the snow, the ghosts of buffalo and the threats of holocaust. Perhaps—this bothered him—Greece had been something like that in her heyday. Perhaps the peace he felt there now was the peace of powerlessness. Problems had assumed human proportions again. People laughed and shrugged. They cared but they didn't worry. The sea and the marble and the pines calmed the spirit. Or killed it—laid it in the eager hands of waiting colonels. The stubborn antiquity of Greece sometimes struck him as a manufactured dream, a distant product of the American imagination. Perhaps, after all, he must live in the middle of the machine, down among the bits and pieces of broken technology, down where truth was a mindless computation.

"Well," he said, "I can't go on tutoring English the rest of my life, so I'll probably want to go back to the States. At least for a while. See what happens."

"We could always come back."

"That's right." He blew into his cold hands. "Anyway, I miss my friends sometimes. Even if they are crazy."

"God, I'd like to hear some good music," she said.

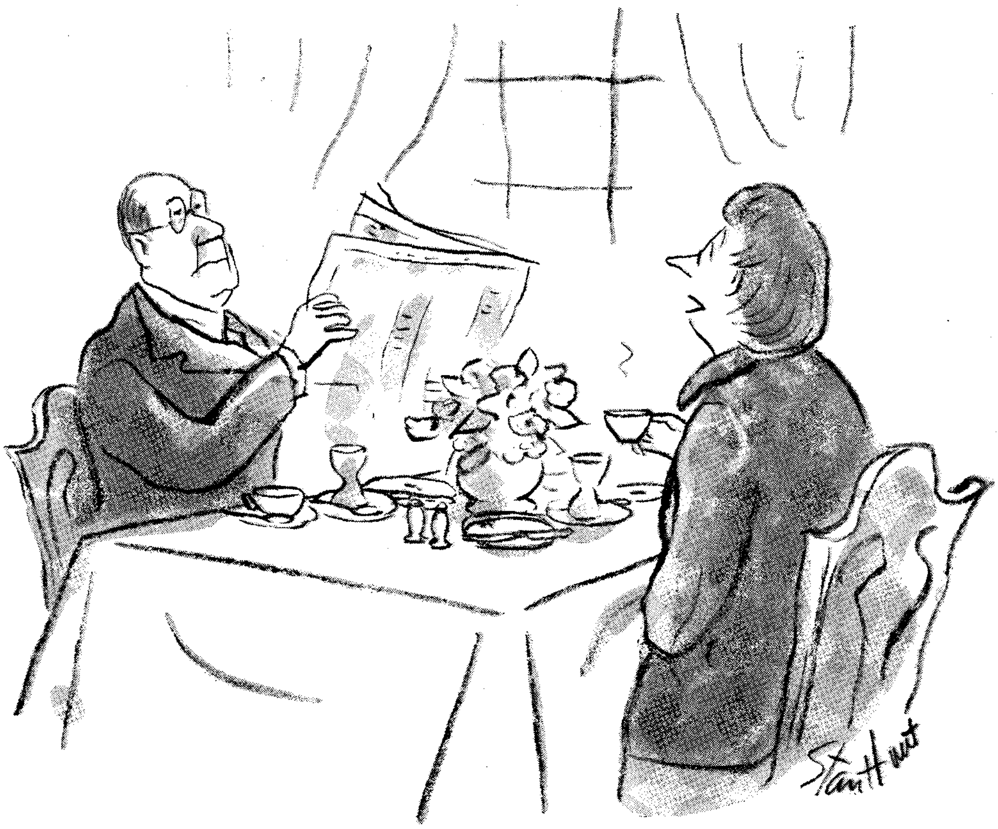
He laughed. "It wouldn't be so bad. For a while."

QUENTIN was a victim of genetic structures, biological arrangements. He was bone and flesh. A collection of particulars: eyes, ears, nose, mouth. These were the basics, the instruments of truth. What he saw, heard, smelled, tasted he knew. He trusted the evidence, the impulses, his heart. For him there was no other way. His love was pulled out and stretched and tugged and battered. He understood nothing. His father, his brothers—they understood. They comprehend the game. "Play or perish," Scobie said. "You're either on the top or on the bottom," Matthew said. "Man lives by his commitments," his father said. "Without involvement, we are nothing," his mother said. And they were right, absolutely correct. They knew enough to stand firm. Quentin drifted. His brain was cloudy. He seldom moved, his muscles sagged, his back stooped. But why? *Why?*

Cleaning his glasses, which were held together with paper clips, Quentin leaned forward and peered at the painting: Mother and child. And another woman, a stranger. Bellini.

He stood back for a clearer view, thinking, The sad faces cause great grief to the background. The darkness is luminescent, like black tears. Only the child is calm. He senses his mother's hands and is calm.

Quentin continued along the wall of paintings, wondering what in the world had made these men paint so beautifully. But as he looked he began to understand that each stroke of color, each aspect of composition was tied to a childhood vision of single objects surrounded by mystery. The backgrounds were either blurred or fantastically detailed. He slowly warmed to these ancient gentlemen with their intricate memories. He felt with them a sudden kinship—they could have discussed the complex workings of love and the frightening colors hiding in



"Morton, I dreamed you were starting a three-week gig at the Village Gate with Grady Tate on drums, Skeeter Best on guitar, Roswell Rudd on trombone, and someone named Dee Dee Bridgewater on vocal."

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the sky. They could have been friends.

Quentin left the museum, passed the British consulate, crossed a bridge, and walked into a maze of alleyways. The sun was setting. Pink light touched the old walls. The wind was intensified by the narrow streets. He shrugged down into his coat and walked quickly.

Soon, he thought, he must learn how to fight his way free of this weight, or he would become a giddy, guilty nothing. The world conspires to reduce us all to such helplessness, Quentin thought, reminded of George, his eleventh-grade roommate, baffled and broken by fear and destroyed by his own hand simply because a thick-brained headmaster had said he was going to tell his father he smoked dope. Period. End of a life. End of a consciousness. So what was there to fight back with, Quentin wondered. Commitment to a circle, involvement with a spiral—this was madness. Within the circle and the spiral there must be some still point.

He passed a wall, a garden, a fountain, a square. He saw people bustling with Christmas cheer. He saw green scarves and shiny shoes and laughing children. He saw stores filled with presents. He saw the colorful, steamy windows of restaurants. He saw a sky turning red with sunset.

THERE is no getting at the truth of things, Laura thought in the dining room of the Danieli, looking at her sons, her husband, Susan and Franny, the gleaming silverware, the candles, the black-coated headwaiter taking orders in his little pad. There is no understanding the way the heart works. She did her best, she tried to understand, but she knew each effort was itself only a manifestation of love. Ever since she was a girl growing up in New York City—and she remembered suddenly, with great pleasure, the Christmas trees on Park Avenue and the smell of roasting chestnuts along Forty-second Street and the bright shopwindows along Fifth—ever since she was a little girl, she had been trying to understand what it was that made people demand so much of themselves. She realized that working could be a kind of fulfillment. She realized that fortitude could define reality, create security. She understood that. But what made people place themselves in a position where they could be happy only in comparison with other people? It was all connected with the way the heart works, she suspected. But it was muddled, and she could not see the connection. She saw one kind of love here, and another kind of love there. What happened in between? How did so many people get stuck between childhood love, which was innocent if anything was, and grown-up love, which, for the most part, was only false knowledge?

"I would like to propose a toast," Scobie said, lifting his glass of wine. "To Mom and Dad."

"To Mom and Dad."

"Hear, hear."

"Thank you."

"And also," Scobie continued, grinning around the table, "to the spirit of Christmas."

"To the spirit of Christmas."

"Yes, to spirit."

"In general," Scobie said. "To spirit."

"Good toast."

"Thank you."

"And I," Sam said, holding his glass aloft, "would like to offer a toast *specifically* to your mother, whose idea it was, you will remember, to bring us all together in Venice for Christmas."

"To Ma."

"Good cheer."

"I'll drink to that."

"And I," Quentin said, "would like to drink to Mom and Dad's uncertain future."

"May it be bright."

"Good luck."

"God bless."

"What *are* you going to do?" Scobie demanded.

"Who knows, dear?"

"Live on a boat," Sam said.

"No."

"Sell everything we own and live on a boat."

"No, I want a nest."

"Where, Mother?"

"In America."

"Oh, Mom, you don't want to live in America," Matthew said. "What would you do? You don't know anybody there."

"Your mother wants to participate," Sam said.

"In what?"

"America."

"I'm tired of travelling," she said.

Dinner arrived. Veal, mushrooms, artichokes, shrimp, salad. The table was covered with food. Three waiters served from a small side tray. The candle flames bent, sputtered, straightened. Her children, faces flushed, sat around her and exchanged toasts and laughed. Wonder, disbelief—that is what she felt. At this very moment—no, tomorrow; or was it yesterday?—her brother Paul and his family were sitting at their table in Wilmington, Delaware, eating *their* Christmas dinner. She could imagine clearly his heavy, Irish face bent studiously above the steaming turkey, Joan's panicky warnings and advice, their children's amused praise. So different, the lives they led. Paul in Wilmington for twenty years, she moving from home to home, country to country, each embassy merging into the next, each new group of friends gradually dimming into one strange world of vague relationships. The only thing she and Paul had in common now was their childhood, their strain of weak Irish sadness. Whenever they met—every two or three years—they wept, Paul drinking Martinis until his one bad eye grew glassy and rolled up in what seemed either a grimace of madness or a silent howl of love. Together, they would sit and talk about their separate lives and children until, inevitably, they were back in New York or Northfield, children themselves, and then Paul would quietly put down his glass, kiss her good night, and slowly, almost delicately, climb the stairs to bed.

The restaurant chimed with their talk. They were the only ones there. Everyone else was home for Christmas Eve. She worried that the waiters and cooks might have their Christmas spoiled by her lingering family.

Would Scobie and Susan *ever* get married?

Quentin needed new clothes and a winter coat, and, really, a haircut—a trim.

Matthew was glowing! Beaming!

"Scobie," she asked, "who said, 'only the moments exist, but not their imaginary combination'?"

"'. . . just as a man has no life; not even one of his nights exists; each moment we live exists, but not their imaginary combination.' Borges. 'A New Refutation of Time.' Ah, Mother, Mother—Merry Christmas." He lifted his glass.

"Merry Christmas, darling," she said.

AT eleven-thirty they left the Danieli and walked to St. Mark's. It was a clear, cold night. The water of the Grand Canal was still, shimmering with starlight. Sam buttoned the collar of his overcoat and sank his hands deep into his pockets. He felt light-headed from the wine. His stomach growled. Laura took his arm and touched her cheek to his shoulder. Scobie, Susan, Matthew, Franny, and Quentin walked ahead in a long line, arms linked. Their words and laughter reached him in fragments. He noticed that Quentin was as tall as Scobie. Matthew was the shortest. They all walked with the same rolling shuffle—a sailor's walk, he thought, and wondered if he walked the same way. Far out on the water a boat whistle hooted.

The square was empty. All the expensive stores under the arcade were closed. Here and there light shone through the windows of a café. The stones of the square glistened. The cathedral was dark, but next to it, two stories high, was a bright Christmas tree.

"There's no Midnight Mass," Laura said, squinting at a bulletin posted on the cathedral doors.

Scobie stared over her shoulder. "How can there be no Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve?"

"Well, there isn't."

"The man at the *pensione* told me about another church back by the restaurant," Franny said. "San Zaccaria."

"O.K. About-face."

They turned and made their way back past the Doges' Palace and along the Grand Canal.

Sometimes Sam worried that he had brought his sons up so freely they would never be able to function in a world of shifting freedoms. They got along, they managed, but they seemed to have difficulty attaching themselves to anything that might lead to a career. Doctors? Lawyers? Diplomats? No—they laughed at the idea, as if it were a joke. Yet there was a drive in them, a muted ambition, that made them *want* to attach themselves. He was sure of that. But the old tasks had lost their value. They felt they would be implicated in crime if they were to work for criminals. And they saw everybody as a criminal. They trusted no one: they traced events back to their beginnings and discovered only deceit. True, deceit abounds. Evil abounds. Crime abounds. But you've got to live. You've got to take your stand and say, "Here I'll fight." You do your best. You tread mills. You die anonymously. But what else is there? You pick a generality with which you generally agree and make it your cause. That's it. That's all there is. What would they do with their drive—their talent, for God's sake? They *were* talented, his sons. They had a mission: To help. To counsel. To stand with others like them and do their best to hold men back from the brink.

"Look, there." Quentin pointed. "Follow the crowd."

They turned left and entered a dark, narrow street that twisted along for about fifty yards and then opened into a small square. Sam could hear a fountain dripping nearby. To his right rose the church.

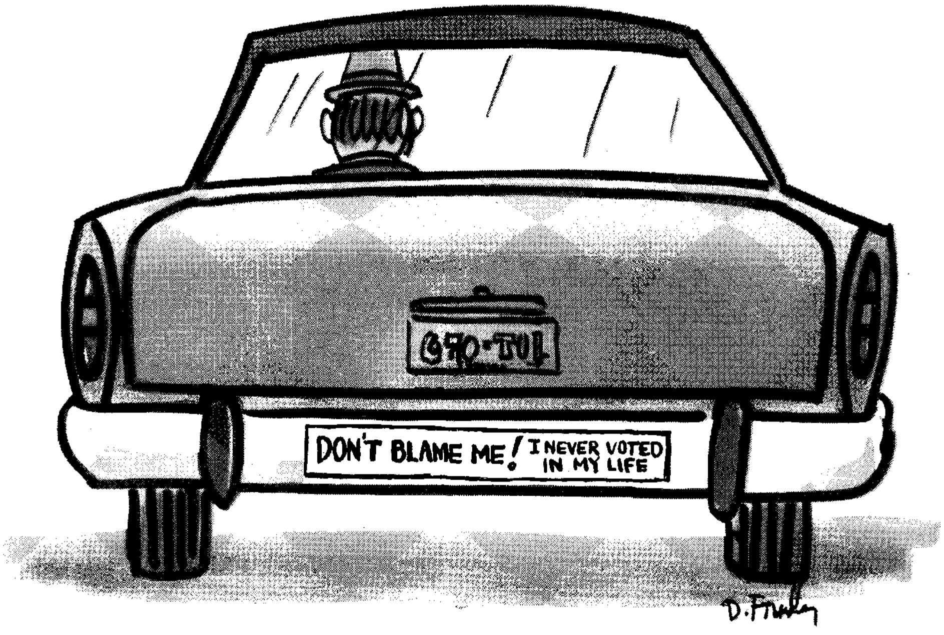
"'San Zaccaria,'" Matthew read.

Inside, the church was crowded with midnight worshippers. The service had not started. Dozens of candles quivered before the altar. An organ was playing. There were four dark wooden confessional booths on both sides of the church, with people waiting in line at each one.

"We'll have to split up," Scobie whispered.

Sam found two seats at the back and sat down with Laura.

The organ continued to play a deep,


690-TUL
DON'T BLAME ME! I NEVER VOTED IN MY LIFE
D. Fradon

rumbling hymn, and, from an obscured balcony high above the nave, a choir started singing.

Sam looked sideways at the nearest confessional booth. It was open in the front, with a drawn curtain hiding the priest's face and chest. There were small, screened windows on either side of the booth, through which two kneeling confessors appeared to speak simultaneously. The priest's hands lay on the curled wooden molding of the booth's entrance. Clasping and unclasping, touching each other and settling again, they looked like the quivering candles. They were beautiful old hands, pale and strong and veined. Their fluttering seemed the movement of anxiety; they seemed to be absorbing the pain of the secret words whispered through the windows.

When Scobie and Matthew and Quentin were children and they lived in Virginia, Sam had had to drive the family north to Long Island every Christmas to spend the week with his parents. He remembered arriving late at night, the country roads slick with ice, pulling into his parents' driveway and parking the car under the tree that his mother always decorated with blue lights. The boys, who had been sleeping in the back seat, would jump up with excitement and clamber from the car into his mother's arms. There would be a large Christmas tree in the front hall and a fire in the fireplace, and his mother and father, who had fallen asleep waiting for them, would look dazed and happy as the suitcases and presents were carried in. The next day, the boys would go sledding—screaming and laughing and rolling in the snow, piled three high on the old sled. Christmas Eve his mother would read them "The Night Before Christmas" and then they would go to bed, while he and Laura and his parents stayed up, putting presents under the tree and talking. On Christmas Day, his brother, Ken, and Nancy, Ken's wife, would drive over from their house, and the family would, as his mother said every year, "spend Christmas properly. Together." In a way, Sam missed those days, though at the time they had often been painful. Returning home is always the same. Memories push in from the walls, the smells rise up like ghosts; everything you touch—the plates, the photograph albums, the books—is haunted by your own childhood. But the boys had loved it, and that was the part Sam missed. They had been ecstatic with the mystery of the snow and the trees and the bay gleaming out beyond the lawn.

The service began.

LYING in bed, his hands behind his head, Scobie stared through the window at the clear Venetian sky and listened to the heavy breathing of his sleeping brothers. The room was bright with the morning sun.

"Get up," he said.

Matthew and Quentin didn't hear him, or ignored him. They were buried beneath their blankets.

He rubbed his feet along the warm sheets. The walls of the room were covered with small, dancing circles of light. He could smell coffee being brewed down in the kitchen.

"Get up," he said, louder. "Rise and shine."

His brothers didn't move.

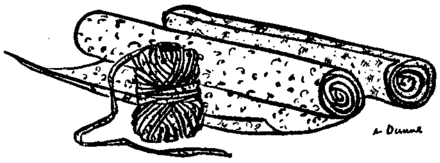
"Hey, it's Christmas."

Matthew's fingers pulled back his blanket. His eyes opened.

"Good morning," Scobie said.

"Good morning," Matthew said, smiling.

Scobie ran into the bathroom and turned on the shower. Matthew listened to the water drumming against the plastic curtain and Scobie's sputtering, whispered singing. Through the window, he could see a square of pale-blue sky. He stretched and yawned.



"Quentin. Time to get up."

"No." Quentin's voice was muffled under his blankets.

"It's Christmas."

"I don't care."

"Get up."

"I'm too tired."

Matthew continued to watch the sky through the window. A wisp of cloud appeared and was slowly blown away.

"Shave, shave, I love to shave," Scobie was muttering in the bathroom. "Wonderful shave, beautiful shave—"

"Shut up!" Quentin shouted.

The bathroom door opened. Scobie's lathered face peered around at Quentin. "What's this?"

"Stop it."

"What?"

"That noise."

"I'm singing, for God's sake. Where's your Christmas cheer?" The door shut.

Matthew stretched again and sat up on the edge of his bed. The floor was cold. He looked over at his brother's bed. Quentin had rolled back his blankets and was staring at the ceiling.

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

"Are you getting up?"

"I'm thinking about it." Quentin watched Matthew stand and skip across the floor to the bathroom. The shower water hummed again. Scobie came out and started dressing. His hair was wet and brushed straight back from his forehead. He whistled as he pulled on

THE SEARCH

When I look for you everything falls silent
a crowd seeing a ghost
it is true

yet I keep on trying to come toward you
looking for you
roads have been paved but many paths have gone
footprint by footprint
that led home
to you
when roads already led nowhere

still I go on hoping
as I look for you
one heart walking in long dry grass
on a hill

around me birds vanish into the air
shadows flow into the ground

before me stones begin to go out like candles
guiding me

—W. S. MERWIN

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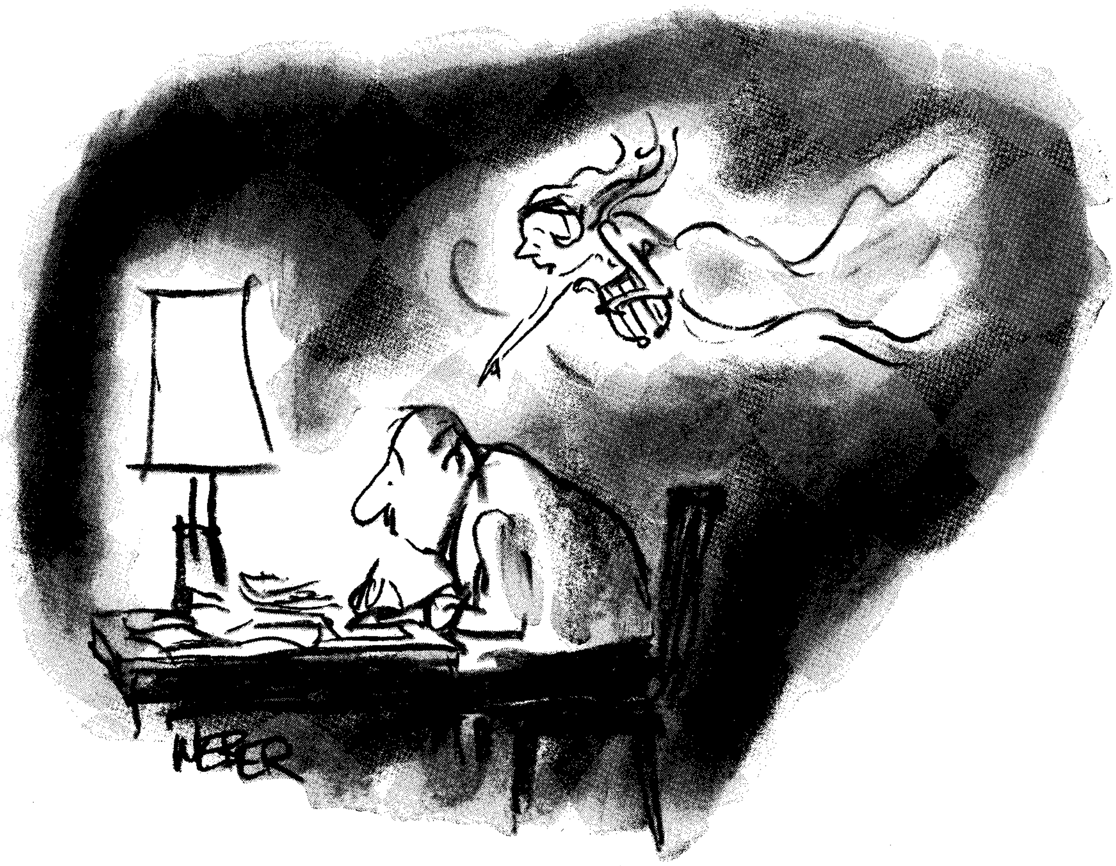

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his jeans and unfolded a clean shirt. Over his shoulder, a seagull slowly circled in the sky. Quentin threw back his covers and rose.

"Why Quentin, have you considered this carefully?" Scobie said.

"I always get up early," Quentin replied, standing. "To do my exercises."

He opened the bathroom door. Matthew was combing his hair before the steamy mirror. Quentin stepped under the hot water and showered, then dried himself with a large pink towel. When he returned to the bedroom, Matthew was sitting on his bed, tying his shoes.

"Where's Scobie?"

"He's gone down for breakfast," Matthew said.

Quentin dressed hurriedly—paint-stained black pants, heavy Army boots, a flannel shirt, and a corduroy vest a friend had given him in college. Then he brushed his hair and tied it back in a ponytail.

"Ready?" Matthew asked. He was standing by the door.

"Yeah."

Together, they walked down the stairs to the dining room. Sunlight hung in the windows like mirrors. Quentin's eyes felt as if he needed new glasses. He followed Matthew through the glass door into the dining room. His shirt kept bunching up beneath his vest.

"Good morning," Laura said.

"Good morning."

She looked around the table at her sons, at Sam, Susan, and Franny, all bent over their coffee and rolls, then out at the water and the sky and the seagulls and the sun on the stone.

"Well, Mother," Scobie said. "We did it."

"What's that, darling?"

"We're together for Christmas. First time in eight years."

"Is that what it's been?" Sam asked. "I was trying to figure it out last night."

"Eight years," Scobie said. "I was a sophomore in high school."

"That's a long time."

"Yes, it is," she said. "That's why I want a nest."

"I understand, Mother," Quentin said.

"I know you do. But your father keeps saying he wants to live on a boat."

"I just don't want to sit down and die somewhere," Sam said.

"I understand that," Matthew said.

Through the window Sam saw a large tanker sliding out to sea.

"Dad, when do you actually stop working?" Matthew asked.

"This spring."

"Has everyone finished his coffee?" Laura asked. "Shall we go upstairs and open our presents?"

"By all means," Scobie said, pushing back his chair and standing. "Mother, lead on."

Sam swallowed a last mouthful of coffee and, his old Abercrombie shoes creaking on the carpet, followed his family up the stairs, aware that, in a way, he and Laura had reached the end of a journey, that his sons, once only cells of light in her body, this morning rose before him as dominant as his parents.

Laura opened the bedroom door and stood blinking in the bright light. It's all a matter of balancing between the temptation to remember and the sympathetic magic of this still moment, she thought: the sunlit room, the presents piled on the table, the tray of small Campari bottles sitting by the window—this single quivering instant of love.

She handed Sam a present in gold paper.

Sam propped his cigarette in an ashtray and held the small box cautiously, as though it were a bird.

Scobie sipped his Campari and grinned out the window.

Matthew touched Franny's hand.

Quentin, blushing, clinked glasses with Susan and turned to watch his father.

Below, on the Grand Canal, a long white ocean liner gracefully circled the harbor, once, to give the tourists a view of Venice. —HENRY BROMELL

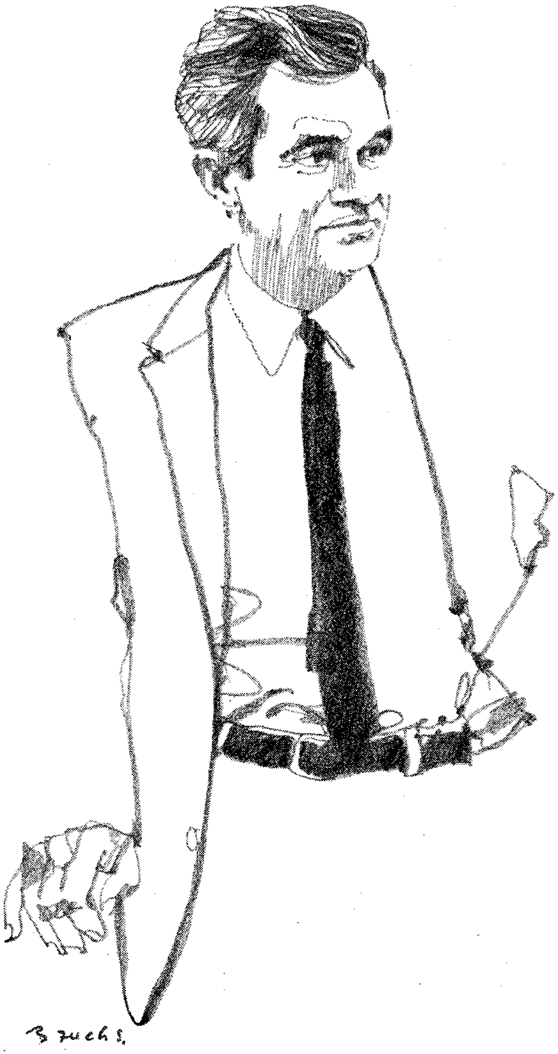
•

Health maintenance organizations, usually called H.M.O.'s, enroll large numbers of people for a set monthly fee and provide medical care whether it is needed or not.—*The Times.*

Say "Ah," damn it!

PROFILES

THE CURVE OF BINDING ENERGY—III



Theodore B. Taylor

SOMETIMES at the family dinner table, Ted Taylor will leave a conversation. He simply goes away, in every sense but the physical presence of his body in a chair. He stays away for varying lengths of time. When his thoughts have made their journey and come back, he will resume a conversation at the exact place he left it, as if all animation in the world had been suspended while he was gone. There was an entire weekend in 1957 during which he didn't come back at all. Not long before, he had moved with his family from Los Alamos, where he had worked as a conceptual designer of nuclear bombs, to San Diego, and he was now working at General Atomic, a civilian laboratory that had been set up to make creative use of nuclear energy. Russia had just sent the world's first satellite into orbit, and Taylor had become occupied with the contemplation of ways to put big payloads into space cheaply—very heavy things, adequate for space exploration, not little capsules that might go into orbit for tens of millions of dollars. He concluded that the only way to do that was with nuclear energy. One of his wife's aunts was coming to visit for the weekend, and although he remained very much in and around the house, he made his metaphysical disappearance some hours before she arrived. He thought about Rover, a nuclear rocket under development at Los Alamos, but that was simply a reactor through which you pumped hydrogen. It could place on the moon a greater payload, by a factor of two or three, than a chemical rocket of the same weight at launch. But that was not enough—not for a ship of the size that he was beginning to conceive. He sought factors of at least a hundred. Eventually, he remembered Stanislaw Ulam's idea that space payloads might be propelled with nuclear explosions. Ulam and Cornelius Everett had worked out calculations of the momentum transfer between a series of nuclear explosions and a mass. Taylor walked around and around his house, on an interior circuit through several rooms, and also around the outside. Once during the weekend, his wife had a chore to do that involved her carrying heavy buckets of sand. Her aunt said to her, "Caro, where is your husband? Why can't Ted be doing that?"

"He's thinking," Caro explained.

At first, one might imagine the idea—nuclear explosions driving spaceships—to be ridiculous. Surely an atomic bomb exploding close to a spacecraft would vaporize it then and there. Taylor remembered that on Eniwetok one time a fission bomb had been exploded from a tower and had knocked the four steel legs of the tower outward in four directions. The heat around the steel had been many times more than enough to vaporize it, but after the explosion the four struts were lying pretty much undamaged on the ground. Before the heat could destroy them, the shock wave had shoved the fireball up into the air.

This sort of phenomenon had to do with a field of study—weapons effects—in which Taylor had long taken a special interest. Two laboratories were busy making bombs, and no one, in his view, had been paying enough attention to various things the bombs might do. He thought there should be a third laboratory—a national weapons-effects laboratory—set up to discover new potentialities for the use of nuclear explosives, military and otherwise. Suppose you wanted to get rid of a city's port facility with a tidal wave and not get rid of the whole city. How would you do that? How could you dig a tunnel from New York to San Francisco? How might you destroy an enemy missile in flight without doing any damage to anything else? It was all in the special arrangement of the explosive, the enhancement of certain characteristics to obtain certain effects. How could you shove something that weighed a thousand tons into space? A fission bomb expands at an extremely high speed—about two and a half million miles an hour—and since the velocity required for escaping the earth's gravity is only twenty-five thousand miles an hour, a fission bomb might do. Clearly, it should be a shaped charge. The explosion should go in only one direction, as from a nozzle. What would it strike against? Once at Eniwetok, a physicist named Lew Allen had actually conducted a test to see what would happen if spheres of steel covered with graphite, the size of big pumpkins, were dangled from wires thirty feet from a twenty-kiloton bomb. If the struts of a tower had come through undamaged, how about the graphite-covered balls? The bomb was one that Ted Taylor had designed, and it was called Viper. Its shock wave took the balls with it. When the explosion was over, the balls were integral. Their steel interiors were undamaged. A few thousandths of an inch of graphite was gone from their surfaces. Why not set a nuclear bomb under a plate of steel and graphite on the bottom of a big ogival spacecraft, detonate it, and start for Mars? A short way up, lob another bomb out of the ship's interior. Detonate it. About a second later, lob out another bomb, and so forth. The ship would go straight to Mars, cutting across gravitational fields, violating all the rules for saving energy. There would be no sneaking in the back door, going the long way, as you would have to do with a chemical rocket, to save fuel. This ship would go essentially in a straight line, with a superabundance of energy, and it would be large enough for a crew of a hundred and fifty. During the opposition of Earth and Mars, which occurs every couple of years, the distance between them can be as little as thirty-five million miles or as much as sixty-three million miles. The round trip would take from three to six months. Long after Caro's aunt had gone, Ted asked why she had never arrived.

In 1956, Frederic de Hoffmann, once of the Theoretical Division at Los Alamos, had attracted physicists, chemists, and engineers to a schoolhouse in San Diego for a series of conferences on atomic energy. The building was the temporary headquarters of General Atomic, a division of General Dynamics headed by de Hoffmann. De Hoffmann was only thirty-two, but there was a mixture in him of sound physics and entrepreneurial verve that drew people of the highest level to the schoolhouse: Hans Bethe, Glenn Seaborg, Edward Teller, Freeman Dyson. Alvin Weinberg, of Oak Ridge, was there, and so was Manson Benedict, of M.I.T. Ted Taylor was there, and Marshall Rosenbluth. Mornings, they heard lectures in nuclear technology. Afternoons, they discussed things that might be built. At one such conference, Teller made a keynote talk. He said that what the world needed was "an inherently safe reactor"—something that you could, in effect, give to schoolchildren without fear of hurting them. Three teams were formed—a safe-reactor team, a ship-reactor team, and a team that would explore theoretical possibilities for a high-temperature gas-cooled reactor. The schoolyard was equipped with picnic tables that had blackboards for tops and chalk in recessed pockets. The tables were surrounded by bougainvillea and cups of gold. Mayonnaise got all over the blackboards, and calculations tended to skid. The blackboards were not used much. Taylor, Dyson, and Andrew McReynolds, an employee of General Dynamics, were on the safe-reactor team. Taking advantage of something called "the warm-neutron effect," they invented a reactor that would go subcritical if it got too hot—and thus, in an emergency, would shut itself off. It was called TRIGA. Taylor went to work for General Atomic. Dyson went back home, to the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton. There are fifty-three TRIGAs now—research reactors—in fifteen countries around the world. They are absolutely free of ordinary reactor-safety problems—no meltdowns could ever occur, or poisonous clouds break out from their containment. TRIGAs could be built, in much larger form, as commercial power reactors, but they gobble up neutrons and would be too expensive to be competitive in the business world.

Taylor's spaceship required federal support, and it got nowhere coldly until April, 1958, when it was presented to Roy Johnson, chief of the Advanced Research Projects Agency, in Washington. Having looked at all sorts of paper payloads sitting on paper rockets, Johnson was suddenly confronted with a plan for a trip to Saturn, among other places, in something the size of a sixteen-story building. He said, "Everyone seems to be making plans to pile fuel on fuel on fuel to put a pea into orbit, but you seem to mean business." The agency checked out the project—Marshall Rosenbluth had pulled together what he called "the first rough crack at the feasibility physics;" de Hoffmann's General Atomic would be in over-all administrative charge; and Ted Taylor, the ship's inventor, would serve as project manager. The agency decided that it was a crazy idea from some very good people, and offered a million dollars to support it in its first year. The project was named Orion.

General Atomic assembled, eventually, about forty people in San Diego, and they worked under maximum-security conditions. Among them was Dyson, who, when he heard about Orion, had taken a leave of absence from the Institute for Advanced Study. He moved to California and went to work full time with Taylor. The presence of Dyson was in itself an antidote to skepticism. That he would give up everything else

Donald Reilly

"Why, certainly, my boy. In this land of ours, anyone can grow up to be an anchorman."

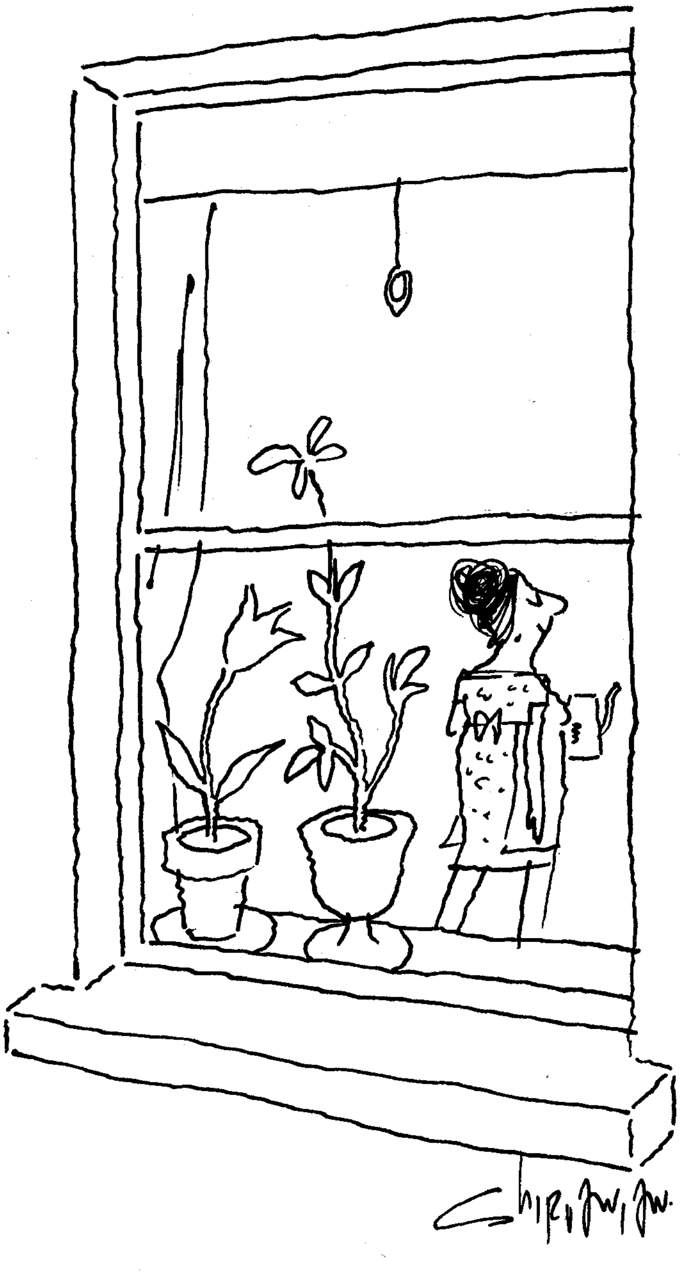
he was doing to assist in one endeavor could not help but signify much about that endeavor. To Dyson himself, Orion suggested not only a scientific instrument but an imperative for the future of the world. He saw the human race running out of frontiers, and he considered frontiers essential to the human psyche, for without them pressures would build that would implode upon the race and destroy it. The planets were unpromising, because of their apparent inability to support life. Dyson speculated instead about comets. Comets had abundant water and, among other things, nitrogen and carbon. They seemed to be logical places to colonize. Extrapolating from the frequency with which comets come into the solar system, it could be concluded that comets by the thousands of millions must be out there in space awaiting colonists. To provide warmth and air, trees would be grown on comets. The leaves would be genetically reprogrammed to adapt to conditions of space. Nothing would inhibit growth on a comet, so the trees would reach heights as great as a hundred miles. Returning in a sense to an earlier *modus vivendi*, people would live among the roots of these great trees, whirling through space with the basic requirements for life ready to hand.

Dyson reasoned that going through a series of energy crises would be a common experience to all civilizations in the universe. After running through the resources on its own planet, a given civilization would then logically turn to the nearest sun. The minuscule fraction of total sunlight that actually strikes a planet could not be of extensive use, so a resource-impoverished civilization, in order to assure almost indefinite survival, would send giant plates of materials into orbit around its sun, forming a great discontinuous shell, a titanic nonrigid sphere, conserving almost all the heat and light and photosynthetic sustenance the sun would give. To this end, Dyson imagined, an advanced civilization could dismantle a neighboring planet—one comparable to Jupiter in our system—whose mass would supply enough material for a shell around the sun.

No chemical rocket making slow ferries to the nearby moon was ever going to hint at the vehicular capabilities necessary for enterprises on such a scale. Ted Taylor's Orion was something quite different, though. Large enough to carry machine shops and laboratories, it could move through space at about a hundred thousand miles an hour, top speed. Whenever the day might come that people would earnestly wish to get about in the solar system, this would be the way to do it.

Dyson, a professor at the institute that had been the working milieu of Einstein, had already taken a singular place on the highest level of theoretical physics in the twentieth century, so the impressions he formed of Ted Taylor in San Diego are illuminating not only of Taylor but of Dyson: "As a mathematician and physicist, Ted was slow. It took him a long time to understand things on the technical level. He is a splendid example of the man who ripens late. Ted was not able to learn a great deal from books. He is a special kind of physicist, with a feeling for something as a concrete object rather than for equations you write down about it. In a European system, after an experience such as the one he had at Berkeley, he would never have had a chance. I have a low opinion of higher education. Ted had no time for such nonsense, and in that respect he was like Einstein. He was like Einstein, too, in his style of thinking. Both were theoretical. Neither did physics experiments in the conventional sense. Both of them were extraordinarily unmathematical. Ted thinks of real things. He does not think in equations. Einstein, in his young days, was the same way. His thought processes were extremely concrete. Ted taught me everything I know about bombs. He was the man who had made bombs small and cheap. For Orion, having them small and cheap was the point. We worked together on the problem of designing the bomb units. The problem was to blow out the debris in one direction as far as you could, with a controlled-velocity distribution. Very few people have Ted's imagination. Very few people have his courage. He was ten or twenty years ahead of the rest of us. There is something tragic about his life. He was the Columbus who never got to go and discover America. I felt that he—much more than von Braun or anyone else—was the real Columbus of our days. I think he is perhaps the greatest man that I ever knew well. And he is completely unknown."

Essentially flat on the bottom, Orion was going to look like the nose of a bullet, the head of a rocket, the hat of a bishop. The diameter would be a hundred and thirty-five feet. The intended launching site was Jackass Flats, Nevada, where Orion would rest on a set of eight towers, each two hundred and fifty feet high. At the end of the countdown, it would rise into the sky on a columnar



"I thought she'd never shut up."

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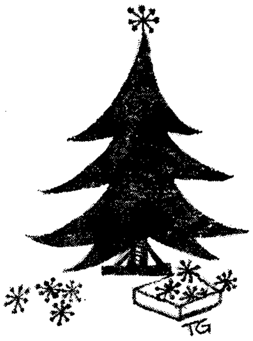
fission explosion. In Taylor's words, "It would have been the most sensational thing anyone ever saw." Inside Orion would be two thousand nuclear bombs. Stored in cans, they would be dispensed one at a time down a shaft and through a hole in the bottom of the ship. For insight into the engineering of this mechanical operation, the Coca-Cola Company was consulted with reference to the technology of its coin-operated Coke machines. Apparatus of the Coke-machine type would move the bombs out of storage bays and set them up at the head of the shaft. Then they would be blown out of the ship by compressed nitrogen and detonated about a hundred feet below. The initial launching bomb would yield only a tenth of a kiloton. The next bomb, a second later, would yield two-tenths of a kiloton. Two hundred kilotons in all would be needed for the ship to get out of the atmosphere, and this thrust would be delivered by fifty bombs of graduated range, the fiftieth of which, at twenty kilotons, would be of the force that destroyed Nagasaki. Each bomb would need something stuck to it that would become debris and go up against the ship, pushing more emphatically than would the shock wave alone. Hydrogen was best for the purpose, but water would do, and so would polyethylene. The successive explosions would fling plastic at the spaceship to make it go. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration called Orion's nuclear explosives "pulse units." The Air Force called them "charge propellant systems." Taylor called them bombs.



The pusher plate—the bottom of the ship—was its most important component, what with twenty-kiloton bombs going off a hundred feet away. Intense effort went into the consideration of substances of which the pusher plate might be made. Substances tried in experiments included steel, copper, aluminum, and wood. Ironwood might do, because wood is a poor conductor of heat. In one experiment, a couple of pounds of high explosive were detonated a foot from an aluminum plate that was backed by heavy springs. The plate shattered. It had been a uniformly thick (quarter-inch) disc. A thinner aluminum plate was made. Its thickness tapered toward its edges. Boom. It did not shatter. Uneven stresses had broken the other one. These stresses disappeared in the taper of the thinner one. A lesson learned—you taper your pusher plate. Each explosion could remove a few thousandths of a centimetre of the plate's surface but no more, since the pusher plate was the one thing in Orion that could not be replaced during a voyage. Someone left a thumbprint on an aluminum pusher plate before a test explosion. The grease of the thumbprint prevented explosive erosion altogether. A lesson learned—grease would be sprayed onto Orion's bottom between shots.

Above the pusher plate would be a set of huge pneumatic "tires" connected through a chassis to gas-filled piston shock absorbers fifty feet high. A person riding in the chambers above would experience what Taylor describes as "a pulsating effect, a bouncy ride—but not too much so." In all, there would be seventy-five tons of shielding between the passengers and the explosions. Weight was no problem. Orion could carry tractors, big telescopes, two hundred tons of water, a complete kitchen, refrigeration, washing machines, toilets. "We had an aversion to weight-minimizing. We did not need to recycle urine, for example. We would have just thrown it over the side. We could have taken barber chairs, if we wanted them. Anything could be carried that might be necessary for a big-scale manned expedition anywhere in the solar system."

Taylor lived in a one-story clapboard house on a hillside in La Jolla, with orange and tangerine trees in his yard and a view of the blue Pacific. Orion began in the schoolhouse, but de Hoffmann in time moved General Atomic to three hundred acres of country land, where he built his nuclear Xanadu of circular and curvilinear buildings surrounded with tennis courts, pools, eucalyptus, hibiscus, ground cedar, bougainvillea, and secluded stone benches for classified discussions. Ted barely noticed. He was on his way to Pluto. He meant to go himself. It never crossed his mind that he would not. He told his children that he was taking tail medicine every night, and that he would grow a tail that would help him keep his balance during stopovers on the moon. The children never saw the medicine, but they believed him, and occasionally they felt his lower spine to see how the tail was coming along. At night, he would lie down with his children on a canvas tarpaulin in the back yard and show them Orion and Mars. He described conditions on all the planets. All over the kitchen walls he put up diagrams of pusher plates, each nuance of which was explained at length to Caro.

"I don't think it ever mattered if I understood what he said or not. The farther he got into space, the more earthbound I became. There are so many things to do, and someone had to do them. We had a lot of children, for goodness' sake."

"I never imagined myself sitting at the throttle. I dreamed of looking out a porthole at the rings of Saturn, sometimes the moons of Jupiter. We would not have landed on Jupiter itself. The mass and gravity are so great that if you put something down on it it would probably sink into a soup of methane, or whatever it is. It doesn't sound like much of a place to go. The remotest place I expected to see was Pluto, where the sun is a pale disc and there is deep twilight at noon. Cold, cold, cold. But still a world."

"What he really wanted was a rock of Mars on the mantelpiece."

"People have worked out what it would take to graze the sun—to get inside a flare, so that the flare goes over your head. Imagine looking out a window and seeing that! To think of the sun filling up half your field of view is almost unbearably exciting. I had a recurrent dream that began with Orion. I was alone in the ship, and outside it I saw many stars. I busied myself within the ship and, a little later, looked out again. There was nothing. Nothing at all. I was beyond the stars, beyond the universe. I woke with a feeling of total terror. For that matter, whenever I saw myself looking through a porthole at Jupiter filling half the sky I would get the scared feeling I have had since childhood, and which I have never understood. In La Jolla, I had a three-and-a-half-inch second-hand telescope I'd bought for fifteen dollars. I used to sit in the back yard with Freeman Dyson and look at the planets and the stars. I would see my own moon of Jupiter. Dyson knew in far greater detail what was there."

Years later, Dyson gave a lecture titled "Mankind in the Universe" before the German and Austrian Physical Societies in Salzburg. He said, in part:

> The beginning of the space age can be dated rather precisely to June 5, 1927, when nine men meeting in a restaurant in Breslau founded the Verein für Raumschiffahrt. The V.F.R. existed for six years before Hitler put an end to it, and in those six years it carried through the basic engineering development of liquid-fuelled rockets, without any help from the government. This was the first romantic age in the history of space flight. The V.F.R. was an organization without

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I love to sing. And I love to drink Scotch. Most people would rather hear me drink Scotch.

BY GEORGE BURNS

WHEN THEY ASKED ME to write this article, they said to be sure and mention Teacher's Scotch, but not to drag it in, make it sound natural. Well, I just mentioned it, and that sounded natural. It sounded so natural I'll mention it again—Teacher's Scotch.

I'm a great writer. If I had a beard, I'd be another Hemingway.

They told me they wanted a fresh approach. Well, to write fresh you have to think fresh, and to think fresh you have to be fresh. I haven't been fresh January 20th will be 31 years. I'm not going to tell you my age, but I've reached that point in life where I catch cold if I smoke a cigar without a holder on it.

But don't worry, I'll never give up singing. In fact, I started singing the day I was born. I remember the doctor kept slapping me, but I wouldn't stop until I finished two choruses of "Wait Till The Sun Shines, Nellie." And when I started the verse to "Honeysuckle Rose," he put me in the incubator and turned off the heat. It's a good thing I was smoking a cigar or I'd have froze to death.

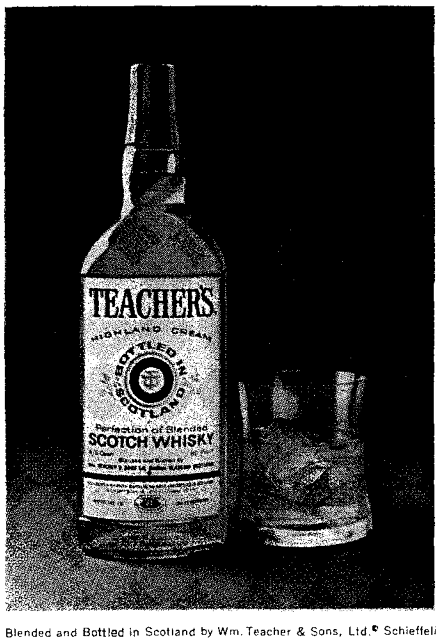
I never did like that doctor. He wouldn't put Teacher's Scotch in my bottle.—See how naturally I mentioned that without dragging it in. I'm a great writer even without a beard.

But I've found out that a little drink now and then helps my singing. It loosens my vocal chords. Sometimes my vocal chords get so loose that whenever I hit a low note I step on them. And when I step on them, I hit a high note. I lead a very nervous life. In the morning I get up a baritone, and when I go to bed I'm a soprano.

As you're reading this some of it may be funny, and then again some of it won't. So just read the funny stuff and skip the rest of it. But if the rest of it turns out to be the funny stuff, and the funny stuff turns out to be the rest of it, if I were you, I'd skip the funny stuff, too.

That last paragraph has so much rhythm you could almost dance to it. Well, I'll have another little sip of Teacher's Scotch, then back to the old typewriter.—How about that?—another natural mention. If I keep writing like this, I'll win the Pulitzer Prize.

Now that I've started writing, it makes me mad after all these years to discover that something I've never done is what I do best. There may be hundreds of things I've never done that I'm great at. Tomorrow I'll take a crack at painting. I'll get a brush and some paint, and lie on my back and paint my bathroom ceiling. I may even make my own paint.



And if that works out, I'll paint the Mona Lisa. But in my version she'll have a reason to smile, because I'll have her holding a glass of Teacher's Scotch in her hand.—Another natural mention—and in oil, yet.

You know, there's an old saying, which I just made up: "Don't do something that you can't do, and then do it." As soon as I get Mona out of the way, I'm going into a new project. I'll take up ballet dancing.

No, I better forget that. If I get up on my toes, I might step on my vocal chords again. I better stick to writing.

I find that writing is just like singing. But it's kind of hard to end an article with a yodeling finish. But you've got to have an ending, so here goes; I'm going to make this ending so subtle that you won't even notice I'm being natural.

Two men were standing at a bar. One was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his left hand, and the other was drinking Teacher's Scotch with his right hand. So I said to the one who was drinking Teacher's with his left hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your left hand?" He said, "I always drink Teacher's with my left hand."

Then I said to the fellow who was drinking Teacher's with his right hand, "Why do you drink Teacher's with your right hand?" He said, "Because if I didn't drink Teacher's with my right hand, you'd keep mistaking me for that fellow who drinks Teacher's with his left hand."

Well, that's the article, and I'm glad I wrote it. It's opened a whole new career for me. It turns out I write as good as I sing.

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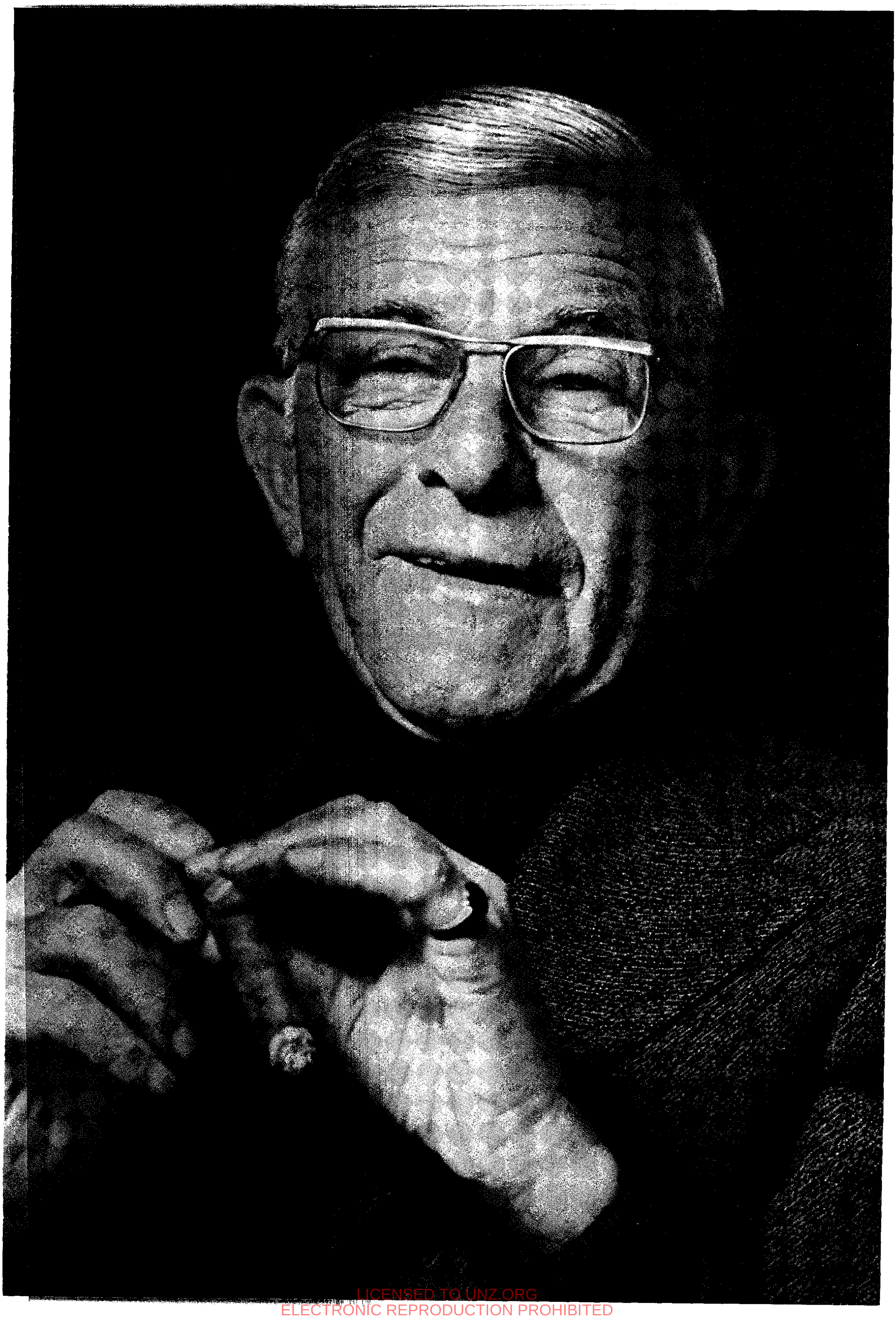

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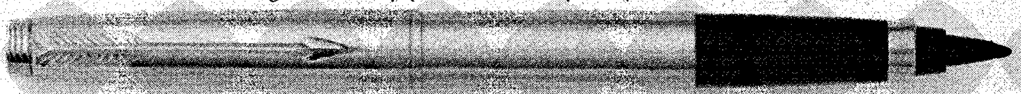

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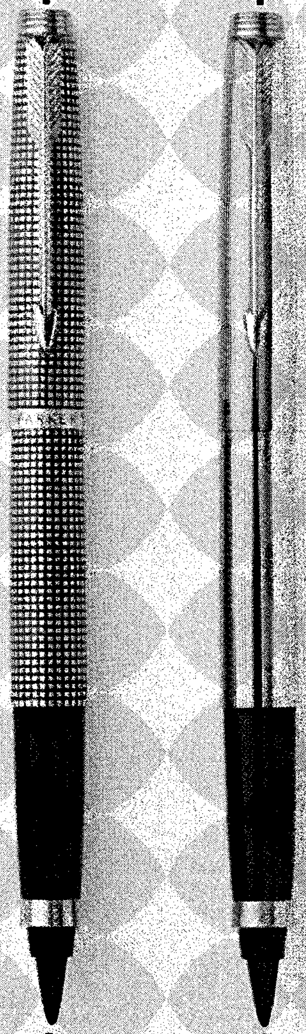

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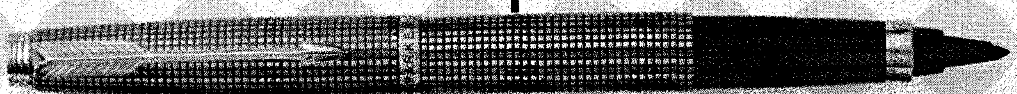

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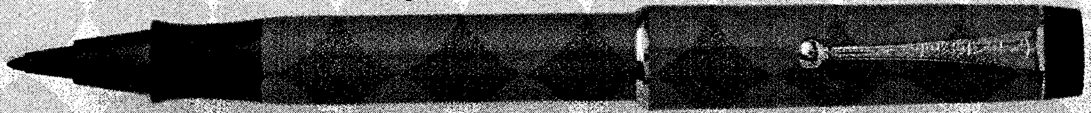

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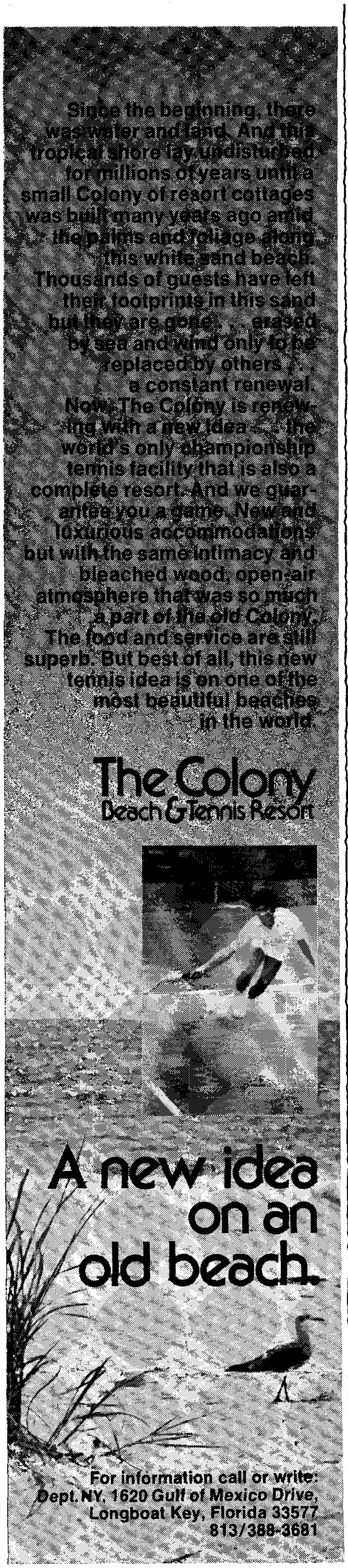
> any organization. It depended entirely upon the initiative and devotion of individual members. . . . In a strange way, these last desperate years of the Weimar Republic produced at the same time the splendid flowering of pure physics in Germany and the legendary achievements of the V.F.R.—as if the young Germans of that time were driven to make their highest creative efforts by the economic and social disintegration which surrounded them. . . .
>
> I now pass on to the year 1958. . . . I was one of a small group of scientists in America who were passionately interested in going into space but were repelled by the billion-dollar style of the big government organizations. We wanted to recapture the style and spirit of the V.F.R. And for a short time I believe we succeeded.
>
> Our leader was a young physicist called Ted Taylor, who had spent his formative years at Los Alamos designing nuclear weapons. We started out with three basic beliefs. (1) The conventional von Braun approach to space travel using chemical rockets would soon run into a dead end, since manned flights going farther than the moon would become absurdly expensive. (2) The key to interplanetary flight must be to use nuclear fuel, which carries in each kilogram a million times as much energy as chemical fuel. (3) A small group of people with daring and imagination could design a nuclear spaceship which would be both cheaper and enormously more capable than the best chemical rocket. So we set to work in the spring of 1958 to create our own V.F.R. We called it Project Orion.
>
> We intended to build a spaceship which would be simple, rugged, and capable of carrying large payloads cheaply around the solar system. We felt from the beginning that space travel must become cheap before it can have a liberating influence on human affairs. So long as it costs hundreds of millions of dollars to send three men to the moon, space travel will be a luxury which only governments can afford. . . .
>
> It is in the long run essential to the growth of any new and high civilization that small groups of men can escape from their neighbors and from their governments, to go and live as they please in the wilderness. A truly isolated, small, and creative society will never again be possible on this planet. . . .
>
> We have for the first time imagined a way to use the huge stockpiles of our bombs for better purpose than for murdering people. My purpose, and my belief, is that the bombs which killed and maimed at Hiroshima and Nagasaki shall one day open the skies to man. . . .
>
> It should be clear to everybody that Apollo is an international sporting event, in which science has only a subsidiary role. . . . Apollo will take men beautifully for short trips to the moon. But as soon as we are tired of this particular spectacle and wish to go farther than the moon, we shall find that we need ships of a different kind.

I once asked Dyson to describe Ted Taylor during the days of Orion, and he said, "I think of him mostly in La Jolla sitting under the stars and dreaming how we would go there. He loved the beauty of the stars. We sat there watching the planets go by. He didn't know much about them from a scientific point of view. He just loved to look at them. Did I intend to go, too? Oh, yes. Oh, very much so. Mars was 1965, if all had gone well, but I was more interested in Saturn, really. I said Saturn by 1970. One knows that Saturn has a lot of water available. You could refuel there. And the puzzles about Saturn are extremely interesting. For example, its satellite Iapetus is white on one side and black on the other. Why? That's what we'd like to know. Saturn would have been a two-and-a-half-year trip. Ted was fortunate in his marriage to Caro. She has great inner resources and would have made a perfect Penelope to his Odysseus. What was interesting was the amount of people and stuff we could have taken along in a payload of hundreds of tons. We could have stopped on the moon for a couple of months and really done some exploring. We always thought of the moon as being essentially a rather useless piece of real estate, though. Everything depended on whether we could find hydrogen there. It might have been a refuelling base. Ted, incidentally, was extremely good as a boss. He had time for everybody. He never got in a hurry. He had the gift of getting people to perform at their best."

Inevitably, a Super Orion occurred to Dyson—a ship immensely larger than the sixteen-story building under contemplation. So Taylor spent an afternoon figuring out how heavy Chicago was. What would it take to propel downtown Chicago through space at a few million miles an hour? Dyson had the answer. He imagined something a mile in diameter—using H-bomb propellants. The idea was to absorb all energy, then reradiate it at lower temperatures. Therefore, the pusher plate would be made of copper, which has high heat conductivity and would take the heat inside and then radiate it to space. This was a star ship, not a planet ship. Parts would be put into earth orbit by rocket, and the ship would be assembled up there. It would go out of the solar system and off to a nearby star in a voyage of a few hundred years. Its fuel would be a million hydrogen bombs. Taylor reports that Dyson would never smile when he talked about these things. "Dyson is a thousand years ahead of his time. He would disagree with that. He would say, 'Maybe a hundred.' "

Out to Point Loma, across the bay from downtown San Diego, Taylor and the others would take model Orions to test them in flight. Point Loma was a spectacular loaf of high cliffs and chaparral-covered hills reaching out into the Pacific. With shrieking seabirds overhead, small Orions would rise on clouds of flame and, generally, break to smithereens. The art became refined, though, and one day in 1959 a one-metre model blasted off and kept on going. Five movie cameras, operating at different speeds, followed the flight. The one-metre model—size of, say, a doghouse—had bombs inside that were made of high explosive. They were packed in cans strung together with Primacord, so the explosions could proceed from can to can. Each can had a metal plate on its bottom for "slight directivity"—to shape, somewhat, the charge. Boom. Rise. Boom. Rise. Boom. As the explosions came, they were orange and red and white and black, and they spread out hugely to all sides, with the small Orion sitting on them and climbing into the air. Boom. Orion went higher. Boom. Billows of smoke and fire. The thing was now a hundred feet in the air. Boom. If the ship happened to tilt on one blast, the next blast corrected the tilt. The flight was stable. Errors in timing or position were self-correcting. On up it went until the bombs were gone. A parachute opened, and the model slowly came down.

Orion attracted an impressive list of earnest supporters, among them Niels Bohr, Harold Urey, Curtis LeMay, Hans Bethe, Theodore von Karman, Arthur Kantrowitz, and Trevor Gardner. In 1961, Ted Taylor went alone to Huntsville, Alabama, to explain Orion to Wernher von Braun. Von Braun had no initial interest; he was just performing a courtesy. The Air Force had asked him to listen. While Ted talked with him—about temperatures, pressures, and other data—von Braun closed his eyes in apparent concentration, but Ted soon realized that von Braun was sound asleep. After a time, when von Braun's eyes opened, Ted turned on a movie projector and showed him, in slow motion as well as



Since the beginning, there was water and land. And this tropical shore lay undisturbed for millions of years until a small Colony of resort cottages was built many years ago amid the palms and foliage along this white sand beach. Thousands of guests have left their footprints in this sand but they are gone . . . erased by sea and wind only to be replaced by others . . . a constant renewal. Now, The Colony is renewing with a new idea . . . the world's only championship tennis facility that is also a complete resort. And we guarantee you a game. New and luxurious accommodations but with the same intimacy and bleached wood, open-air atmosphere that was so much a part of the old Colony. The food and service are still superb. But best of all, this new tennis idea is on one of the most beautiful beaches in the world.

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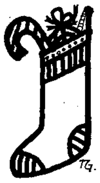
standard speed, flights of the one-metre model. Von Braun sat bolt upright. His face spread out in a big toothy grin. He asked for details. Could Ted give him certain data? Temperatures? Pressures? Von Braun was a vocal advocate of Orion thereafter.

Taylor worked on Orion seven years, the last of which were worrisome times, as the Air Force, which had taken charge of the project and had to present it as a military enterprise in order to get funds, moved to subvert Orion's purposes. "Whoever builds Orion will control the earth!" said General Thomas Power, of the Strategic Air Command. Power and a few others in the Air Force had in mind a space battleship with full-blown guidance systems and directional A-bomb explosives for bringing down missiles. It could run away from an enemy or it could turn around and take whatever might come—presenting its pusher plate to anything that came near it. Go ahead. Hit me. Orion could resist a megaton explosion five hundred feet away.

The limited-test-ban treaty of 1963 forbade nuclear explosions in space and in the atmosphere, and thus led to the indefinite suspension of Orion. "Just a few little twists of events and everything we were trying to do with Orion would have come through," Taylor has lamented. "It was, as Dyson put it, 'something more than looking through the keyhole of the universe.' It was opening the door wide."

Ted Taylor believes in divine guidance. He believes there is an order in the world and some kind of benign influence assuring that everything will work toward some over-all good. "He always felt there must be good in what he was doing, and was able to think of some," Caro has said. "You would become pretty cynical if you were working on bombs and didn't believe in any sort of religious values." Ted recognizes God in whatever form. He is a Christian but does not believe that Christ was more significant than Buddha or any other manifestation of God. How does he draw the line between true and false messiahs? "It is like physics," he will answer. "You believe Newton because his work hangs together. You might not believe someone else." Sporadically, Ted goes to church. Of late he has been attracted to the teachings of Meher Baba—meditating, listening, or, as Caro says, "trying to plug into another level of existence: God, Krishna, Buddha, Christ, Muhammad, all one, proceeding in cycles." It was Clare, the oldest of his five children and mother of his grandchildren, Adi and Corwin, who led her father into knowledge of Baba. He is ready to go anywhere, though. Let all religions bloom. The dreams he has had since childhood of vast planetary discs rising proximate in his field of vision make him wonder if they are memories of things he has done, for he believes in an evolutionary spiritual process—appearance and reappearance, in different forms.

Ted is opposed to the making of rain. He does not want to destroy the unpredictability of the earth. His house in the hills is all-electric, but he did not plan or build it. He is an attractive man, tall, slim, almost wiry, with a head that is pointed not at the top but at the bottom, being broad in the forehead and sharp in the chin. A "Yield" sign. He wears dark suits, black shoes. He is neat—carefully arranges pencils and papers. Members of his family say he never gets dirty—not even on a camping trip. He is never late, anywhere. He may jump when a door bangs, but he is not a nervous man. His worry goes to his stomach. The aspect he presents is gentle and calm. The closest he will ever come to showing anger—by the testimony of all who have lived with him—is to hold his breath and shut his eyes. One of his daughters has said, "I was glad when he spanked us, because it never hurt." His hair is dark and has flecks of gray in it now. His eyes—the most notable of his features—are brown, rich in texture, full of youth and pure inquiry. When they focus on someone he is talking to, they deliver an assurance of authentic interest, and when his thoughts leave his immediate world his eyes seem to see nothing and to suggest the worlds they cover. "He has done some alarming things in traffic," his wife has said. "He does not notice where he is going. If an exhaust pipe fell off and was dragging on the road, he would not notice. He would not notice a flat tire. If you concentrate as hard as he does, you have to lose something. He doesn't know what is going on, but he thinks like the dickens. He has no mechanical aptitude."



"What would you do if the car broke down?" I once asked her.

She said, "We'd go and find a strong man to push it. Some people are mechanical. Ted is theoretical."

While making preparations for one of his numerous journeys in connection with his work on nuclear-materials safeguards, Taylor asked Carl Goldstein, of the Atomic Industrial Forum,

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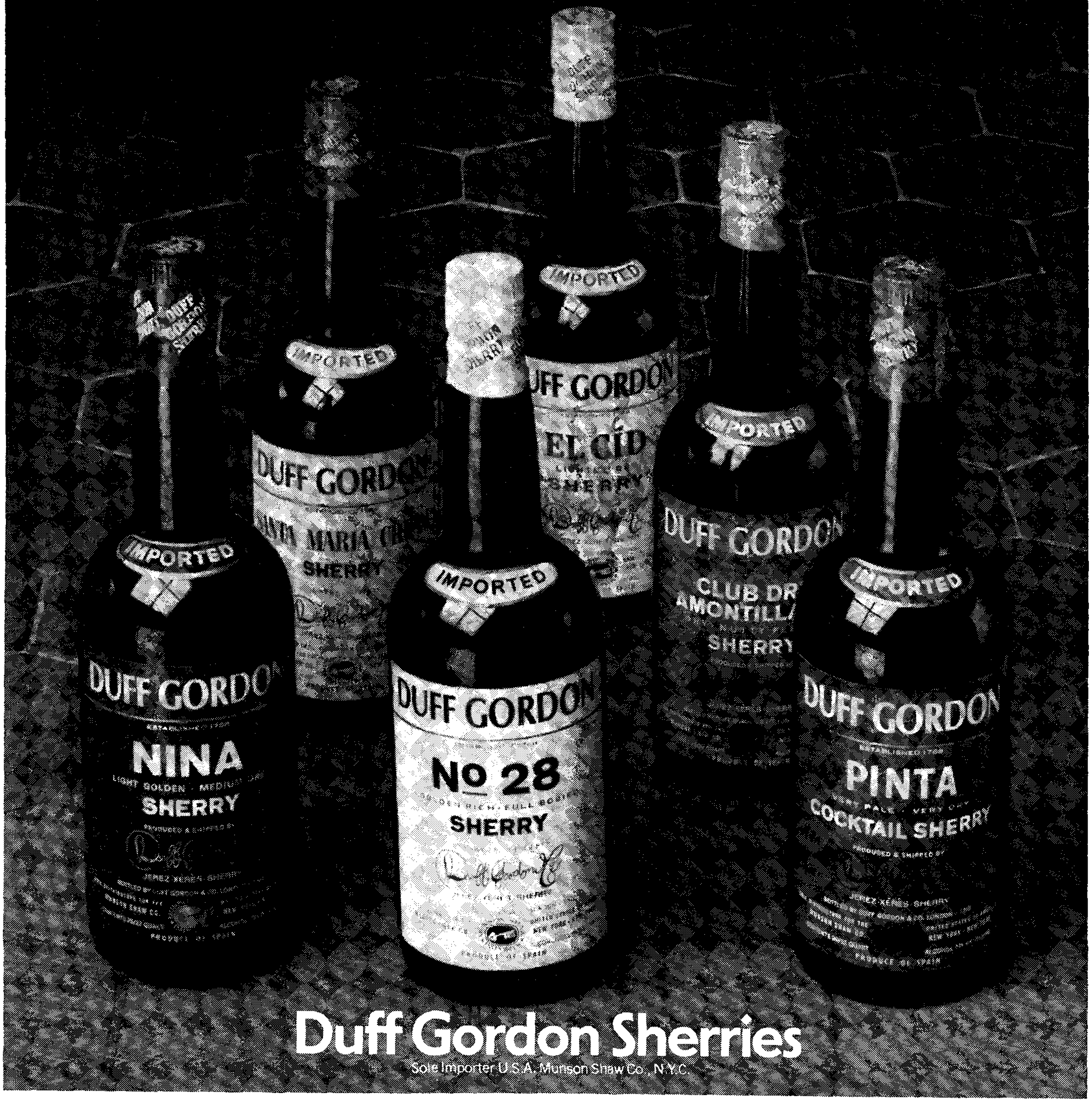
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if he could arrange a visit to a certain fuel-fabrication plant in Pennsylvania. Goldstein called the company, which said it would check Taylor out and call back. Several days later, Goldstein got this message: "We've looked into Taylor. The man is a genius. He can't come here."

Physicists seem to talk about each other as much as actors do. Those physicists who have known Taylor are not reluctant to talk about him.

"Like many of us, he was at first fascinated with the technical problems, and only later it caught up with him. I went through the same experience. What catches up with you is that you find out the people who are in charge of these things aren't as wise as they should be."

"Some people think that one man or two could not make a bomb, but Ted Taylor manifestly could do it if he wanted to."

"He is worried about his children and the world he would leave them in. The fact that he developed bombs has given him a burning desire to mitigate their effects."

"The difference between Ted and someone like, say, Manson Benedict, at M.I.T., may be a matter of personality. Ted worries about homemade bombs and Benedict does not. There are people who have an urge to look for troubles and there are people who find it uncomfortable to do so."

"His credentials are such that we know he is not an irresponsible crank."

"He knows intuitively the forces on other people, knows their weaknesses."

"He is not gullible. He is not naïve. He is willing to be naïve and gullible on things that do not matter."

"He is willing to accept a simplicity of approach where things may be more complex."

"He is just a little bit wild."

"Ted is a little cracked—but just a little."

"Like the Liberty Bell?"

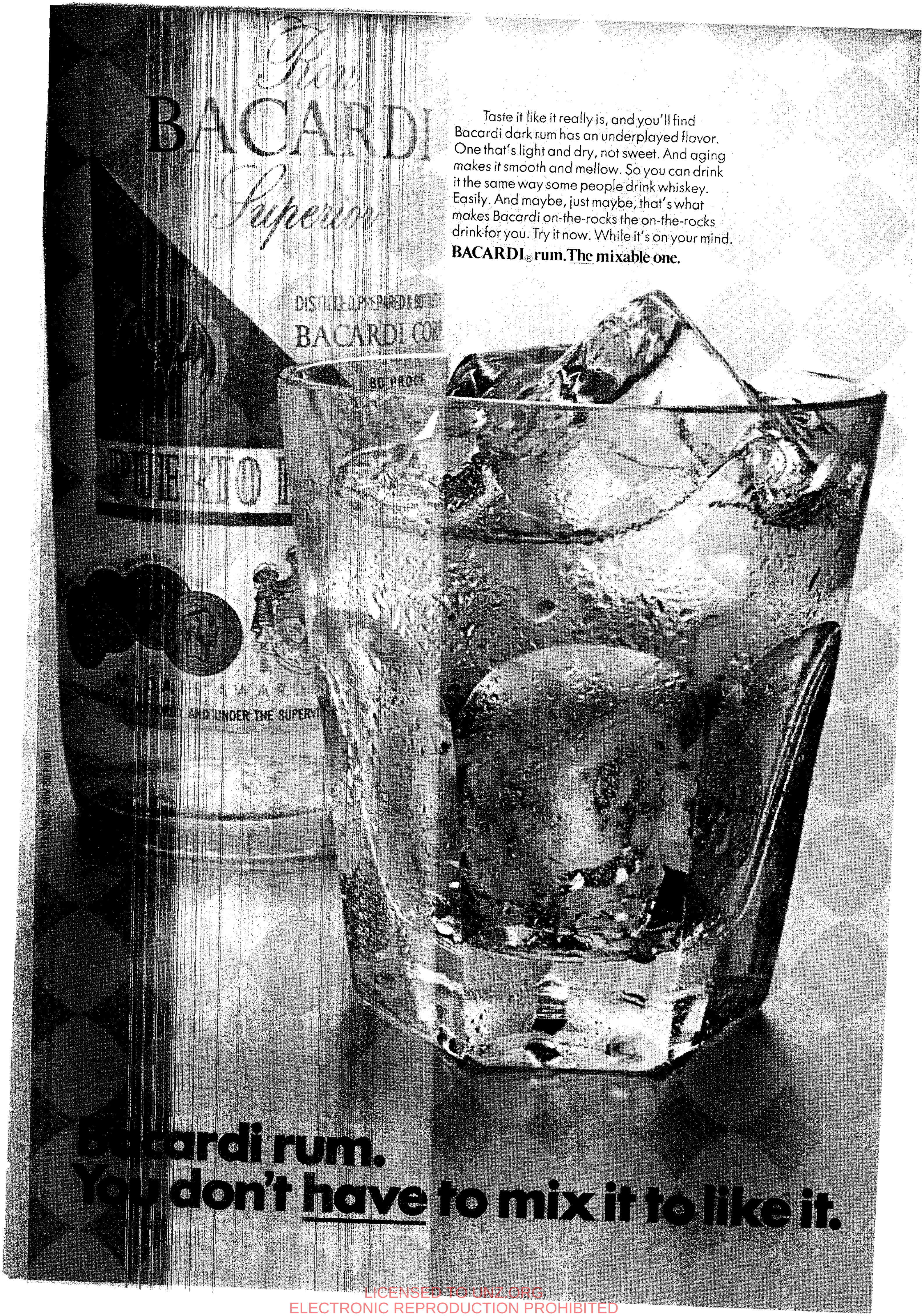
"I don't understand your allusion, but if I did I would probably agree."

ONE afternoon at the cabin in Maryland (where Taylor and I frequently met to talk), he moved his slide rule for some minutes and began to mutter to himself. "Let's see. It's easier to accelerate something short than something long, so let's try out a five-and-a-half-inch projectile. Pi r squared times the length—five and a half inches—times two point five four times nineteen is about ten to the fourth. Ten to the fourth divided by sixty times thirteen point three is twelve and a half. The square root of twelve and a half is three and a half. Yeah! That's all right! We've come up with a nifty design here."

He was designing, freehand, a gun-type fission bomb. It was a thing about three and a half feet long, and it had seven principal components: projectile, target, initiator, reflector, propellant, container, firing system. It was a crude bomb. It weighed five hundred pounds. The materials and knowledge necessary for its making were all available in public markets and public print, with the exception of the fissile material, uranium-235, which was now becoming available in, among other places, the nuclear-power fuel cycle. Time and again, while he was sketching out the design, he would stop and say something like "There's a level of detail here to which I can't go with you and which would make the whole thing much easier, but this way will do."

The basic requirement was that two subcritical pieces of metallic uranium come together very quickly. In the presence of a surrounding reflector, which could be made of steel or any other material that would tend to reflect neutrons back into the core, the assembled uranium would be supercritical. The nearly instant result of a fission chain reaction, begun after the assembly became supercritical, would be a nuclear explosion.

Design began with the size and shape of the two pieces of uranium and their relationship to the intended reflector. To find out how much steel to use around how much uranium, one would look at the Los Alamos critical-mass summaries. For example, the critical mass of U-235 inside three inches of steel was twenty-six kilograms; one inch of steel, thirty kilograms; a half inch of steel, forty kilograms. The figures referred to spheres of metallic uranium but would be much the same if the metal were formed into a squat cylinder. A designer would want at least ten per cent more than a critical mass, because after that efficiency rises dramatically, with the promise of higher and higher yields. Taylor decided on a forty-kilogram cylinder of uranium, which would be five and a half inches in diameter and five and a half inches long. The cylinder consisted of two parts, one—a sort of plug—fitting inside the other. The dimensions of the plug were two and three-quarters inches in diameter and five and a half inches long. At detonation time, the plug—the projectile—would be fired down a gun barrel and into the larger piece, the target. This assembly, sur-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rounded by a three-inch steel reflector, would be sufficiently supercritical. While the plug was at the far end of the gun barrel, the whole arrangement would be subcritical. Such, in general, had been the design of the Hiroshima bomb.

Questions came to mind. How would he mold the two pieces of uranium?

In magnesium-oxide crucibles, he said—which, in turn, had been shaped by hand.

There would have to be a hole in the reflector wall, so the uranium projectile could go through the reflector and into the uranium target. Why, after the projectile had been successfully fired into place, would neutrons not pour out that hole, fizzling the explosion?

Because the projectile would have a piece of steel screwed to it, riding piggyback behind it, and this would fill in the reflector wall.

Where would someone get an appropriate gun barrel?

Buy an old cut-up three-inch naval gun barrel from a military salvage yard, he suggested. You could use a surplus bazooka, for that matter. The reflector could be made from segments of larger guns, or from a cast-iron block with a hole drilled into it—or from tin. Tin melts at two hundred and thirty-two degrees centigrade and could be molded at home. Solder, which is tin and lead, might be a shrewder choice. The purchase of so much tin might raise an eyebrow, but no one would think twice about solder.

Water could be used as a reflector, reducing considerably the weight of the bomb. The gun device alone could be fired in a swimming pool, a water tower, even a toilet. The water would reflect enough neutrons for supercriticality. A nuclear explosion would result. So far as Taylor knew, such a method had never been described or tested in any weapons program.

Plutonium is not right for a gun-type bomb. The isotope plutonium-240 cannot be completely separated in any practical way from plutonium-239, and plutonium-240 fissions spontaneously. It does so with such vigor that if a plutonium projectile were fired toward a plutonium target, neutrons, which travel at speeds in excess of fifteen million miles an hour, would jump from the one to the other before a proper assembly could be achieved. The result would be a fizzle yield. This problem—predetonation—is serious enough with uranium, because of the unavoidable presence of cosmic rays and other stray neutrons. That is why the assembly of the separate parts has to be fast. The projectile travels at a rate of about five hundred feet per second.

I asked Taylor how he would accomplish that in the bomb he had been fabricating in his mind.

Plain gunpowder, he said. The projectile's weight was more or less thirty-five pounds. Less than two ounces of gunpowder could make it move five hundred feet per second down the gun barrel. Put the gunpowder into a small plastic bag. Run a wire from a flashlight battery to the bag. Connect the battery to an alarm clock. In place of the clock, you could use a preset mechanical fuse, which can weigh as little as a fraction of an ounce. Hundreds of types are commercially available. A barometric fuse would do. So would a radio signal.

When the uranium projectile and the uranium target conjoined, stray neutrons might be on hand to initiate the explosive chain reaction, but no one would depend on that. Instead, the designer would incorporate an initiator—an instant source of neutrons. There are many ways to make initiators, all involving two or more materials that, brought together, will emit neutrons. The initiator must emit nothing until the assembly has become supercritical. One way to do this would be to buy some lithium from a chemical-supply house, shave off a little with a knife, and glue a lithium wafer to the front of the projectile. A tenth of a curie of polonium-210, a substance in common use in university physics laboratories, can be glued to the steel at the far end of the target. When the lithium hits the polonium, a burst of neutrons will scatter in all directions into the uranium.

The container of the bomb need not be a torpedolike steel jacket with fins. For the bomb Taylor conceived there at the cabin, a garbage can would do, a clothes hamper, a golf bag. Its overall size was three feet six inches by eleven inches, which was its maximum diameter at the exploding end.

The Atomic Energy Commission's "The Effects of Nuclear Weapons" and Samuel Glasstone's "Sourcebook on Atomic Energy" would be helpful general texts for anyone attempting to make such a device. Taylor guessed that one person would need a few weeks to complete the project. Any college textbook on the theory of fast breeder reactors would be helpful, because bomb theory and fast-breeder-

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reactor theory are much the same. To predict yield, one could turn to "The Los Alamos Primer."

I asked Taylor what sort of person could read and understand "The Los Alamos Primer."

He said anyone who had got a fairly good grade in an introductory course in reactor engineering or reactor theory, even at the undergraduate level.

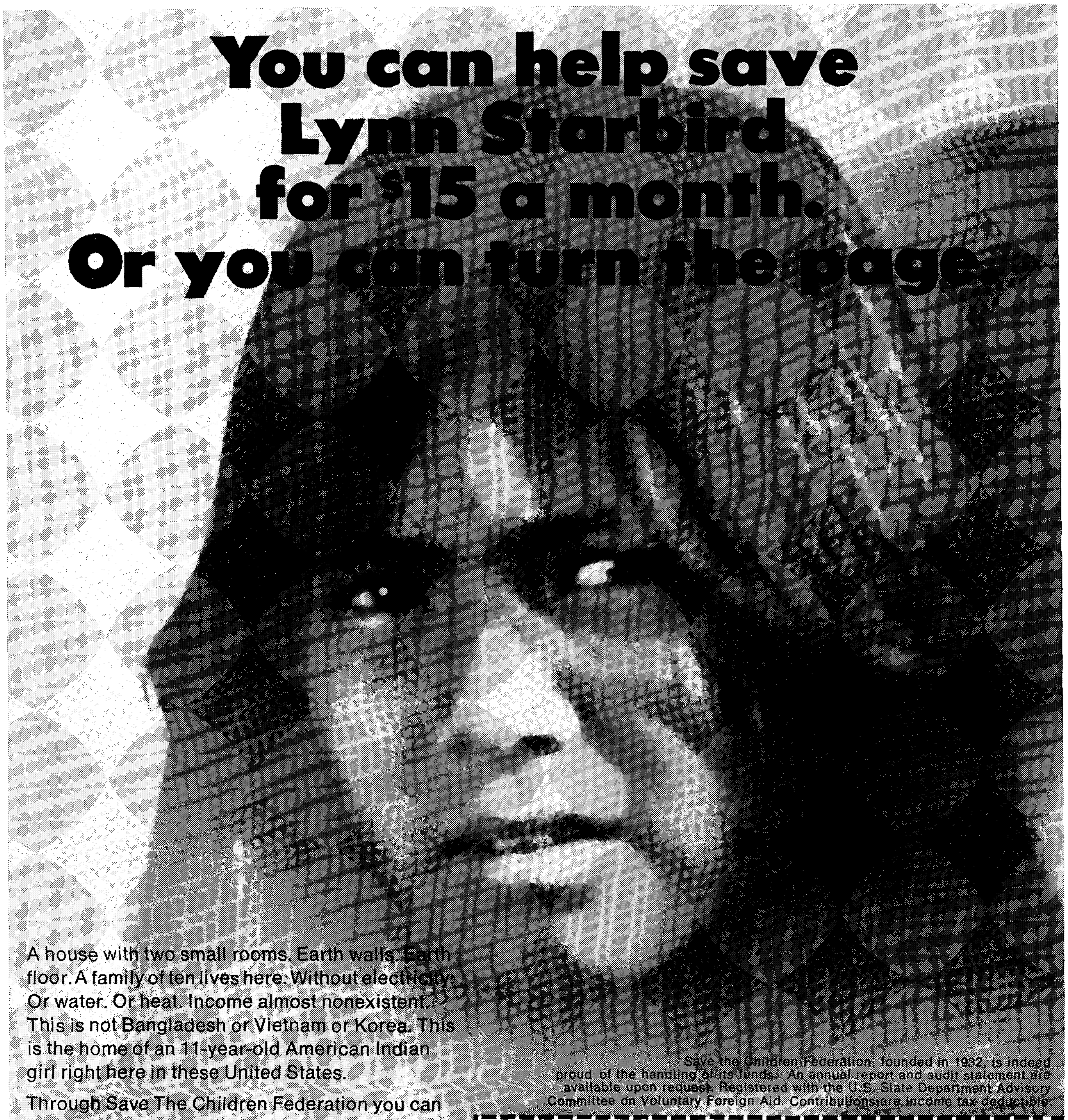
I asked him what might be the yield of the bomb he had just conceived.

He said a kiloton. He had deliberately thought up a highly inefficient bomb—but one that was vastly lighter and more compact than the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima. He said there were ways to reduce the weight even further, but at some expense in yield. An aluminum gun barrel and a block-aluminum reflector could be used, for example. Just order a pipe and a block from Alcoa. The uranium core would have to be increased some twenty per cent, but the total weight of the bomb would come down to two hundred pounds. The yield would drop from a kiloton to about half a kiloton, he guessed. A tenth of a kiloton, however, would be enough to bring down the World Trade Center.

IN a Hertz car, Taylor and I, unannounced, once drove in the lonely road that leads to the New York State Atomic and Space Development Authority's storage facility, near West Valley, New York. We turned off the engine and sat and talked, absorbed in the plain fact that the capacity of this relatively small and isolated building was two thousand kilograms of plutonium—core material sufficient for hundreds of implosion bombs.

A car was parked near the gate in the chain-link fence. No activity of any kind was discernible. Taylor lit a cigarette. He said, "Is it worse, or better, if it happens sooner, or later? Someone, somewhere, stealing material and making a bomb. I think it is better sooner than later. I would not be surprised if it happened tomorrow, and I would not be surprised if it didn't. I would rather have it happen tomorrow than ten years from now, when so much more material will be floating around. I've sometimes found myself actually wishing it would happen—perhaps an unusual group of people, ten years ahead of their time, who would sort of jump the gun on everybody else before a large number of organizations could be ready and poised to do the same thing. If it happened just once, the lid would be slammed shut. As shut as possible, anyway. In another ten or fifteen years, it will be too late. If I were to read it in the papers tomorrow, I'd be frightened and alarmed, but—if it aborted and very few people got hurt—I'd be, in a sense, happy."

He went on to say that by no means was he an unqualified pessimist about safeguards. He believed they could be developed—not only in the United States but also around the world—in a way adequate to control the inherent peril of special nuclear materials. He did say he thought it was already too late to prevent the making of a few bombs, here and there, now and then. Society would just have to take that, and go on. None of this was said with the least trace of cynicism or despair—two characteristics that do not seem to be in his repertory. Seeking what a lawyer friend of his called "a mechanism to make a difference," Taylor founded in 1967 a firm called International Research & Technology, with a charter purpose to serve as a private monitor of nuclear-materials safeguards. Over the years, it grew until it had some twenty-five physicists, mathematicians, engineers, political scientists, sociologists, economists, and lawyers, but at first it was just Ted and Caro. For two years, they lived in Vienna, where he observed the workings of the International Atomic Energy Agency. They were supported by consulting contracts with the A.E.C., the Stanford Research Institute, and General Atomic. If Taylor is something of an alarmist, he is also an instinctive believer in the good will of man, and he came away with a conviction that international safeguards—inspectors based in Vienna and travelling the world to see that nations and individuals do not misappropriate materials—could be made to work successfully. He was impressed, for a beginning, with the way Russians, Argentines, Yugoslavs, Englishmen, and Americans functioned cohesively in the international agency. He did not feel a sense of hopelessness in the fact that roughly half of the weapons-grade nuclear material in civilian power fuel cycles is outside the United States. His sense of dismay began to increase rapidly after his return, as he observed the rate of growth of the nuclear industry and the comparative inattention paid to safeguards, so he became a more or less permanent safeguards critic, although the effort would always seem frustratingly uncreative to him, a somewhat tedious and burdensome duty. "Everything is a matter of probabilities," he said now,



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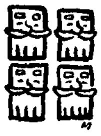
in the Hertz car. "This is true in all physics. It is the core of the safeguards problem." He looked over at the small metal warehouse, a car parked beside it. He looked from the seven-foot fence, topped with barbed wire, to the broadly cleared perimeter and the surrounding woods. He could almost see a chopper landing, or a truck full of masked commandos drawing up to the fence. "What is the measure of likelihood that people will try to get into this storage facility, take plutonium, and make some bombs?" he said. "You know it's not one in one. And you know it's not ten to the minus ten."

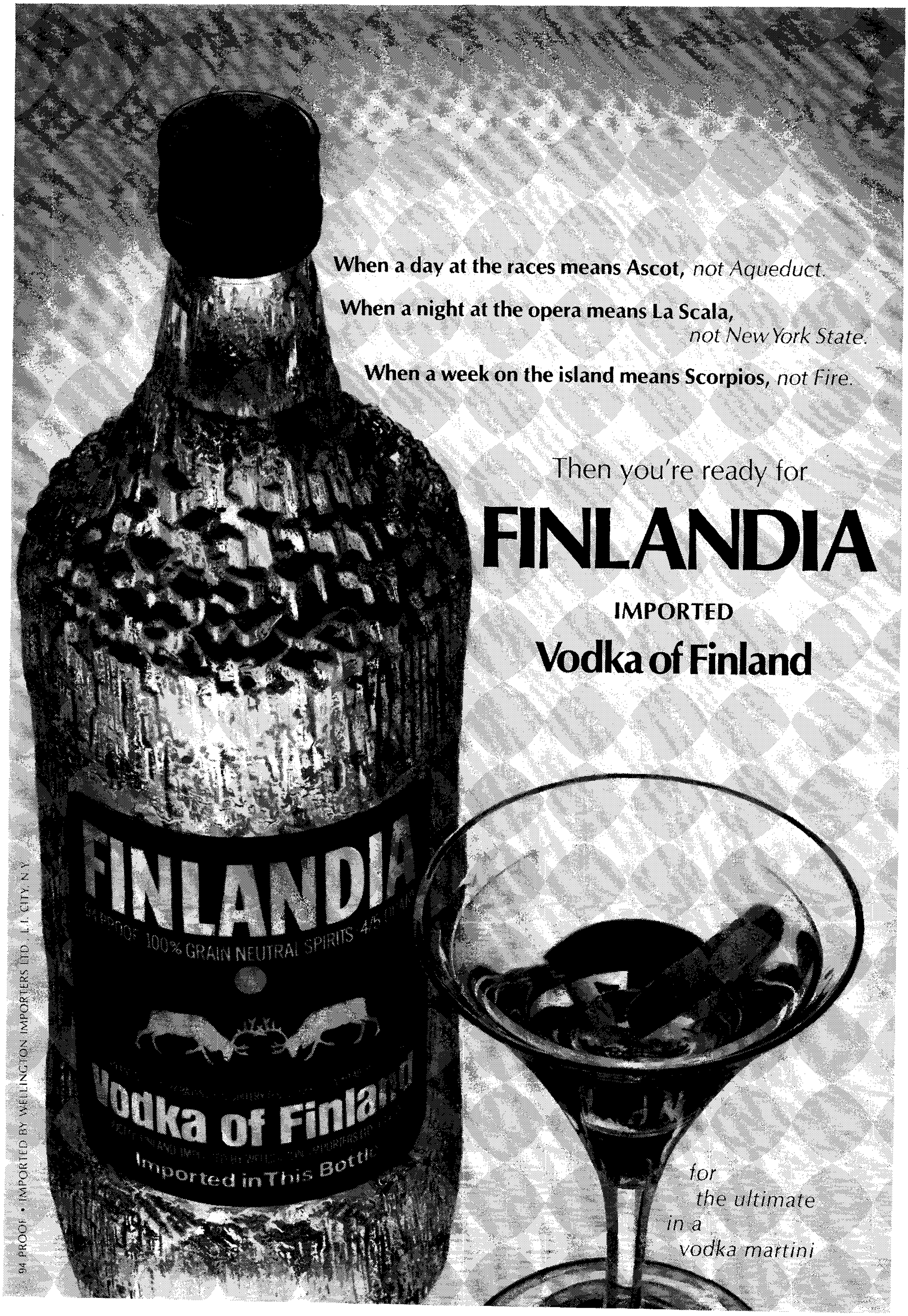


The Atomic and Space Development Authority's storage facility, being the home of the largest private stockpile of plutonium in the world, should be an uncompromising example of the state of the art of safeguarding nuclear materials, and that is exactly what James Cline thinks it is. Cline, chairman of ASDA, worked on the design of the place, and his attitude toward plutonium thieves is "Let them come—this is one place where they are going to get programmed into something they'll remember." The warehouse is rigged with, among other things, the electronic systems that are used to protect armed missiles. Any surface—roof, floor, walls—breached by an invader will set off a silent alarm. Even if an invader could somehow get inside the building without touching anything, an alarm would react. To achieve such "ultrasensitivity," as Cline calls it, many kinds of systems are used, some electrical, some electronic. ASDA has bought everything available.

Cline's office, three hundred miles southeast of the storage facility, is on Forty-fifth Street, in Manhattan, where I called on him one day and asked him why the warehouse was so isolated, why almost no one seemed to be there, and what would happen if the place was attacked.

There was nothing defensive about his response. A tall, amiable man—a nuclear and electrical engineer who once was on the A.E.C.'s reactor-development staff—he seemed somewhat nervous, but not about his warehouse. He said that people coming and going were exactly what a well-safeguarded storage facility would want to avoid. People panic. Electronic systems do not panic. You can't hold a gun to the forehead of an electronic system. When people are around, certain alarms have to be turned off. The Brink's robbers studied Brink's, then decided to hit the place at 7 P.M., when a minimum number of employees were on duty but the vault was still open and the alarm was shut off. Most days, the only person at the ASDA storage facility was Joe Merkley. It was his car you might see parked outside. Merkley was the superintendent. He maintained instruments and kept the building warm. No, he was not a janitor. He had two years of engineering and two years of business administration. When Merkley arrived for work in the morning, he could not even let himself in. He was electronically coupled to other people, miles away. Systems in the facility were zoned. When Merkley was inside, only the zone he was in was shut down. The place was even safer when he was not there and the alarm systems had it all to themselves, which was three-quarters of the time. The fence was for completeness, that's all. Go ahead and pole-vault it. The response, to any kind of invasion, would be fast. How fast? Damned fast. Before anyone could even orient himself to the interior, groups would come. Who? Every enforcement resource you could possibly bring to bear. Distances were short and people were prepared. The alarms were silent, and the invader would not know they had gone off. The response would be, for all practical purposes, immediate. Anyone who wanted plutonium should look elsewhere in the fuel cycle, not at the ASDA storage facility.

The principal room inside the facility was laid out for a forest of about a thousand drums, Cline said, each containing a ten-litre flask of plutonium-nitrate solution, which, in turn, contained about two kilograms of plutonium. The drums were steel and nearly six feet tall and lined with thick concrete—top, bottom, and sides. The lids displayed tamperproof seals in different colors—ASDA seals, owners' seals, and International Atomic Energy Agency seals if an I.A.E.A. inspector had been there when the drum was assayed and shut. Once sealed, the drums were like the bricks at Fort Knox, Cline said—objects of known content. A single drum weighed more than a ton, and no one was going to go anywhere with it. The concrete plug in the top alone weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. Besides, what would a bomber do with the nitrate if he got it? He would need "all the wherewithal of a small Manhattan Project." Cline was not worried about theft in the United States, but he hoped the facility had set an example for other organizations to follow in working with the I.A.E.A. He was interested in strong international safeguards, and did not think coöperation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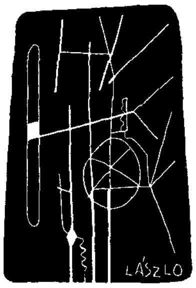
with the I.A.E.A. had developed as well as it might. As it happened, the plutonium at the ASDA facility was well below capacity, because quantities of it had recently been sold to England, Germany, and Italy. There would in a few years, though, be so much plutonium around that it would inevitably become a commodity. There would no doubt be a plutonium exchange—plutonium futures. There would soon be more plutonium in private storage than in all the bombs of NATO. But anyone, then or now, who so much as approached the ASDA storage facility—even anybody found on that road outside it—would have a good long explanation to create.

Taylor started up the Hertz car and drove slowly away from the facility. We had been sitting there about half an hour. Nobody had asked for an explanation.

Small flatbed trucks had taken the plutonium from the Nuclear Fuel Services reprocessing plant to the ASDA storage facility, following a route of about four miles—going through woods and beside fields, a left, a right, another left, past a mobile home, a farm that sells maple syrup. The trucks carried ten "birdcages" at a time. Each birdcage weighed about four hundred pounds, and held a ten-litre flask of plutonium nitrate. A hijacker taking such a truck would have enough plutonium for four or five bombs.

Larger trucks, owned by big trucking companies, take plutonium and fully enriched uranium on journeys of a thousand miles and more. These major shippers—Tri-State, McCormack, Baggett, Pacific Intermountain Express—are the first to say that in the matter of safeguarding fissile nuclear material transportation is the most vulnerable part of the fuel cycle. Everybody—from nuclear academics to utility people to the A.E.C.—agrees that this is so. William Brobst, the chief of an A.E.C. department that deals exclusively with transportation, says that the situation has to be considered in the wider context of the trucking industry as a whole.



"In trucking, there is constant pilferage, day-to-day theft, 'shortages,' " Brobst said one day over lunch in the A.E.C. cafeteria in Maryland. "Of all the freight of any kind that is shipped in this country, one to two per cent disappears. Holy mackerel! Is this going to happen to our nuclear materials? The trucking business is a mass of crime. Eighty-five per cent of its thefts are by authorized people—that is, by people who belong there. Four out of five truck hijackings involve collusion—the drivers are in on it. That's the situation. The nuclear business has vaults, fences, alarms. They have great machines to count atoms. Then they take all these atoms, lump them into a drum, and toss them out into crime.

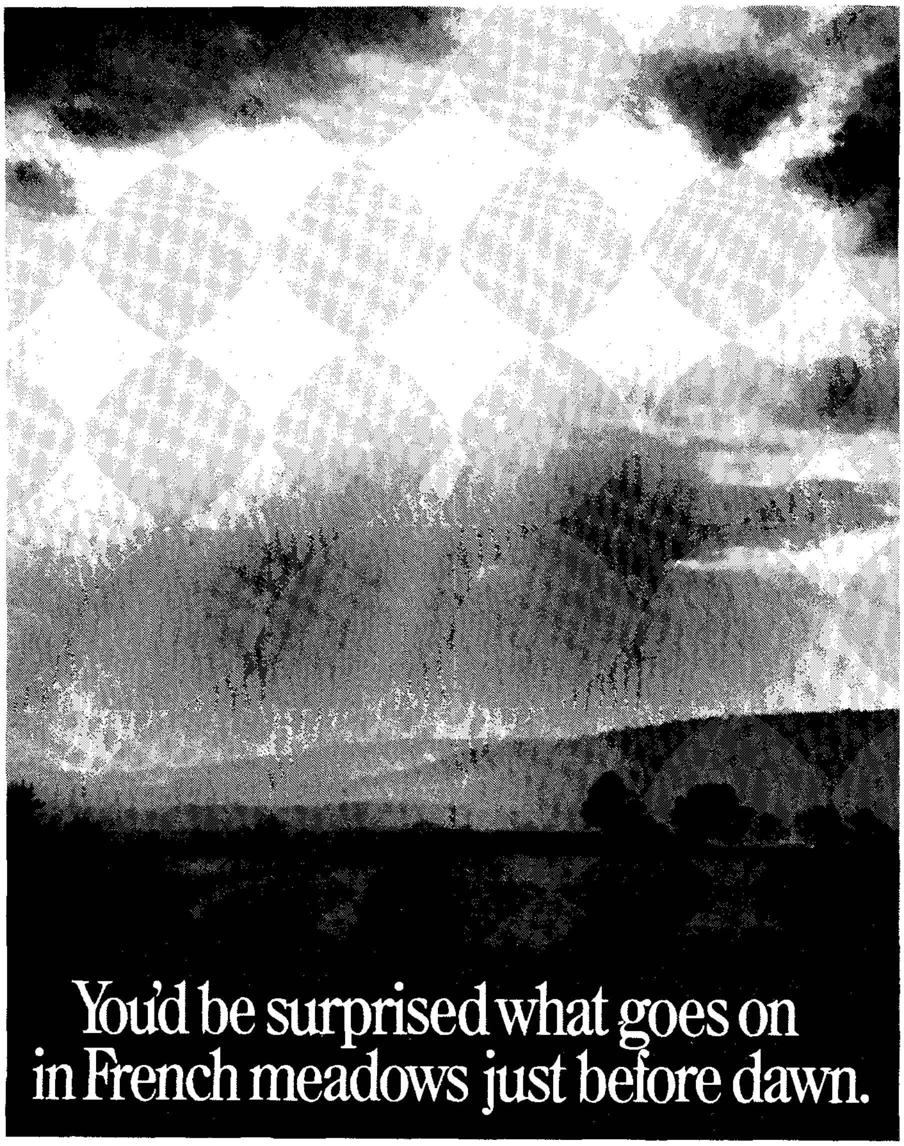
"The earliest move toward civilian transportation safeguards was in 1970, when the A.E.C. woke up to the magnitude of the problem and began requiring signed receipts for shipped material. By now we're living in a terrorist society, O.K.? That may be an exaggeration—but you respond, anyway, to threats, and the terrorist thing has grown almost exponentially. It is not just *making* a bomb that worries us. We don't want even the *threat* of a bomb. Still, I would like to see the transportation problem solved within the context of our national transportation system. The question is how to ship the stuff and still use the civilian transportation industry. The law prohibits the government from competing with private industry. The law could change. But I'm not for that. If you're willing to pay for it, you can get a lot of added protection—for example, exclusive-use vehicles instead of ones that carry all sorts of other freight and nuclear materials, too. You can have as much safeguards as you're willing to pay for."

Brobst had a sandy, somewhat pointed beard, which seemed to make his points with him as he went along. He said that one way to reduce collusion between drivers and hijackers was to insist on two drivers. He said that radio transponders could be set up on a truck in such a way that if a driver did not regularly press a button to show that all was well an alarm would go out to police. He said that a truck could even be equipped with "an automatic poison-gas system—if someone turns the wrong dials, the truck sets off three skyrockets and shoots chlorine into your face." A hijacked truck could destroy itself. It could broadcast an automatic SOS, blow off its own wheels, crumple its axles, and sink down on the road like a sick elephant.

Last winter, the A.E.C. ruled that weapons-grade material above a small number of grams will no longer travel in passenger aircraft. At the same time, the Commission presented for comment a set of proposed new regulations, reflecting, if nothing else, the growing need for materials safeguards. Under the new regulations, published in their effective form last month, inventories of weapons-grade material, wherever it happens to be, will have to be made every sixty days for uranium-235 and plutonium-239. Depending on the type of material, the amount of MUF (material unaccounted for) can vary, but in no case can the MUF exceed one per cent. The specific areas within plants where weapons-grade material is stored or processed will be protected by special alarms, barriers, guards. All companies that handle more than two kilograms of plutonium-239 or five kilograms of uranium-235 will have to prepare, for A.E.C. approval, a comprehensive physical-security plan designed to discourage industrial sabotage and to protect the materials from theft. These plans—involving a great number of things, from fencing systems to frisking procedures to communications with local police—are intended, collectively, to be the basis (as far as physical protection is concerned) of the national safeguards system. Vehicles making any kind of delivery in protected areas are to be escorted and their drivers are to be searched, but the vehicles themselves are not subject to search.

Because transfer points are where most trucking pilferage occurs, trucks carrying fissile material over long distances will have to go straight from origin to destination, stopping only for food or rest or maintenance. They will have two people in the cab. Truckers will either have to use a "specially designed vehicle which reduces the vulnerability to diversion" or send along two armed guards in a separate vehicle capable of instant radio communication with the truck. (Brobst had been against arming truck drivers themselves. "That could be dangerous," he said. "It's like arming your wife. Furthermore, most truck drivers are probably armed already.") Top and sides, trucks will be marked. Containers must weigh more than five hundred pounds if they are carried on open trucks or in railroad cars or on ships, but portable containers may be used in trucks that are locked. Cargo aircraft will continue to carry fissile material in portable containers, but the containers must be sealed and locked. Trucks must report their position by radiotelephone every two hours or, if they are out of transmitting range, by conventional telephone at least every five hours. All measures taken together are intended to protect materials in transit from any attempted theft "short of a significant armed attack."

"It all sounds very impressive," Ted Taylor has said. "But look again at that phrase 'short of a significant armed at-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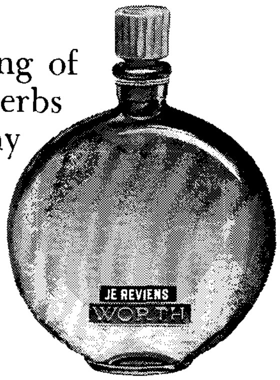

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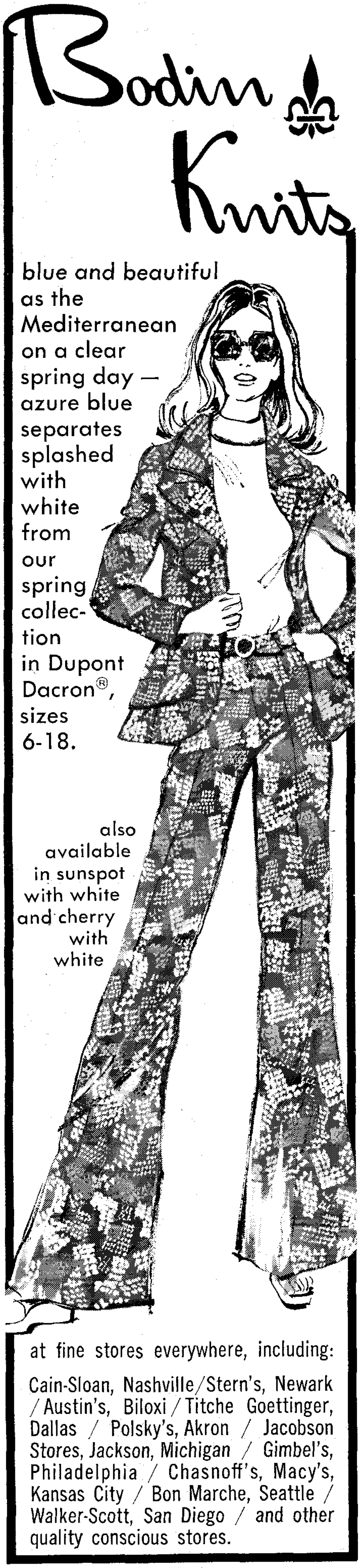

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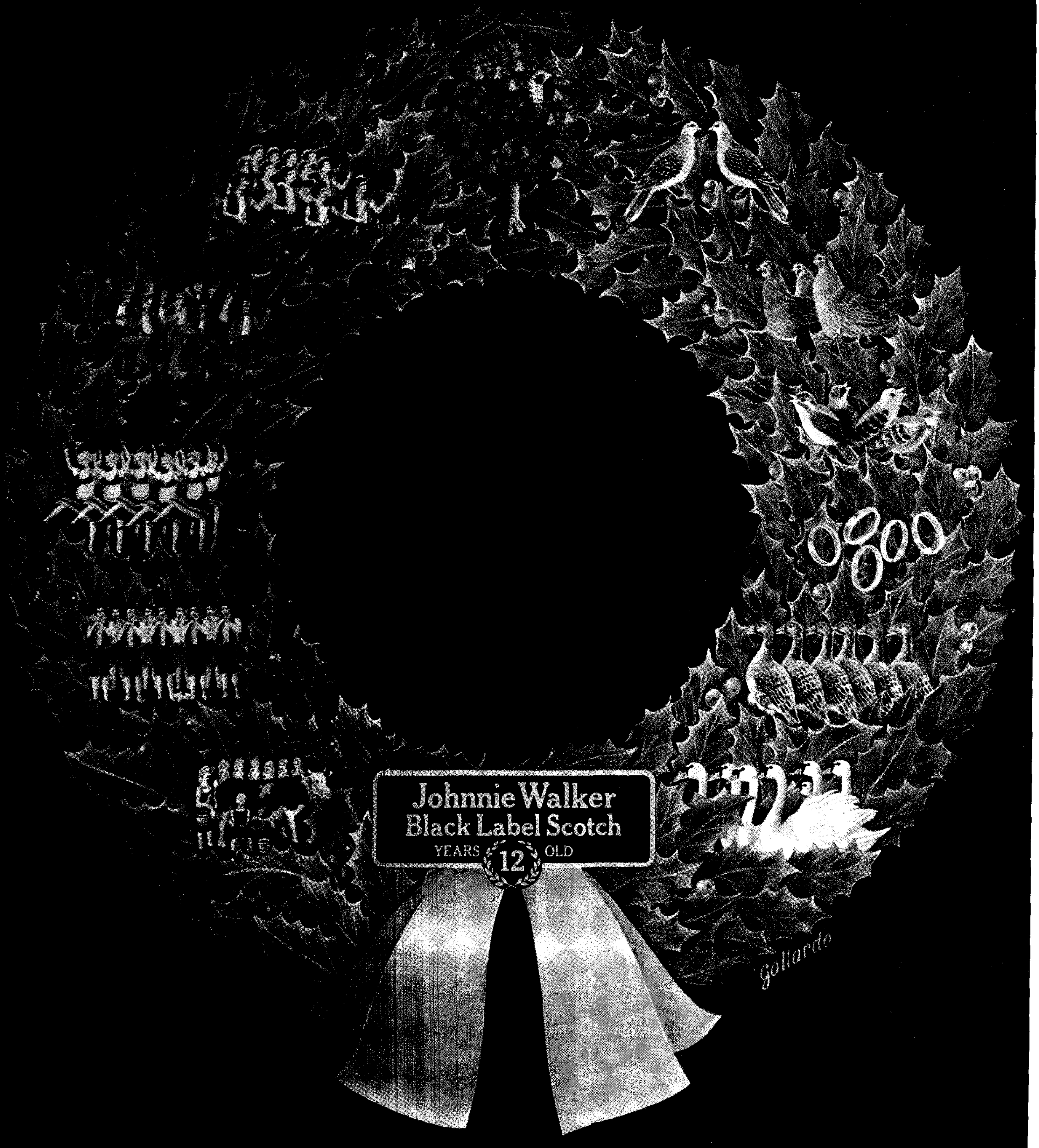
tack.' Are transportation safeguards supposed to deal only with *insignificant* armed attacks? Does the same ground rule apply to sites where enough plutonium for a few hundred bombs is stored? Where, moreover, are the specific standards that one would expect a regulatory agency to use in deciding whether to approve a licensee's physical-security plan? What is the design of a 'specially designed truck'? How long should the design prevent a group of hijackers from getting inside? How long should it take to bring law-enforcement agents to the scene of a theft? How big a force? What weapons should plant guards carry? How many guards? What are their orders? To delay? To kill? To capture? If delivery vehicles going into protected areas are not to be searched, why could such a vehicle not be used as a Trojan horse? In hearings to justify its budget for fiscal 1974, the A.E.C. said, 'Almost no standards exist in the materials-protection area, and in many cases the basic data needed to develop such standards have not been developed.' I couldn't agree more. *Money* is better protected than uranium or plutonium. I can find no evidence that the type of safeguards system the A.E.C. is now calling for could deal effectively with nuclear thefts by professional criminals with talents and resources similar to those that have been successfully used for major thefts of other valuables in the past. Until such a system is evidently in operation, we are all being asked to take what I consider to be an unacceptable and, I should say, unnecessary risk. I have by now lost all patience with people who say that criminals who really want the stuff are going to be able to get it no matter what the A.E.C. and the industry do. As far as I can tell, the A.E.C. and the industry have just begun to try to do anything about this. I doubt if people in the nuclear-power industry expect ever to spend as much as one per cent of their resources on measures designed to prevent nuclear theft."

Perhaps by coincidence, last month, at about the time when the A.E.C. published in effective form the regulations that had been introduced in February, the Comptroller General of the United States sent a fifty-two-page "Report to the Congress" on "Improvements Needed in the Program for the Protection of Special Nuclear Material." The General Accounting Office, acting within its responsibility to assess performances by other government agencies, had checked on the protection of weapons-grade uranium and plutonium in three civilian facilities. No names were named. The plants were called Licensees A, B, and C. Each contained a great number of kilograms of S.N.M.—special nuclear material. What the G.A.O. agents found, at two of the plants in particular, were "weak physical security barriers, ineffective guard patrols, ineffective alarm systems, lack of automatic-detection devices, and lack of an action plan in the event of a diversion of material." The report was enough to dismay the A.E.C., let alone any private citizen who might have imagined that private companies with bomb-grade material would follow to the letter any A.E.C. regulation that happened to exist, for even the comparatively mild procedures that have been required had been frequently and flagrantly ignored. The report mentions that the A.E.C., reviewing the General Accounting Office's recommendations for improvement, "said that it has taken, or is taking, actions to implement them." These are examples from the report:

> We believe that Licensee A's security system was significantly limited in its capability to prevent, detect, and immediately respond to possible S.N.M. diversions or diversion attempts. The security personnel consisted of a part-time security officer and four guards. . . . Each guard on duty carried a .38-caliber revolver. The weapons qualification scores, however, showed that none of the guards had met A.E.C.'s requirements. . . . The watchclock tapes which recorded the guard patrols indicated that the guard on duty did not vary the time or route of his patrol. When he was not making watchclock checks, the guard was located in a small guard post. . . . The guard could not observe about 80 per cent of the general plant area from his post. . . . The fence could be easily disassembled because the nuts, bolts, gate hinge pins, and wire used to fasten the fence mesh to the fenceposts were not secured by welding or peening. . . . One of the storage areas—which housed both S.N.M. scrap and S.N.M. of high strategic importance—was a prefabricated steel structure. . . . We tested the impediment value of the panels with an adjustable-jawed wrench. Within 1 minute we were able to remove five metal screws from one of the panels. At this point the only impediment to entry was a small rivet which, in our opinion, could have been forced manually. . . . We also tested the impediment value of the sheet-steel panels by cutting a sample of the panel. Within 30 seconds we were able to make a 19-inch cut with an ordinary pair of tin cutters. . . . The garage-type door could be opened with little effort because its lock had been broken and the door could be opened without activating the alarm. . . . The other storage area, which provided limited protection, was smaller and constructed of cinder block. . . . On the side of the building facing the perimeter fence were two unalarmed vents leading inside. This side of the building, which was about 16 feet from the perimeter fence,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was not visible from the guard post and, according to a licensee official, was inspected only once a month. One of the vents was located about 2 feet from the ground, measured about 18 by 30 inches, and was secured on the outside by louvers and an ordinary window screen. . . . The licensee's manager for safeguards and accountability concurred that with little effort the louvers could be pulled out by hand and that the inside screen could be manually forced, providing access to the building interior. The other vent was . . . secured on the outside by louvers and on the inside by a piece of thin sheet steel fastened to the cinder blocks by four bolts. . . . Again the licensee's safeguards and accountability manager concurred that this vent could easily be pulled out without tools and that the sheet steel could be forced manually. Portable S.N.M. was readily accessible within the cinder block warehouse. . . .

The integrity of the front wall [at Licensee B's plant] was impaired in that none of the windows were laminated, sealed, locked, or alarmed; windows (frames and glass) were nonexistent at two openings; one of the doors was open with a broken seal attached; and none of the doors were alarmed. The rear of the building was windowless, did not have protective fencing, was not visible from the guard station, and was not routinely patrolled by the guard. During our tour around the building, we observed a screen covered with plasterboard which was used to secure an opening. . . . The screen was held in place by three toggle bolts. Within 15 seconds and using no tools, one person was able to remove the bottom toggle and open the screen to about a 45° angle. . . . The opening led directly into an S.N.M. storage room which was locked but not alarmed and which contained significant quantities of S.N.M. stored in easily portable half-gallon containers. The opening was cemented and sealed within 1 hour after our tour. . . . We tested the accounting controls by comparing seal numbers provided by the guard lieutenant with those on the doors and gates and found that only 5 of the 10 were correct. . . .

Licensee C had established liaison with local law enforcement authorities and had developed an informal plan intended to provide assistance in the event of an emergency. The licensee's arrangements called for hourly communication checks to the local police. If the police failed to receive the call at the designated time, they were to contact the licensee by radio or telephone and, if contact could not be made, were to respond by dispatching a squad car. In a test of the effectiveness of this arrangement, we found that the local police attempted to call the licensee within 15 minutes after the licensee failed to call at the appointed time; the squad car which was dispatched, however, went to the wrong facility 14 miles away.

The Comptroller General's report reproduced the ratings given these plants by A.E.C. inspectors, who had found them uniformly "good." Protection of openings: "good." Emergency plans: "good." Security of material in storage: "good."

Ted Taylor's firm, International Research & Technology, now a subsidiary of the General Research Corporation, has branched wide from its original and continuing preoccupation with safeguards—going into urban-transportation planning, solid-waste management, the economics and technology of air- and water-pollution control, and a technological assessment of the functioning of the United States Postal Service. I.R. & T. set the specifications for three steam-engine buses that operated experimentally in Oakland, California. In a study for the Department of Justice, I.R. & T. discovered certain patterns in bank records of the payroll checks of a company in Detroit, bringing into the open four extremely surprised usurers. Taylor wishes he could do more of the creative things and less nuclear watchdogging, and such dreaming has led him to what could be the ultimate safeguard. A source of vast energy alternative to nuclear energy would clearly eliminate the safeguards problem, because the nuclear industry would disappear. Making none of the evident stops, he has all but ignored the winds, the tides, and falling water, the molten core of the earth—interesting but insufficient alternatives. What he would like to do is build greenhouses a hundred miles in diameter. Looking over all energy sources some time ago, he was surprised to find that plant fuel—wood, alcohol, charcoal—was seldom even listed. This seemed odd, since plant fuel was the principal source of energy in the world before 1850. He calculated the energy that could be got by burning all the wild plants now on earth, and he found it would amount to twenty times the present total energy consumption. Cultivated crops would greatly increase that yield. An acre of corn was equal to about five tons of medium-grade coal. An acre of sugarcane was four times as good as that. There would be two big problems, though—land area and agricultural pollution. A hundred million acres under cultivation would be needed to supply the present energy needs of the United States, and that was five per cent of the land area. Moreover, fertilizers would be leaching into the streams. Therefore, the entire process should be contained in a greenhouse, or greenhouses, which would reduce the required acreage to twenty million and keep the fertilizers out of the streams. Glass was too expensive. Polyethylene would do. It was a simple organic compound, which, when ultimately replaced and incinerated, would turn into water and carbon dioxide. Greenhouse structures would be inflated and self-supporting, over frame-

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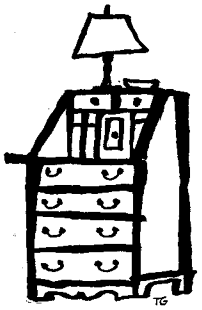
works of aluminum or light steel. Nevada would be a good site, because of its almost uninterrupted sunlight. The great greenhouse could be built in the valley where—in Air Force terms—the giant mushrooms once grew. Water would not be a problem, because it would be recirculated, and, moreover, only a fiftieth as much would be required as for normal agriculture. Burning chopped cane would supply heat to steam generators. Trapped filtered smoke and ashes would yield potassium, phosphorus, and nitrogen as fertilizer. Carbon-dioxide exhaust from the burning cane would go back in pipes to the growing cane, where, with sunlight and water, it would form starch and sugar. It would be a closed system—sunlight coming in, electricity and heat going out, heat for houses and for industrial processes. That the heat would thus be released to the environment would make no ecological difference, because the system would be converting sunlight, using heat that was there anyway. The polyethylene would be five-thousandths of an inch thick, enough to stop a hundred-and-twenty-mile wind, enough to stop hail. There would be two walls, six inches apart, for insulation. This great earth tent of plastic would cost sixty-six hundred dollars an acre and require replacement every five years. For enough greenhouses to supply all the energy needs of the United States, the metallic infrastructure would cost two hundred billion, and the plastic bill would work out to another fifty billion a year. Cheap, according to Taylor. "The development work would take much less money than for other systems. You don't have to build a reactor. You don't need nuclear physicists." See "The Restoration of the Earth," by Theodore B. Taylor and Charles C. Humpstone, Harper & Row, 1973.



I DON'T think Taylor heard or noticed the rain, a bass-drumming rain, on the roof of the cabin. He was audible enough above it, though, and he was imagining someone with a glove box, a ceramic crucible, and a hundred-dollar electric furnace molding a hemisphere of plutonium—beginning the construction of an implosion system. The metal cools, and another, identical hemisphere is made. The two together form a sphere about the size of a grapefruit. The dead center of an implosion system is known as the pressure spike, and it is ordinarily filled with an initiator. In a bomb made with plutonium from a power reactor—plutonium stolen from the nuclear-power fuel cycle—no initiator would be needed, because enough plutonium-240, which fissions spontaneously, would be present to do the job. Government bombs contain very little of it, because its spontaneous fissioning would set off a chain reaction too early in the implosion and thus lower considerably the yield of the fireball. The amount of 240 that exists in a given amount of plutonium is determined by the length of time the fuel elements have remained in a reactor. Hence, the fuel elements in the government's plutonium-production reactors are removed for chemical separation before much 240 has accumulated. Civilian power reactors allow their fuel to burn a lot longer—so the resultant plutonium includes an amount of 240 very likely to set off a bomb too soon after the moment of criticality. This may lower the yield—but, even so, not to a level unacceptable to a clandestine bomber, who receives as a kind of dividend the presence of an automatic initiator.

Now the reflector. What is needed is a good neutron reflector, and to learn what is a good neutron reflector you can look, for example, in Glasstone's "Sourcebook on Atomic Energy," under "Nuclear Reactors: Reactor Moderators and Reflectors." You could use natural uranium, steel, copper, magnesium, lead, aluminum, beryllium, water, solder, or wax. Two stainless-steel mixing bowls could be lined with wax and soldered together around the plutonium sphere. A three-inch thickness of wax will reflect as many neutrons as an inch and a half of steel, but you will pay a price in yield, because the explosion knocks the wax apart faster and the net explosive force declines. You could buy a pressure vessel of the sort that is used to lower instruments into the deep sea. It has steel walls two inches thick. Open it and put the plutonium sphere inside. Alternatively, make the reflector out of beryllium. This is among the most poisonous non-radioactive inorganic materials on earth. One of the lightest elements, it is less dense than aluminum, but it has so many atoms per cubic centimetre that it makes an especially good reflector. Beryllium, in fact, has more atoms per cubic centimetre than any other element. It is, as well, a good neutron scatterer. The critical mass of plutonium is smaller in a beryllium reflector than in any other reflector of comparable thickness. Beryllium costs about a hundred dollars a pound from, for example, the beryllium division of Kawecki Berylco Industries, in Reading, Pennsylvania. The metal is brittle and hard to work. But if someone wants a bomb that he can easily pick up and carry, he may want to go to the trouble of making the reflector from beryllium.

The over-all minimum diameter for an implosion bomb is secret. The plutonium core can be as small as a billiard ball, and the beryllium reflector around it can be less than an inch thick—those figures are not classified. The art of implosion design lies mainly in the high explosive that surrounds the reflector and the core, and it seems ironic that among fission-bomb secrets those which have inspired the intensest activities in international espionage have had to do not with special nuclear materials but with ordinary TNT—its amounts and its design arrangements. "What the lay bombmaker would do here is tough to predict," Taylor said. "He would know, probably, that if he added, say, two feet of high explosive he would get enough compression for a good yield, but he would have a bomb that was roughly five feet in diameter and weighed several tons, like the one that was dropped over Nagasaki." In a general way, some government reports offer insight, he continued. From articles in technical journals on the design of shaped charges, one could figure out how much implosive energy is necessary to increase the density of plutonium to the critical level. Then, in textbooks on high-explosive technique, one could find out how much energy is in a pound of high explosive. The Nagasaki bomb was completely covered with TNT in large blocks that were cemented on, and the gaps between them were filled with wadding paper. Today, one would use a modern plastic explosive, such as C4, which consists of TNT plus a plasticizer. It has the consistency of putty. It can be formed into anything. It is safe to handle. To buy it, go to the Hercules company and pose as a miner or a professor. Plain dynamite or TNT would be all right but unreliable.

Around the reflector, the high explosive is kneaded and formed, by hand. It is hard work. The stuff has the same general feel as soft paraffin. The idea is to achieve a uniform thickness. The bombmaker works at first by eye, but when he gets near the thickness he wants he checks it with a measured wire, poking the wire into the high explosive until it hits the reflector. A Geiger counter sits close by, and if there has been a miscalculation the clicks will reveal it. The plutonium

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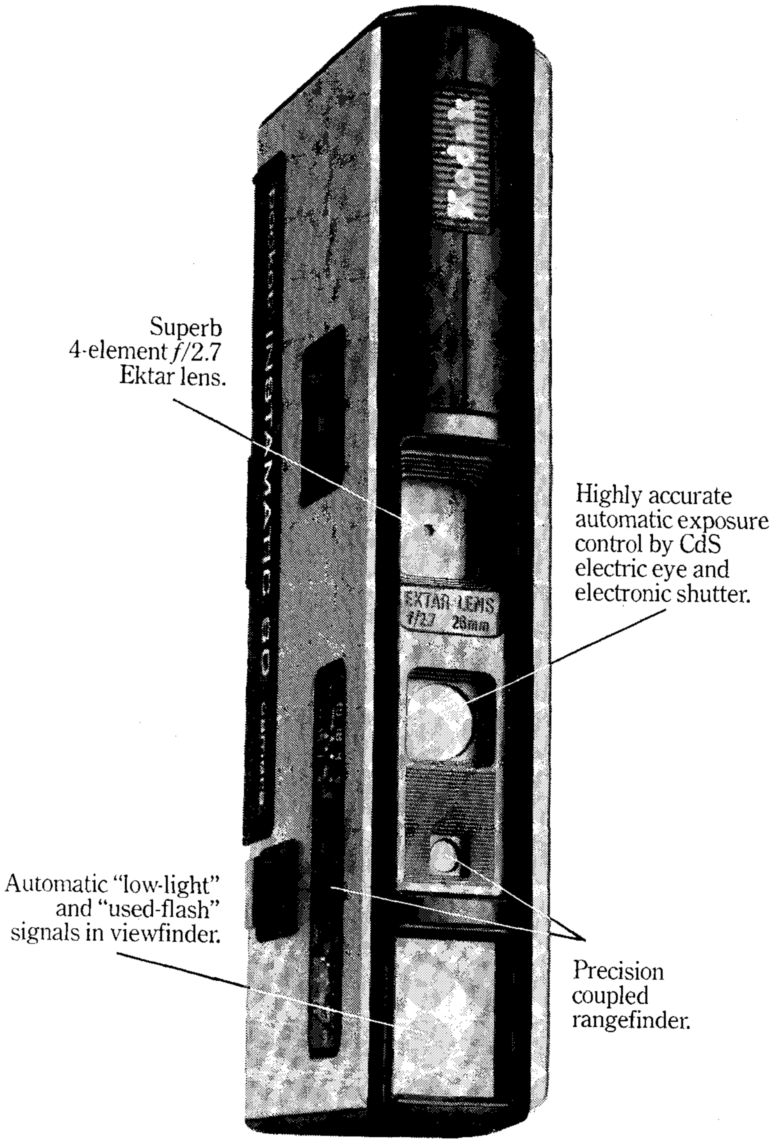

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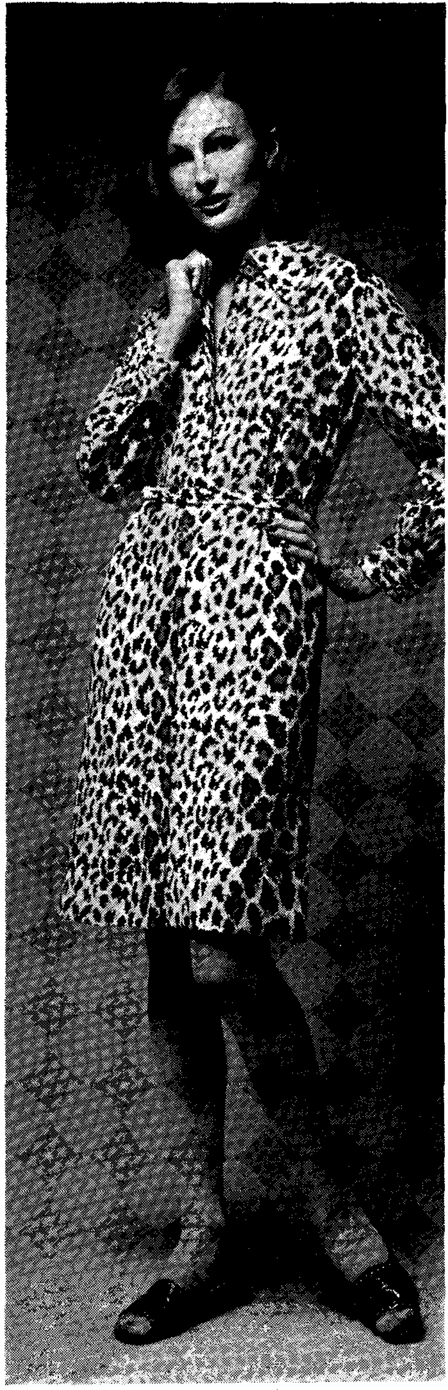

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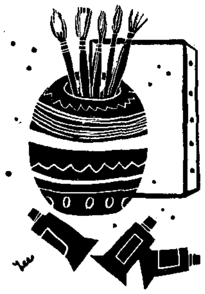
core, inside its reflector, must, of course, be subcritical, but only minimally. High explosive is a fairly good neutron reflector, so, as the C4 is packed on, the bomb as a whole will move closer to criticality. If the Geiger counter makes it evident that criticality is too near, the whole structure has to be disassembled, recalculated, and rebuilt. Given the remote chance that the C4 might explode accidentally, a group making a bomb would do well to send one of their number off into another room to mold the high explosive in shells on an upturned salad bowl. The cores and high-explosive components of government-owned bombs are always made separately. A lone operator would hardly bother, though, for an accident with the high explosive would kill him and his plans.

"To detonate the high explosive, the bombmaker has a very wide variety of options," Taylor said. "What he chooses depends on how much he knows about high-explosive technology and how much he cares that the bomb will perform in the best possible way. High-explosive lenses are commercially available in a wide variety of types. Accurate explosive fuses can also be bought commercially. If you don't care whether you get a tenth of a kiloton one time and five kilotons another time, you can be much less fussy about the way the high explosive is detonated. This is a very sensitive subject, and that is all I can say."

After detonation, about a third of the explosive force of the C4 goes into a compressive shock wave. When it reaches the reflector, the plutonium within is still subcritical. The reflector acts like a piston, slamming inward. The radius of the plutonium decreases. Its density increases. As the shock wave reaches the outer surface of the plutonium, the material is almost exactly at the point of criticality. When the shock wave hits the center, the plutonium has been compressed above its normal density and is supercritical. With plutonium atoms now so dense in the core, the probabilities of collision between free neutrons and the plutonium nuclei are considerably increased. The result is an atomic fireball.



Taylor leaned back and looked up into the sky and seemed for the first time to be aware of the falling rain. He said there was something about the structure of implosion bombs that he had not gone into, and that he could not go into, which contributed greatly to their yield. He said it had proved out in a bomb he had designed, which had had a very descriptive name.

"What was the name?" I asked him.

He shook his head. After a moment, he said, "All I can say is this: They had known all along that the way to get more energy into the middle was to hit the core harder. When you hammer a nail, what do you do? Do you put the hammer on the nail and push?"

"I DON'T think it's likely to be a threat to world peace. It's more a James Bond fear than a real one," said Manson Benedict, emeritus professor of nuclear engineering at M.I.T.

"It's 'Mission: Impossible,' " said Burton Judson, manager of General Electric's Midwest Fuel Recovery Plant, in Morris, Illinois.

"I don't see a radical group coming up to this plant and blazing away with machine guns. I don't. There are non-nuclear alternatives for radical groups. If I was involved with a radical group, I'd go after five hundred pounds of arsenic," said Roger Wiggins, manager of Westinghouse's plutonium-fuel-fabrication plant, in Cheswick, Pennsylvania.

"A self-respecting ambitious terrorist has better things to do than to take nuclear material," said James Schlesinger, when he was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

"Biological and chemical agents are less complex and more available," said Delmar Crowson, when he was director of the A.E.C.'s Division of Nuclear Materials Security.

"Botulism could be used to put this whole city—any city—to an early death," said Len Brenner, Crowson's successor.

To a joint congress of the Atomic Industrial Forum and the American Nuclear Society, Thomas Kimball, executive vice-president of the National Wildlife Federation, said, "A large segment of the conservation movement thinks atomic energy is the way to go."

LITTLE BOY, of Hiroshima, was a thirteen-kiloton bomb. It killed nearly a hundred thousand people—a fact later filed under weapons effects. The most densely populated sector of the world is the part of Manhattan Island synecdochically known as Wall Street, where, in a third of a square mile, the workaday population is half a million people. If all the people were to try to go outdoors at the same time, they could not do so, because they are too

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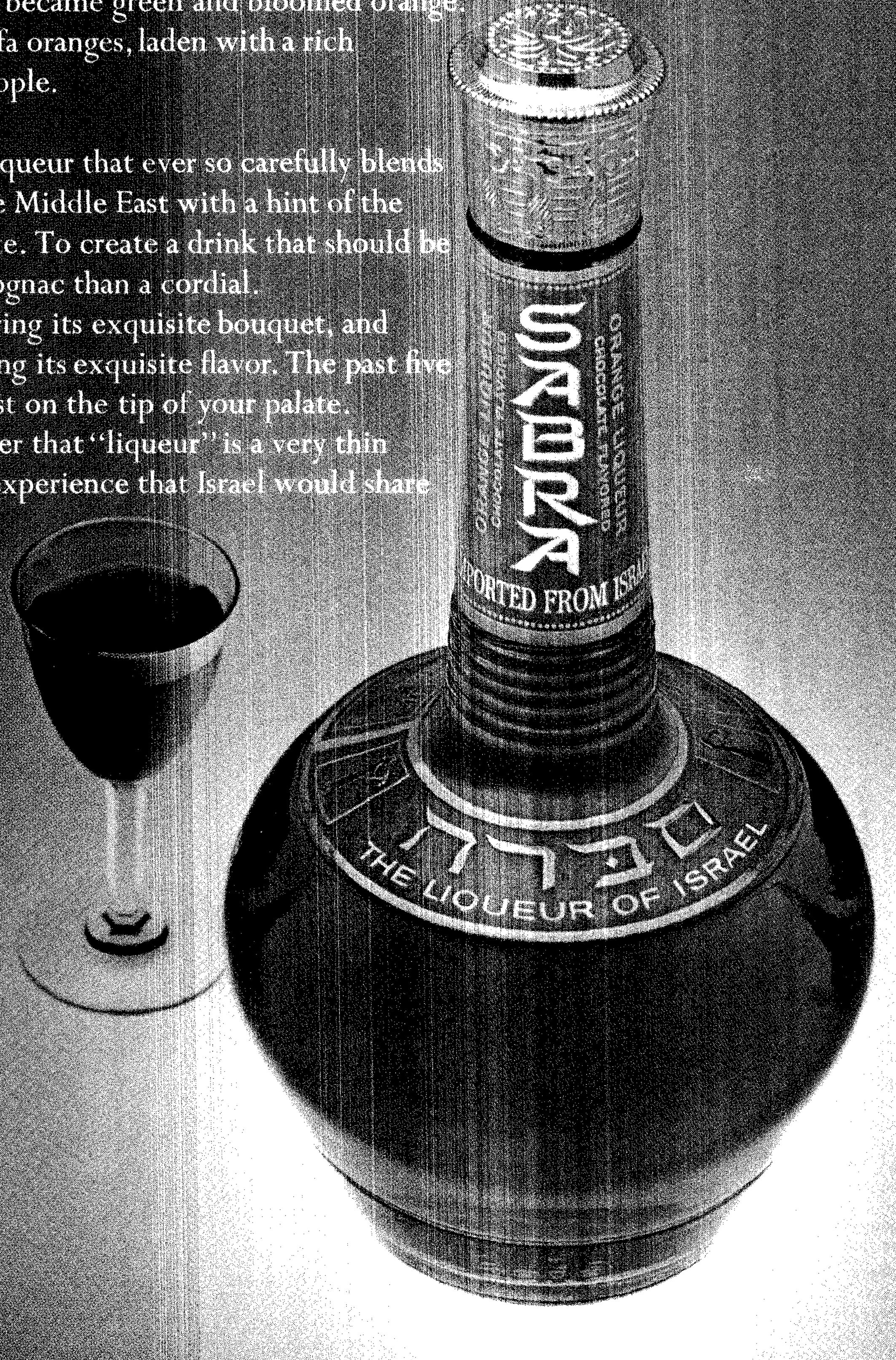

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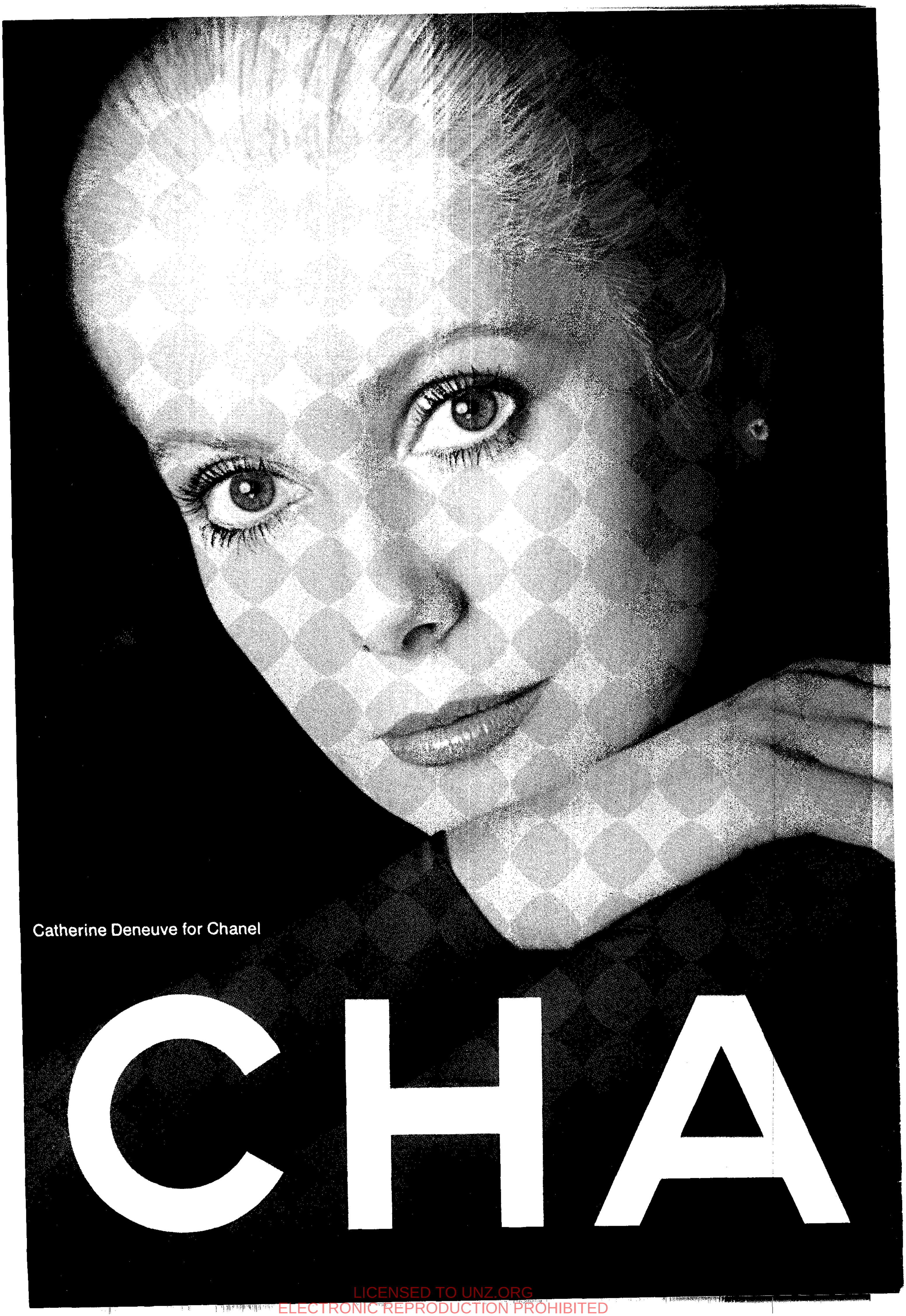
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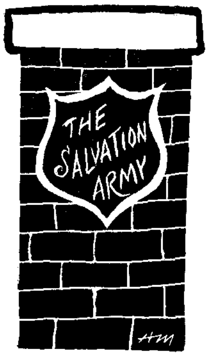
many for the streets. A crude bomb with a yield of only one kiloton could kill a couple of hundred thousand people there. Weapons effects. Because the tall buildings would create something known as "shadow effect," more than twenty-five kilotons would be the yield necessary to kill almost everybody in the financial district. High dams taper, are thinner at the top. One kiloton would destroy at least the upper half of any dam in the world. Hoover Dam has the biggest head of water in the United States. A bomb dropped behind it into Lake Mead and set to go off at a depth of fifty feet would pretty much empty the lake. Weapons effects. The yield necessary to kill everyone in the Rose Bowl is a fizzle yield, something on the scale of one-fiftieth of a kiloton—so little that it would be not shock or fire but gamma rays that did the killing. A tenth of a kiloton detonated outside an electric-power reactor could breach the containment shell, disable the controls, and eliminate the emergency core-cooling system. There is more long-lived radioactivity in a reactor that has been running for a year than there would be in a bomb of a hundred megatons. A bomb with a yield of a fiftieth of a kiloton exploded just outside the spent-fuel pools at a reactor or a reprocessing plant could send downwind enough strontium-90 alone to kill tens of thousands of people. The placement of an explosion—where it happens—is what matters most, and that depends on purpose. The Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs were exploded eighteen hundred and fifty feet in the air, because the guess was that from that height the bombs would accomplish the most damage through shock, fire, and radiation effects. A low-yield bomb exploded inside one of the World Trade Center towers could bring it down. The same bomb, if exploded outside, would perform erratically. The Pentagon is a hard target, because it is so spread out. A low-yield bomb exploded in the building's central courtyard would not be particularly effective. To crater the place and leave nothing but a hole in the ground, a full megaton—set off in the concourse, several levels under the courtyard—would be needed. Weapons effects.

A one-fiftieth-kiloton yield coming out of a car on Pennsylvania Avenue would include enough radiation to kill anyone above the basement level in the White House. A one-kiloton bomb exploded just outside the exclusion area during a State of the Union Message would kill everyone inside the Capitol. "It's hard for me to think of a higher-leverage target, at least in the United States," Ted Taylor said one day. "The bomb would destroy the heads of all branches of the United States government—all Supreme Court justices, the entire Cabinet, all legislators, and, for what it's worth, the Joint Chiefs of Staff. With the exception of anyone who happened to be sick in bed, it would kill the line of succession to the Presidency—all the way to the bottom of the list. A fizzle-yield, low-efficiency, basically lousy fission bomb could do this."



The Massachusetts Turnpike, as it bisects Boston, passes directly underneath, right through the basement of, the Prudential Center, a building complex that includes a fifty-two-story skyscraper. "All you'd have to do is stop, lift the hood, and beat it," Taylor noted as we drove through there one day. We went up to the top of the building to view the city. After a long look and a long pause, he said he could not imagine why anyone who went to the trouble to make a nuclear bomb would want to use it to knock over much of anything in Boston.

Driving down from Peekskill, another time, we found ourselves on Manhattan's West Side Highway just at sunset and the beginning of dusk. There ahead of us several miles, and seeming to rise right out of the road, were the two towers of the World Trade Center, windows blazing with interior light and with red reflected streaks from the sunset over New Jersey. We had been heading for midtown but impulsively kept going, drawn irresistibly toward two of the tallest buildings in the world. We went down the Chambers Street ramp and parked, in a devastation of rubble, beside the Hudson River. Across the water, in New Jersey, the Colgate sign, a huge neon clock as red as the sky, said 6:15. We looked up the west wall of the nearer tower. From so close, so narrow an angle, there was nothing at the top to arrest the eye, and the building seemed to be some sort of probe touching the earth from the darkness of space. "What an artifact that is!" Taylor said, and he walked to the base and paced it off. We went inside, into a wide, uncolumned lobby. The building was standing on its glass-and-steel walls and on its elevator core. Neither of us had been there before. We

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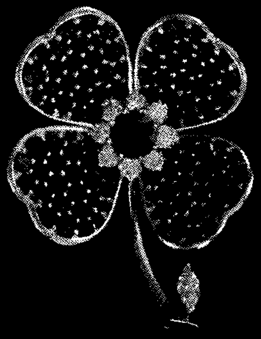

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got into an elevator. He pressed, at random, 40. We rode upward in a silence broken only by the muffled whoosh of air and machinery and by Taylor's describing where the most effective place for a nuclear bomb would be. The car stopped, the door sprang back, and we stepped off into the reception lounge of Toyomenka America, Inc., a Japanese conglomerate of industries. No one was behind the reception desk. The area was furnished with inviting white couches and glass coffee tables. On the walls hung Japanese watercolors. We sat down on one of the couches. "The rule of thumb for a nuclear explosion is that it can vaporize its yield in mass," he said. "This building is about thirteen hundred feet high by two hundred by two hundred. That's about fifty million cubic feet. Its average density is probably two pounds per cubic foot. That's a hundred million pounds, or fifty kilotons—give or take a factor of two. Any explosion inside with a yield of, let's say, a kiloton would vaporize everything for a few tens of feet. Everything would be destroyed out to and including the wall. If the building were solid rock and the bomb were buried in it, the crater radius would be a hundred and fifty feet. The building's radius is a hundred feet, and it is only a core and a shell. It would fall, I guess, in the direction in which the bomb was off-centered. It's a little bit like cutting a big tree."

In dark-blue suits, in twos and threes, Japanese businessmen came out of the warrens of Toyomenka. They collected at the elevator shaft. In voluble streams of Japanese, they seemed to be summarizing their commercial day. More came, and more. None of them seemed to notice or, certainly, to care that we were there. "Thermal radiation tends to flow in directions where it is unimpeded," Taylor was saying. "It actually flows. It goes around corners. It could go the length of the building before being converted into shock. It doesn't get converted into shock before it picks up mass."

We went down a stairway a flight or two and out onto an unfinished floor. Piles of construction materials were here and there, but otherwise the space was empty, from the elevator core to the glass façade. "I can't think in detail about this subject, considering what would happen to people, without getting very upset and not wanting to consider it at all," Taylor said. "And there is a level of simplicity that we have not talked about, because it goes over my threshold to do so. A way to make a bomb. It is so simple that I just don't want to describe it. I will tell you this: Just to make a crude bomb with an unpredictable yield—but with a better than even chance of knocking this building down—all that is needed is about a dozen kilos of plutonium-oxide powder, high explosives (I don't want to say how much), and a few things that anyone could buy in a hardware store. An explosion in this building would not be completely effective unless it were placed in the core. Something exploded out here in the office area would be just like a giant shrapnel bomb. You'd get a real sheet of radiation pouring out the windows. You'd have half a fireball, and it would crater down. What would remain would probably be a stump. It's hard to say which way the building would fall. It would be caving one way, but it would be pushed the other way by the explosion." Walking to a window of the eastern wall, he looked across a space of about six hundred feet, past the other Trade Center tower, to a neighboring building, at 1 Liberty Plaza. "Through free air, a kiloton bomb will send a lethal dose of immediate radiation up to half a mile," he went on. "Or, up to a thousand feet, you'd be killed by projectiles. Anyone in an office facing the Trade Center would die. People in that building over there would get it in every conceivable way. Gamma rays would get them first. Next comes visible light. Next the neutrons. Then the air shock. Then missiles. Unvaporized concrete would go out of here at the speed of a rifle shot. A steel-and-concrete missile flux would go out one mile and would include in all maybe a tenth the weight of the building, about five thousand tons." He pressed up against the glass and looked far down to the plaza between the towers. "If you exploded a bomb down there, you could conceivably wind up with the World Trade Center's two buildings leaning against each other and still standing," he said. "There's no question at all that if someone were to place a half-kiloton bomb on the front steps where we came in, the building would fall into the river."

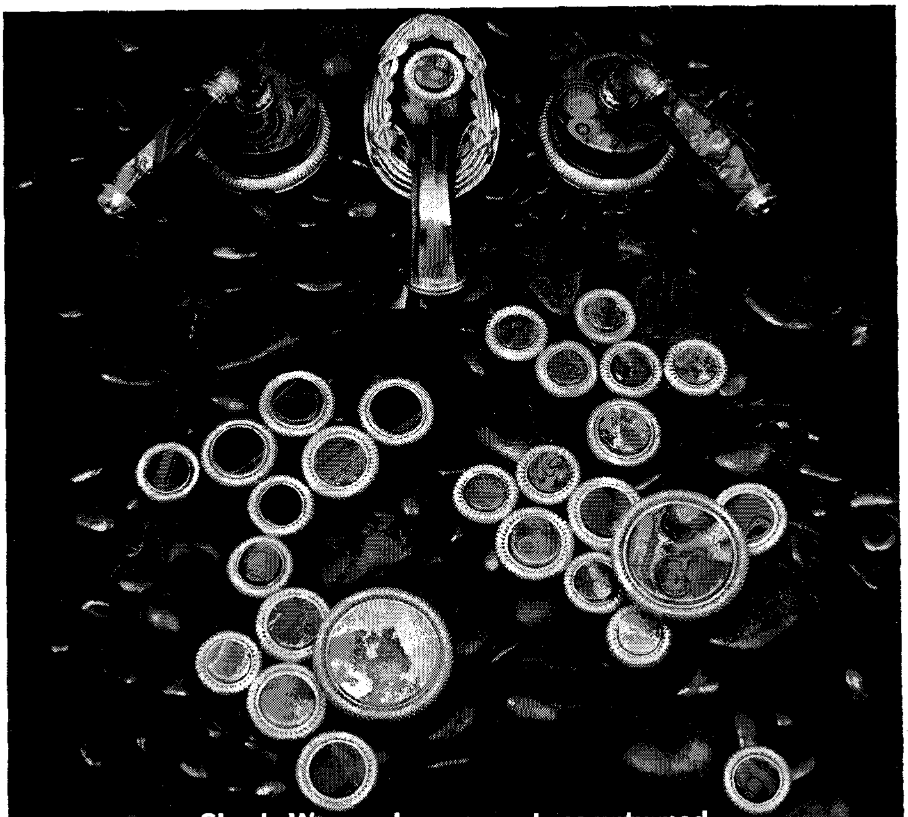
We went back to the elevator, and when the car stopped for us it was half filled with Japanese, who apparently quit work later than everyone else in world trade. Thirty-eight floors we fell toward the earth in a cloud of Japanese chatter, words coming off the Otis walls like neutrons off a reflector. In the middle of it all, I distinctly heard one man say a single short sentence in English. He said, "So what happened then?"

IT seems inevitable to Ted Taylor that any civilization in the universe must at some point be confronted with a nuclear crisis, and among all the civilizations ahead of us in scientific development he wonders how many are dead and how many have got through the crisis safely. Passionately, he wonders how the successful ones did it. He refuses to believe that we cannot succeed as well. He thinks that the United States, for its part, is "in the foothills picking daisies and has not yet begun to climb the mountains; a deadline is on us; it is almost too late." A safeguards system going far beyond what there is now and involving everything from Doberman pinschers to satellite communication systems has to be designed and put into effect by 1975.

"We rely on our people," someone told us in the course of our travels. "We rely on our people, not on mechanical or instrumental safeguards. We look on strangers with a skeptical eye." In the doorway of a plutonium-fuel-fabricating plant Taylor would prefer something more than a gimlet eye. The West Germans, at a plant in Karlsruhe, have doorway monitors that will sound an alarm if so much as a gram of plutonium comes anywhere near them. Doorway monitors are not required in the United States—gamma-ray counters, neutron counters, metal detectors. Under the new A.E.C. regulations, companies may install them or may substitute a personal search by a guard. Much might be learned from prisons. If four high walls with sharpshooters positioned at the corners are deemed necessary for the containment of felons, why are they not necessary for a hundred bombs' worth of plutonium?

Len Brenner, director of the A.E.C.'s Division of Nuclear Materials Security, does not think that transportation is necessarily the weakest link in the civilian power fuel cycle. "It depends on who wants the stuff," he said. "If someone does not care that the theft is overt, then transportation is the most vulnerable spot. If the bomber cares, then he has to pilfer the stuff piecemeal, undetected—and not from trucks. A covert man would have to work in a plant and understand its materials-accountability system. This is why that system needs improving."

Delmar Crowson, Brenner's predecessor, said that what is needed is a computerized system in which all material is constantly measured—providing what he called "real-time data." He



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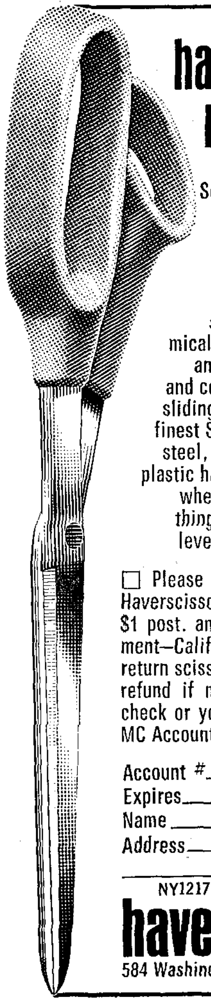

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said the A.E.C. should have computers that talk to the computers of, for example, Consolidated Edison. "Then if someone says there's something missing, we'd be able to say what it is—ideally—in a few minutes." For people in the nuclear-power business who have access to weapons-grade material, no security clearance is required. The A.E.C. recommends that it be required. Brenner has suggested that, at the very least, periodic psychiatric evaluations might be made of people who deal with special nuclear materials. Acts of Congress are needed for such moves, and Congress has not acted.

Perhaps the Red Army—out of sheer international prudence—would be eager to transport our fissile material for us, since our own Army (bad for the image of the atom) has been considered and rejected for the job. Possibly it would be best to ship everything by rail, under armed guard, and with a transmitter on every canister. Ted Taylor believes that all fissile material in transit should be weighed down with steel and concrete to the point where no gang without a crane could move it. Is it better to send ten shipments of two hundred kilograms or one shipment of two thousand kilograms? He emphatically favors the big shipment—convoyed, superguarded. Should fissile material be labelled as such when in transit? If it is not labelled, it is, in effect, camouflaged in the immense flow of nonweapons-grade material that travels the same routes. The industry, however, has reported to the A.E.C. that enough informants exist to make that particular disguise pointless.

A truck full of plutonium had once begun a journey of hundreds of miles when the shipper realized an error had been made and wanted to call the truck back. Having no radio contact with the driver or any other way of communicating with him, the shipper called state and local police. Would someone please stop the plutonium truck and tell the driver to turn around? The truck made its way through the towns and counties of five states, and the police never found it at all. ("The police area needs a lot of attention," said someone at the A.E.C.) Police, as a whole, know nothing of the sensitivity of the fissile materials that pass through their states and communities. They do not have a sense of the magnitude of the threat, the importance of finding and recovering—perhaps dying in the attempt—what they might be called upon to try to find and recover.

Fuel that is fabricated in Wilmington, North Carolina, may go to California to be fissioned in a reactor, then to Morris, Illinois, to be reprocessed. The distances are typical. The nuclear-power fuel cycle is disjoint. It probably should be required by law that chemical reprocessing plants and fuel-fabrication plants that handle weapons-grade material be built side by side. Then the plutonium nitrate that comes out of the one plant could go straight into the other plant, and on into a form—mixed-oxide fuel pellets—far less readily convertible into a bomb. The long trip as nitrate or pure oxide would be avoided. Meanwhile, plans and applications continue to come forth for reprocessing plants and fuel-fabricating plants in places spread out through the land. Near West Valley, New York, Nuclear Fuel Services has considered building a plutonium-recycle fuel-fabrication plant next door to the ASDA storage facility. This would make something of a nuclear park of the West Valley nuclear reservation, and that is what the State of New York intended when, in 1961, it bought some three thousand acres outside West Valley. The state has envisioned a garden of atoms, with reactors and reprocessing and fuel-fabrication and conversion facilities agglomerate. All components of the fuel cycle could be within one compound, including many reactors—uranium ore coming in one end and electricity going out the other. Opposite the safeguards advantages of such a nuclear park, the disadvantages are the distances required for transmission lines and susceptibility to sabotage.

There is irony in the nuclear-safeguards problem. It is possible that by the end of the twentieth century all the vast burgeoning of plutonium from light-water and breeder reactors—a million kilograms per year—will end. It is hoped and, by some, expected that thermonuclear-fusion reactors will by then start producing electricity. Their fuel will be the heavy isotopes of hydrogen, the most abundant energy resource on the earth, and the energy crisis will cease to be a crisis for many millions of years. The fusion reactor is a paper reactor now, of course, and, as Admiral Rickover has said, "A paper reactor works best." But with fusion there is very much less of the kind of risk that worries Ted Taylor with plutonium-239 and uranium-235. It will be extremely difficult, though perhaps not impossible, to make a bomb with anything having to do with a pure-fusion reactor. But meanwhile enough material will have been produced during the fragile interim—in the final, desperate decades of this six-packed and air-conditioned century—to destroy every urban area in the world several times over.

One helpful decision might be to spend more money on fusion research. It is, as Glenn Seaborg has described it, "the most difficult scientific-technological project ever undertaken by mankind." Seaborg said at the same time—speaking before the Atomic Industrial Forum and the American Nuclear Society—that fusion is safer than fission, for there is no possibility of a runaway accident. "Nuclear power is still invisible compared with its imminent role," he said, and, in passing, he urged everyone to remember that "the synthetic environment is as important as the natural one." The government's budget for fiscal 1974 allots five hundred and twenty million dollars for research in fission, ninety-eight million for fusion. It calls for, incidentally, a hundred and seventy million dollars for studies having to do with coal, eleven million for research in geothermal energy, and thirteen million for research in solar power. The sun is a fusion reactor. Perhaps the sun will eventually replace all reactors built on earth.

The continuing existence of the nuclear-power fuel cycle, for all its problems, seems inevitable. People will live with it in the way that others have lived with fear of the sword. The question is not so much whether it is good or bad as whether mankind can live with the bad part—a bomb now and again going off God knows where—in order to have the good. "Every civilization must go through this," Taylor repeats. "Those that don't make it destroy themselves. Those that do make it wind up cavorting all over the universe." As I followed him around the country, people kept asking me, more often than I can count from memory, if I realized the size of the investment that is already implanted in the nuclear industry and how damaging to that investment any major change in the industry's patterns could be. I concluded that other civilizations may well have died rich. —JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the last part of a three-part Profile.*)

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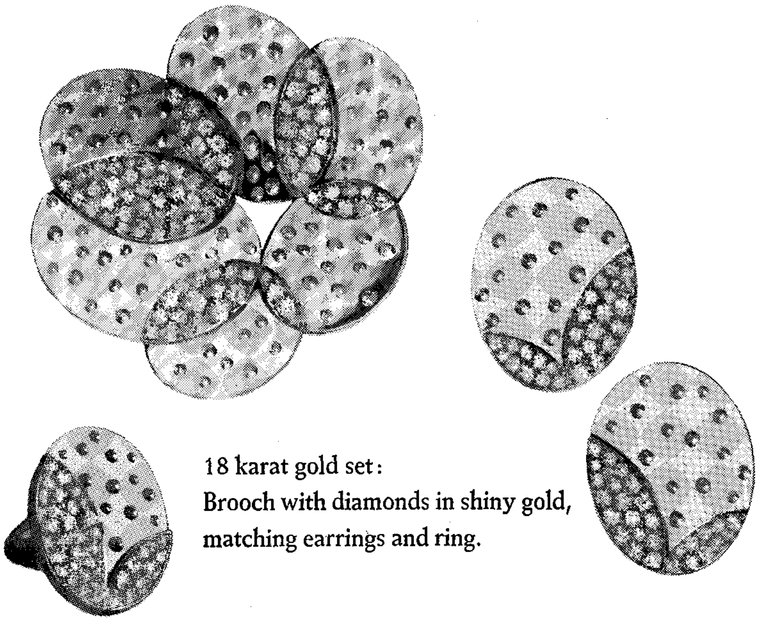

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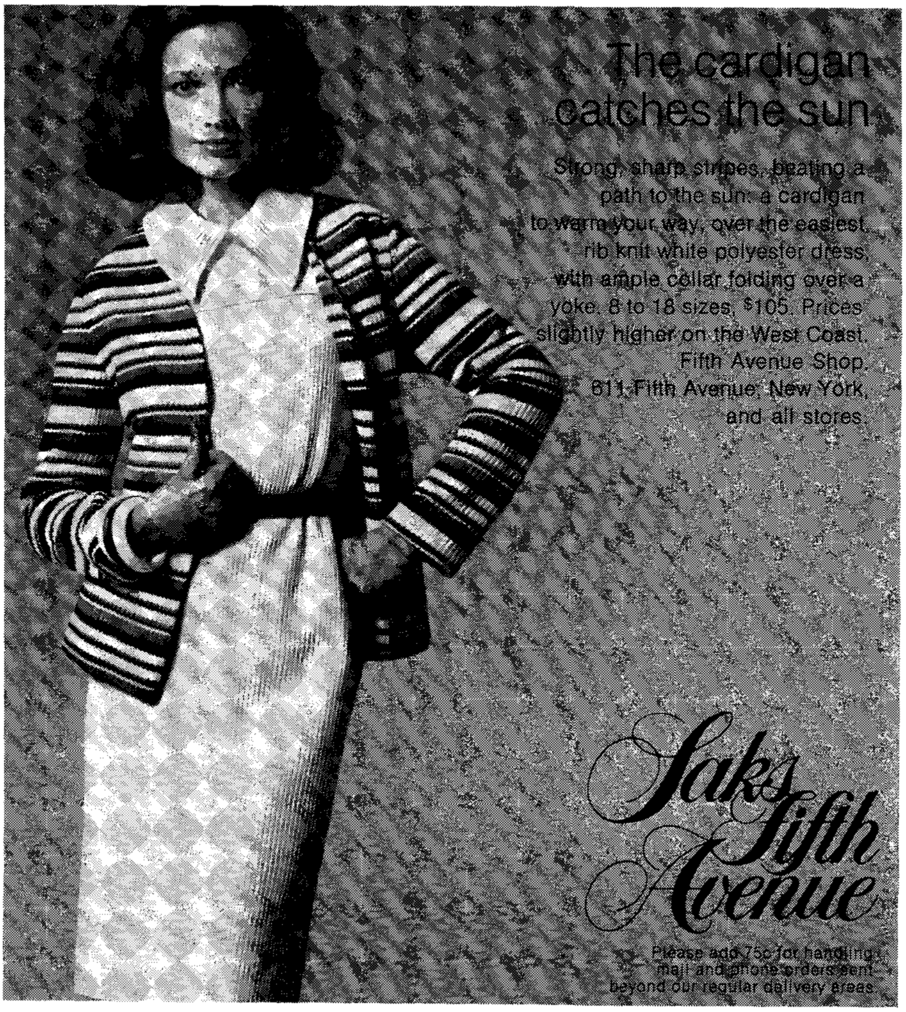

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THE THEATRE

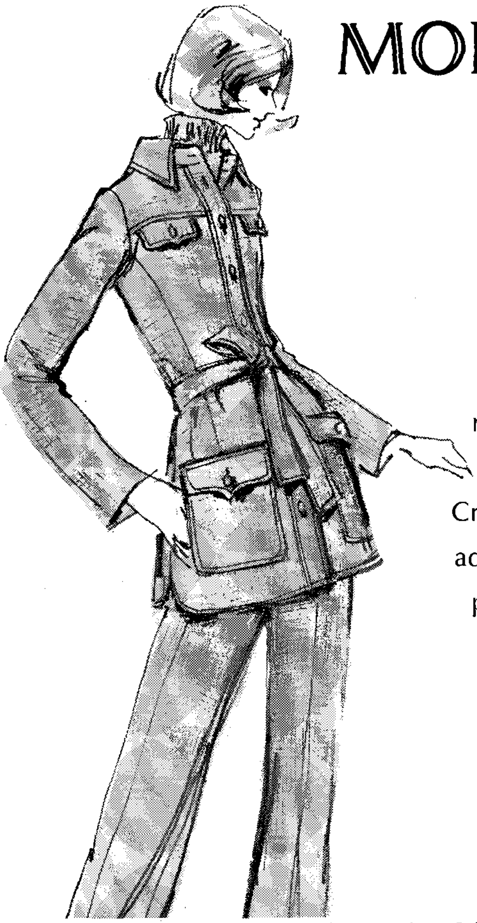
OFF BROADWAY

AT Mark Medoff's "When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?," the new and, I'd think, about-to-be-long-term tenant of the Eastside, we are in the hands of a playwright who knows what he is doing every step of the way. What he is doing doesn't amount to much, but it works. The action takes place early one Sunday morning in a New Mexico diner that adjoins a motel and gas station. In walks a young tough named Teddy, a *soi-disant* member of the "disaffected generation," who is running dope out of Mexico into California. The dope is hidden in his car, and the car has broken down. He is with a young woman, and they must remain at the diner until his old generator is replaced by a new one. Immediately, and with a dreadful false expansiveness, he starts getting at everyone there. He asks nosy, embarrassing, bullying questions, he is an expert at putting on and telling off, and he seems dedicated to making those around him (including me) as miserable as possible in the interests of some "truth" or other. By the time he is through, all the weaknesses and secrets and delusions of his victims have been exposed, and all their pretensions have been stripped away. These victims include the fat, shy, gentle girl behind the counter; a woman violinist on her way to perform with the New Orleans Philharmonic and travelling in a Cadillac with her rich husband; the gimpy old proprietor of the motel and gas station; and, above all, a boy who has just come off the night shift at the diner. This boy, who gives the play its title, is named Steven Ryder but insists upon being called Red in honor of some bygone cowboy star. He is a swaggering, virginal, spindly fellow, with the words "Born Dead" tattooed on his arm, and his assertions of manliness take the form of plain surliness. His romantic dream is to get out of town, Western-style, with a pack on his back, and he is dearly loved by the fat countergirl. The first act ends with a gunshot and a blackout (it should end with a curtain, if the Eastside owns one: "The Petrified Forest" had a curtain; "The Iceman Cometh" had a curtain), and before the play ends most of the characters are lying on the floor bound and gagged.

Mr. Medoff's ideas may be shallow and second-hand—the exposure of the legend of the Old West, to pick one example, has become as much a cliché as the legend itself—but his characters and many of the words they speak are not. The play, by and large, is well performed, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. Kevin Conway gives the role of Teddy all the brash, steely, disconcerting shrewdness it demands (and a bit more); Elizabeth Sturges plays the fat countergirl with strength and delicacy; and Bradford Dourif seems just right as poor, grumpy Steven. Bill Stabile designed the good, literal setting; I liked the big electric clock on the wall which kept time with the action.

DAVID E. FREEMAN'S "Creeps" is a very, very sad almost-play, which opened last week at Playhouse 2. It is set in a shelter for cerebral-palsy victims—more precisely, in the shelter's filthy men's washroom, which the four principal characters, themselves cripples, use as a meeting hall. The elements that compose what plot there is are their rage and bitter humor; the sexual and other fantasies (these acted out) that both torture them and keep them going; their agony at the trap they are in; and the attempt of one of them to break out and try living on his own. They detest the shelter—the physiotherapy and the menial jobs that they do for nothing—but they are terrified, with reason, of the world outside. As the action proceeds, the personalities of the four men emerge distinctly through their strangled, glottal speech and their tortured, jerky movements. The actors who portray them—Steven Gilborn, Mark Metcalf, Bruce Weitz, and Richard DeFabees—do very well, Mr. Gilborn especially so. It should also be mentioned that Philip Charles MacKenzie effectively quadruples as a palsied imbecile (at one point masturbating into

"*Must* you hang around with those baboons?"



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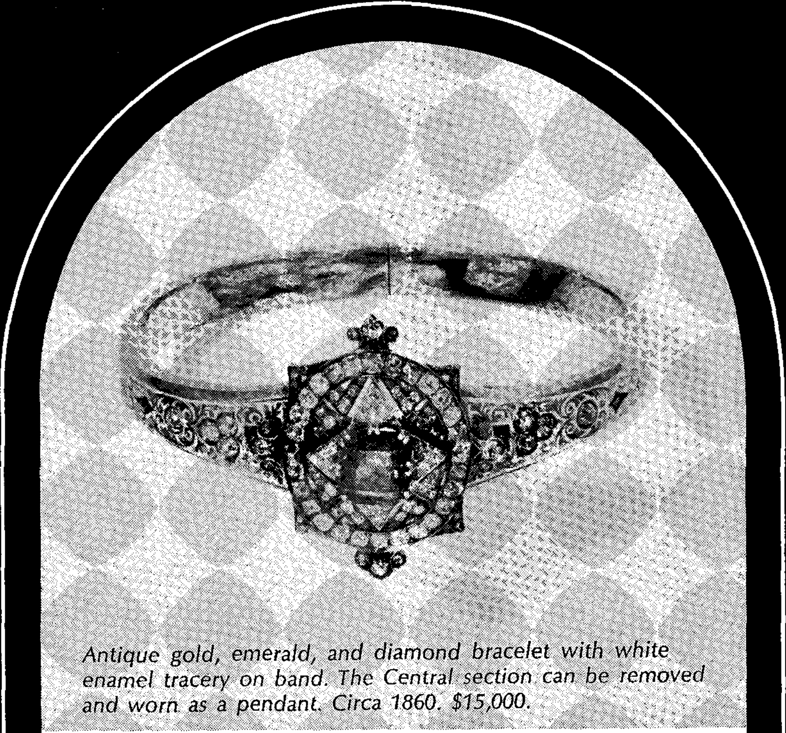

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a urinal) and, in the fantasies, as a master of ceremonies, a clown, and a barker, which is certainly a feat. Louis W. Scheeder directed. David Chapman is responsible for that correctly vile setting. "Creeps" does not make a play, but there are people on that stage. Watching them is all but unbearable. I wish I could forget them, but I doubt I ever will.

FORGETTING The New York Shakespeare Festival's production of "*Troilus and Cressida*" is easy; the difficult thing was to keep one's attention on it, for it is muddled and prankish and notional. "Troilus" is a tremendous play, but not a very clear one to start with, and surely it is a function of the director to make it clear, even at the cost of repressing his own high, campy spirits. Christopher Walken, as the sulky Achilles, speaks his lines with understanding and clarity, and Ulysses' beautiful speech that starts, "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back/ Wherein he puts alms for oblivion," as recited by Leonard Frey, had a marked effect on the audience the evening I was there. That is all, though. It could be said, I guess, that no more liberties are taken with the script in this production than were taken in the Shakespeare Festival's delightful "Two Gentlemen of Verona" a couple of years ago. The difference is that the liberties taken enhanced that play and diminish this one to nothing. —EDITH OLIVER

•

Most judges like one big case to cap a career—and Water-gate must rank as one of the century's biggest. But Sirica in-dicates he's not ready to retire. "I like being a trial judge," he said. "I like people. I've never been a person to have found myself be-ginning work at 4 and 5 a.m."

Sirica was appointed to the federal bench by President Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1957 after a 30-year career as prose-cutor and trial attorney. His of-fice is adorned with pictures of his wife and three children, but only one framed certifi-cate: the one proclaiming his appoint-ment that speaks of "special trust and confidence in the wis-dom, uprightness and learn-ing," of Sirica.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

It's all very interest-ing.

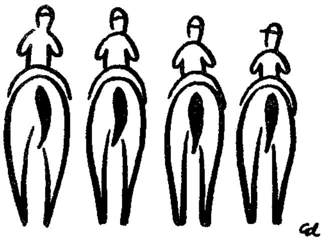
•

Clayton Boisvert, Castro Valley, was appointed Port of Oakland surprising engineer in charge of the planning and design section.—*Photograph caption in the Oakland* (*Calif.*) *Tribune.*

Remember his suspension bridge? The one with the balloons?

THE RACE TRACK

Repeater



OFFHAND, I'd say that the most improved three-year-old these late-autumn days is the Lazy F Ranch's rangy, seventeen-hands-tall Forego. Following up his galloping victory in the Roamer Handicap a fortnight before, he won the Discovery Handicap, at a mile and a furlong, at Aqueduct last Saturday. My Gallant was second again, three-quarters of a length away. This time, Forego, who carried 127 pounds, gave My Gallant five; in the Roamer it was two. Key to the Kingdom, who led most of the way, finished third, five lengths behind, but he had crowded Torsion on the clubhouse turn, and, following a claim of foul, his number was taken down and Arbees Boy was moved up into third place. In fact, the Discovery was almost a carbon copy of the Roamer, except for the disqualification. Because of his size and ouchy ankles, Forego did not race as a two-year-old, but Sherrill Ward, who was then training him for Mrs. William Farris and her daughter Mrs. Edward H. Gerry, owners of the Lazy F Ranch, thought this spring that Forego might give Secretariat a run for the money. As you may remember, Forego was fourth in the Kentucky Derby, after a rough trip, and he ran brilliantly in an allowance race, winning by nine lengths, the day of the Belmont. Then ankle trouble caught up with him again. Around that time, Ward went on the hospital list himself, and Forego was turned over to Eddie Hayward. Now the colt is back in good shape, and if he stays sound he'll be a likely member of the all too small handicap division from now on.

WHILE any number of basketball, football, and baseball players are in the higher income brackets, jockeys don't do badly, either. Laffit Pincay, Jr., for one. This year, the horses he has ridden have earned $4,013,277, which is more than any other rider has registered in a single season. Since a jockey gets ten per cent, that's a tidy bit of take-home pay. When the statistician who keeps track of those things told Pincay the news early last week, the boy ordered his agent to cancel all his remaining engagements, and a couple of days later he left Long Island with his wife and young daughter for a holiday in California before Santa Anita opens, on December 27th. This is the fourth year in a row that he has taken the money-winning title. Twenty-seven years old and a native of Panama, Pincay was discovered and brought to this country by Fred Hooper, who also brought us Baeza. Curiously, though Shoemaker has been at the top of the winning list ten times in the twenty-five years he has been riding, his mounts have never earned anything like Pincay's; his best year was $3,052,108, in 1967.

Down at Laurel, Sandy Hawley, who topped the winning list in 1970 and 1972 and will do it again this year, is rolling along. By the end of last week, he had run his total of winners to 490, counting two last Saturday. This passed the world's mark of 485, set by Shoemaker twenty years ago.

THE book this department recommends for your Christmas list (and your own Christmas stocking, too) is "The Brigadier," by John Hislop (Martin Secker & Warburg). It's the story of Brigadier Gerard, England's equivalent of Secretariat, who in three seasons—1970 through 1972—ran eighteen times, all in stakes races, and won seventeen and finished second in the other. Mr. Hislop, who bred him, and who owns him in partnership with his wife, tells how the Brigadier came from the planned mating of an unfashionable stallion with a mare from the family of the famous Pretty Polly, the author's childhood idol; how he was trained by Dick Hern; and how he was ridden by Joe Mercer. The account is perfectly delightful. I saw the Brigadier win the Middle Park Stakes, one of England's blue ribbons for two-year-olds, and I confess that I fell harder for him than I have for any other horse I can remember. Shortly after the Middle Park, the Hislops were offered £250,000 for their colt, but after a glass of champagne they pledged themselves never to sell him. Horses like that seldom come along.

A MEMO from Florida: Gulfstream Park is adding $150,000 to the Florida Derby this year.

—AUDAX MINOR

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THE ART WORLD

Futurism et Seq.

FUTURISM, the Milanese art movement born in the years immediately preceding the First World War, is the model for later twentieth-century aesthetic vanguards: its fierce criticism of contemporary culture and society aimed to stir up an uneasy self-consciousness, and it incorporated advanced techniques of publicity and showmanship, together with a militant rhetoric difficult for a modern public to ignore. Its message was spiritual stability through living in the present—a program that takes into account modern man's uncertain grasp on the past and the future. Futurism was an aesthetics of action geared to the rhythm of events. Wyndham Lewis, the British painter, novelist, and polemicist, whose Vorticism was a contemporary variant of Futurism, denied that Futurism looked to the future; Severini, whom he called the "foremost" of the Futurists, painted, he pointed out, Paris night spots, and everyone knew there would be no night spots in 1984. "Futurism," said Lewis, "means the Present, with the Past rigidly excluded."

Futurism was not anti-art, but, in rejecting memory and the ideal, it was hostile to the notion of lasting works, and it anticipated that the art of its time, including Futurist art, would rapidly become obsolete and be displaced by new expressions of creative vitality. When, some weeks ago, Robert Scull dumped his Abstract Expressionist, Pop, and color-field canvases at Sotheby Parke Bernet, he achieved a realization of the art collector as Futurist. The works he sold—by de Kooning, Newman, Jasper Johns, Rauschenberg, and their contemporaries—had become "Past;" proof of this was their critical acceptance and the high prices they brought at the auction. Only by purging himself of his collection could Scull restore the poise of empty expectancy essential to a fresh confrontation of the new. Perhaps being the proprietor of a fleet of taxicabs was sufficient to inspire him with the spirit of the movement Lewis nicknamed "automobilism." An art critic who denounced the Scull-Sotheby sell-off as "the end of the art world" merely demonstrated, it seems to me, that she had been miseducated in the history of art. It is now sixty-five years since E. F. T. Marinetti, progenitor and guiding brain of Futurism, proclaimed that for art to stay alive it had to keep finding ways of bringing itself to an end. The listlessness in the studios today is undoubtedly due to a decade of artificial stabilization of art and to ongoing efforts by government and private cultural agencies, as well as by the art market, to prevent it from sinking out of sight in the present crisis of society.

Futurism identified art with physical dynamics and effusions of human energy. The Futurist paintings, sculptures, and drawings in the Winston/Malbin Collection currently on display at the Guggenheim Museum bear such titles as "Path of a Gunshot" and "Fist of Boccioni; Force-Lines of the Fist of Boccioni" (Giacomo Balla); "Sea = Dancer" and "Soldier in Trench" (Gino Severini); "The Night of January 20, 1915, I Dreamed This Picture (Joffre's Angle of Penetration on the Marne Against Two German Cubes)" (Carlo Carrà); "Development of a Bottle in Space (Still Life)" and "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space" (Umberto Boccioni). In place of static subjects—still-lifes, landscapes, portraits—Futurism found its motifs in various types of motion, whether of birds, winds, or machines, and in forms of risk and struggle, such as auto racing and combat. (Characteristic Boccionis, not in the Winston/Malbin Collection, are "Riot in the Gallery," "The City Rises," and "The Forces of a Street.")

The ultimate direction of Futurist activism was political, though Futurism did not specify what kind of politics it advocated. In Italy, under the influence of Marinetti, it became nationalist, militarist, and élitist; in Russia, where Marinetti built a following, it inclined toward the left. In the last analysis, Marinetti found more significance in Futurism than he did in forms of social revolution. "I am delighted to learn," he wrote in 1920, in "Beyond Communism," "that the Russian Futurists are all Bolsheviks and that for a while Futurist art was the official Russian art. On May Day of last year the Russian cities were decorated with Futurist paintings. Lenin's trains were decorated on the outside with colored dynamic forms very like those of Boccioni, Balla, and Russolo. This does

79
93
87
27
Mirachi

"Just between us, after all these years I still can't distinguish between unnecessary roughness and necessary roughness."

honor to Lenin and cheers us like one of our own victories. . . . Every people had, or still has, its passéism to overthrow."

Futurism revolutionized art by converting it into a field of action. Painting a picture was placed on a par with winning a race or organizing a mass meeting. A well-known photograph of Futurist chiefs on a visit to Paris shows Russolo, Carrà, Marinetti, Boccioni, and Severini in overcoats and derbies staring belligerently into the camera like characters in an early night-club movie. What is interesting is not that tough guys should be artists but that artists should want to look like tough guys. Futurism replaced the artist as bohemian—identified by his guitar, his wine bottle, and his harlequin mask—with the artist as adventurer and cultural agitator; more exactly, with the artist band united by social, philosophical, and aesthetic precepts intended to put them in the van of society as men of the world. A public figure, or one engaged in forcing himself on the public, the artist was no longer so much a source of art objects (Picasso, Matisse) as he was an agonist displaying trophies of victory over society (Duchamp, Warhol).

Futurism had a program before it had paintings and sculptures; in this respect, its works can be seen as illustrations of Futurist doctrine. Moreover, Futurism had a leader who was not himself a painter. Yet Marinetti's concepts, while cohesive enough to give Futurist artists a common direction, were not so narrow as to hem them in. Marinetti was more of a muse than a commissar (the question of the advantages and drawbacks of basing art on ideology still remains to be investigated). Marinetti, often referred to as the "impresario" of Futurism, is an early example of the "artist" without a genre, or of the artist whose genre is used as an instrument in his campaign to transform all genres. He wrote poems, novels, and essays, but his true medium was the manifesto and, later, the boisterous "Futurist evening." This is another way of saying that the major talent of this rhapsodist and poet-anti-poet was for whipping up public attention; the nineteen-sixties might have recognized him as a master of "guerrilla theatre." He was adept at demonstrations—not yet even today an acknowledged art form, though it combines spectacle, decoration (banners, uniforms, slogans), rhetoric, noise, movement of masses. Marinetti's agitational public performances were to have tremendous reverberations in the Fascist and Communist mass

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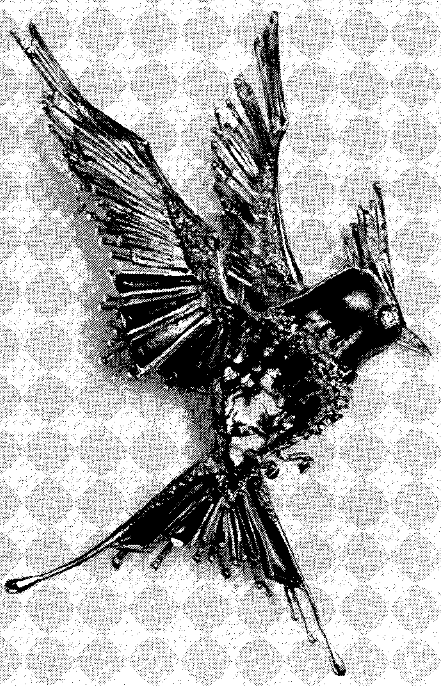

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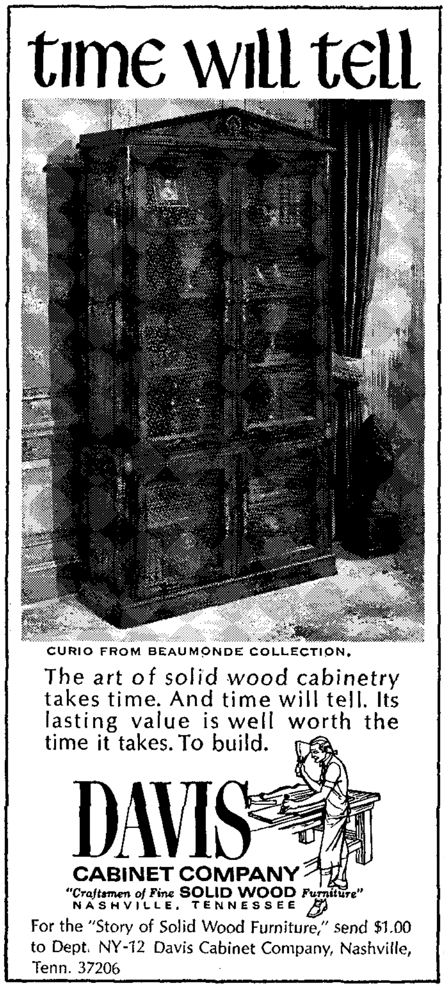
demonstrations of Italy, Russia, and Germany.

STYLISTICALLY, Futurism is a derivative of Cubism, an animation of its patterns of visual data—eyes, rows of piano keys—peeping out from among layers of angles and curves. The relation is so close that the two movements are often bracketed as Cubism/Futurism—for instance, in the chapter in "Movements in Modern Art," by Donald Carroll and Edward Lucie-Smith (Horizon), and in the title of a new book by Max Kozloff (Charterhouse). In philosophy, mood, and practice, however, Futurism was the direct antithesis of Cubism, and its struggle in painting was mainly directed against this predecessor. Cubism had diluted the formal tradition of European painting and sculpture by injecting into it folk and African elements, but without raising the issue of what was happening to Europe itself. With its concern for the inner logic of form, Cubism is the last grand expression of a kind of laissez-faire, or free commodity production, in art that considers gains in technical and formal resources to be valuable in themselves. Art after the first two decades of this century has, however, never been free of intervention, whether by the state or by the art market. The uprising of Futurism consisted in linking art to history rather than to art history; it imposed upon art the obligation to speak for the times. From Futurism on, the aesthetics of each new advanced art movement—from Dada, Surrealism, Constructivism, and Social Realism to Action painting, anti-Formal art, and Conceptual art—has included a conception of the historical situation and a strategy for dealing with it. There is an inherent agitational element in post-Cubist avant-garde art, which is felt to be present even when the artists involved choose—as in Pop Art—to disavow it.

With the arrival of Futurism, art began to aspire toward a complete conception of life, and, with that, toward a heroic way of living. Dada and Surrealism continued the attack of Futurism on social and cultural forms in the period between the two wars, while Constructivism engaged itself—during the early years of Communist rule—in rebuilding Russia on a rational basis, and the Bauhaus attempted a similar function in Weimar Germany. In the catalogue of the Guggenheim Winston exhibition, Linda Shearer, a research fellow who worked on the show, traces the influence of Futurism upon Dada, Surrealism, and Russian Constructivism, and concludes that "all the artists discussed here were intent upon creating a total world view." That avant-garde paintings and sculptures should have become aspects of ideological striving is of momentous importance in the deciphering of their meaning. (Conceptual art arises from recognizing this ideological essence of contemporary paintings and sculptures, and drawing the conclusion that the works themselves can therefore be dispensed with.) If, despite sympathetic relations between Marinetti and Mussolini, Futurism proved unable to cohabit with Fascism, it was because both were totalitarian; and a similar irreconcilability between a total aesthetic and totalitarian politics undermined the collaboration between Russian Futurism and Bolshevism noted by Marinetti, as well as later attempts of Constructivists and Surrealists to place themselves "in the service of the Revolution" (to quote the title of a Surrealist periodical of the nineteen-thirties). Kasimir Malevich—the founder of Suprematism, whose changes from ideology to ideology and from style to style (he was a Futurist from 1911 to 1912) are vividly indicated in a retrospective at the Guggenheim running concurrently with the Winston exhibition—also arrived, according to the catalogue of his show, at "the idea of art as an independent form of thought, a part of the human conceptual range on a level with religion and materialistic philosophy." But, of course, this view, and Suprematism itself, were unable to resist being crushed by the application of Soviet "doctrinary power."

Futurism has contributed its share to the icons of the twentieth century. Balla's multilegged trotting dog with a bouquet of tails, Severini's dotted armored train, Boccioni's bronze bottle that has the effect of having opened up when it was whirled, and his gladiator striding through time as if it were water streaming behind him are figures in the inner movie of modern visual culture that stand alongside Delaunay's tilted Eiffel Tower and Duchamp's descending nude. Yet the paintings and sculptures of the masters of Futurism are not of first rank in the creations of this century. One reason may be that the movement lasted only a short while; most of its outstanding work was produced in 1911-12. Before the end of the First World War, Boccioni, Futurism's most vigorous artist, was dead, and the majority of the artists who had fallen in step with Marinetti, including the prerevolu-



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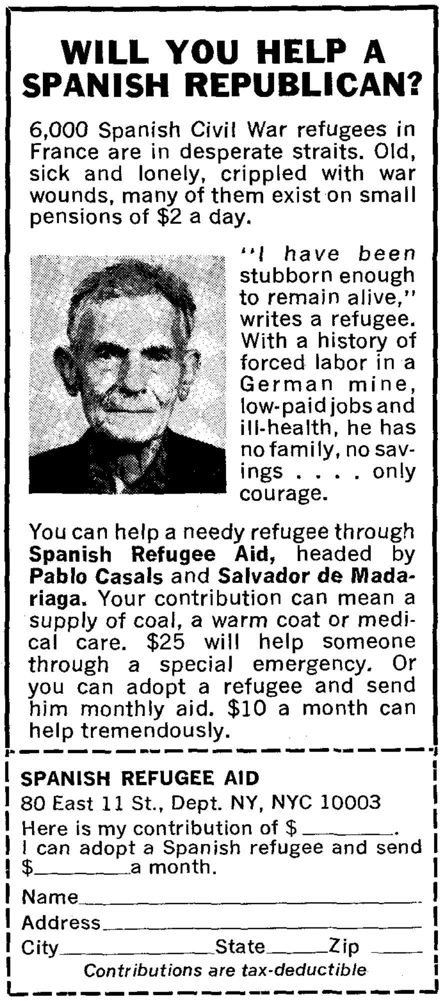

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tionary Russians, had moved on to other modes. Wyndham Lewis questioned the creative élan of the Futurists on the ground that they were "too much theorists and propagandists"—a charge that, in one form or another, has been levelled against all advanced artists since Impressionism. Perhaps contradicting himself, Lewis also declared that "the effervescent, Active-Man of the Futurist imagination [a bit different from a theorist and propagandist] would never be a first-rate artist." My own view is that the profoundest lack in Futurism lay not in being too programmatic or in identifying art with action but in conceiving the "present" in terms of mechanical and technological phenomena—speed, crowds, "forces"—and the thrills of becoming one with them. That, however, was the mood of Futurism, and that is what its historical moment called upon it to embody, and for it excellence in art took second place to intensifying the novel quality of experience in one's own time. In any case, if this brief, overexcited art movement projected stimulating rays throughout modes of creation that came after it, that is so less because of its products than because of the pertinence of its ideas—even when they were wrong—of what it means to be alive in this uniquely unsettling era. For all his reservations about it, Wyndham Lewis praised Futurism by calling it "one of the alternative terms for modern painting."

THE show at the Guggenheim is labelled "Futurism: A Modern Focus"—a title that puts appropriate stress on the centrality of Futurism in present-day art. The Winston/Malbin Collection, from which the exhibition has been drawn, is not confined to Futurist works but consists of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by a great variety of twentieth-century artists, including some lesser-known ones, as well as graphics, posters, rare books, and antiquities. Of the over six hundred items in the Collection, two hundred and fifty have been selected for the "Futurism" show, presumably on the basis of some kind of relevance in style, outlook, or subject. Though the Collection is important for its Futurist holdings, it is extremely uneven in its coverage of the movement. Balla is best represented (though not by that rustling "Dog on a Leash"), and there are outstanding Boccioni sculptures (the bottle, the striding figure) and a Cubist-influenced portrait of the artist's mother, in addition to a striking canvas, "The Street Pavers," and a fascinating group of more than a hundred draw-

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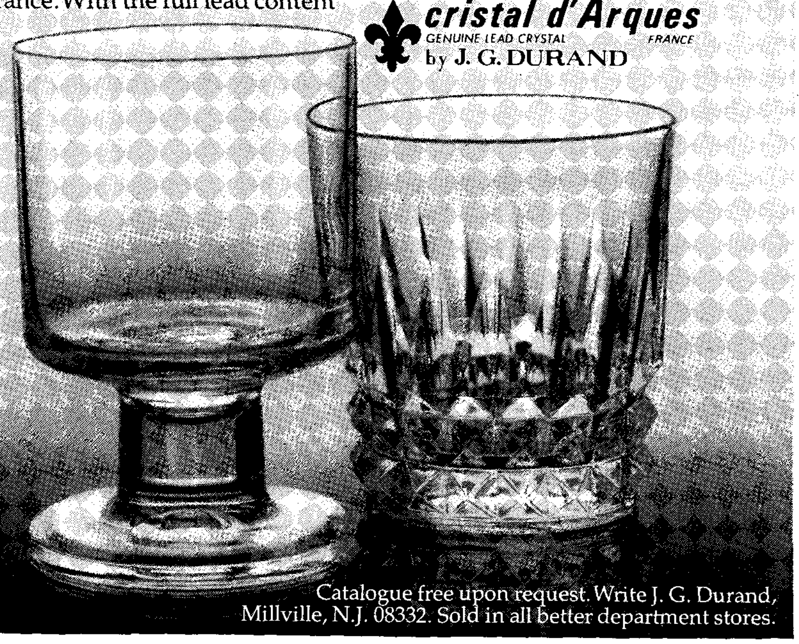

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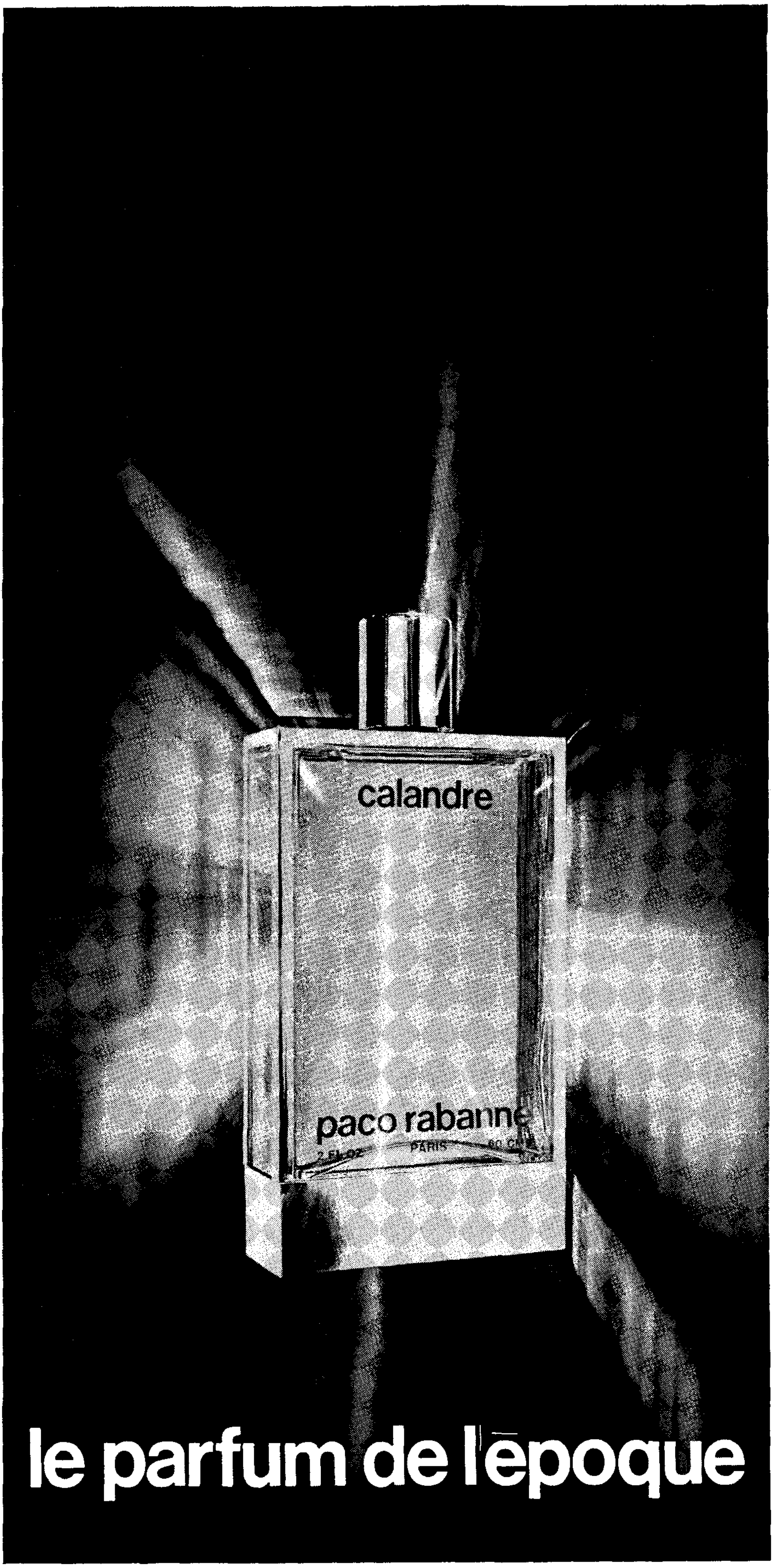

WOODWARD & LOTHROP

ings and prints that provide an intimate view of Boccioni's experiments in different approaches. Of Severini, the Winston Collection has only secondary examples, except for "Sea = Dancer," a decorative composition with which the Winstons initiated their acquisitions of Futurist art. There is an interesting if corny oil, "Perfume," by Luigi Russolo, Futurism's "noise" musician, and a not so interesting etching, by the same artist, of a profile of Nietzsche. The most pronounced insufficiency of the Collection is in the work of Carrà, one of the pioneers of the movement, who is seen only in a single small collage. Together with a couple of works on paper by the halfway Futurist Mario Sironi, the pieces mentioned constitute the Futurist "focus" at the Guggenheim. Without too severe straining, they reach back to several indistinct Symbolist sculptures by Medardo Rosso, the contemporary of Rodin whom the Futurists hailed as a forerunner, and forward to mind-machine paintings by Picabia, a mobile by Calder, colored discs by Delaunay, drawings and reliefs by Arp (but not the later stone "concretions"), metal sculptures by Pevsner, and even paintings by Ernst, Pollock, and Warhol; the silk-screen portrait of the last deserves a place in a "Futurism" gallery in reward for the artist's publicity sense and his theatrical handling of the art public.

But the Futurist "focus" cannot be intelligibly expanded to include everything the Winstons/Malbins chose to acquire. Despite valiant efforts in catalogue introductions—"Beyond Futurism: The Winston/Malbin Collection," by Linda Shearer, and "Futurism Now," by Marianne W. Martin—the focus of the show is thoroughly blurred by the presence of paintings by Gleizes, Braque, Feeley, Noland, Morris Louis, and Frank Stella, and sculptures by Moore, Laurens, and Lachaise. There is art since Futurism that Futurism is *against*, as it was opposed to Cubist fixity and formalist detachment. A spectator who started down the Guggenheim ramp expecting to see Futurist and Futurist-related art could not fail to be utterly bewildered. No doubt the Futurist label on the exhibition was intended to add specialized distinction to the Collection and an air of theoretical intentionality and coherence of taste to the collectors. Whatever the motive, however, Winston/Malbin Futurism is an instance, unfortunately not rare, of the passion for art collecting smothering the art collected. At least, Robert Scull's auction opened the cages.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Hero as Freak

WHAT could be a more appropriate subject for a 1973 movie than the ordeal of Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman who became a pariah in the Department because he wouldn't take bribes? Serpico, whose incorruptibility alienates him from his fellow-officers and turns him into a messianic hippie freak, is a perfect modern-movie hero; "Serpico" is a far from perfect movie, but there are probably few who will care about its technical crudities or the frequent slovenliness of the staging. The theme is richly comic: Reacting against the brutality and bribe-taking and hypocrisy of the Police Department, Serpico moved to the Village, let his hair grow, changed his style, and began to costume himself as an outcast. Considered a weirdo because he believed in the oath of office he'd sworn to, he began to act the weirdo; since he could no longer talk with the other officers in any way that made sense to him, he became a put-on artist. The put-on is the paranoid's favorite form of joking: who can say what he believes and what he doesn't, or if he himself knows? Serpico wasn't just playing a nut—he was becoming one. We have no word, as yet, for justifiable paranoia—that is, for the sane person's perception of a world become crazily menacing—and in terms of behavior there may not be much difference between living in terror of actual enemies and living in terror of imaginary enemies, particularly if the actual enemies represent the whole system of authority. When Serpico tried to reach higher-ups within the Department in order to report on the links of crime and vice and the drug traffic with the police, he discovered that the higher-ups were part of the criminal system, and when he went to outside agencies and to the Mayor's office, he couldn't get any action, either. But he became a marked man: brushed off and balked at every turn, he was an informer in the midst of the New York City Police Department. He was *considered* an informer; actually, he couldn't find anyone to inform to—no one would act on his information. He was like Kafka's Joseph K., living in terror in the midst of bureaucratized criminality, where the irrational has become the ordinary. That's the story of Serpico—except, of course, that he and an officer who had a contact at the *Times* and a police inspector willing to give corroborative evidence finally broke the scandal, the Knapp Commission was formed, and police heads rolled, in one of the largest shakeups in American police history. It's a superlative story-legend, combining Judas and Jesus in one small, wiry figure, who sacrificed his career and his health and lost his girl, but who survived and is, despite the bullet fragments he carries in his head, probably a stronger man because of what he went through.

The movie, adapted from the Peter Maas book by Waldo Salt and Norman Wexler, and directed by Sidney Lumet, is a hugely successful entertainment; it's a hit, no question about it—a big, big hit—and I can't imagine anyone, except some thousands of cops, not enjoying it, and it's so energetic and funny it might carry even them to laughter. "Serpico" doesn't have a full, satisfying narrative development, like "The Godfather;" it's more like a Tom and Jerry cartoon of Serpico's career, with the people and issues so simplified they seem exaggerated. When you think it over, you may miss a fuller development, particularly of Serpico's agitated character, but while you're seeing the movie the story itself and the fresh central figure, played by Al Pacino, and the pungent dialogue (never has a cast wrung so many meanings out of one four-letter word, and I don't mean "love") seem just about enough. Yet we never fully empathize with Pacino's Serpico—never imagine what it might be like to live in a snare, constantly apprehensive, and frustrated at every turn—because his situation is played not for the horror in the comedy but, rather, for a put-down of the society. The film keeps us in the position of the knowing; it's the way Mort Sahl might tell the story—making Serpico a poor schnook who didn't know what everybody else knew. Conceivably, greater artists could have put us right inside Serpico's paranoia, trying to cling to our sanity and experiencing the loner's panic as a dizzyingly sly joke. (That's how Kafka affects readers.) What has been done in the film is great fun, but it's a single-note joke, and there's no pain in it. What the film didn't do might have been tragicomic and reverberant—a true howl.

We don't get a clear view of Serpico as a rookie, to see in what ways he was different from the other rookies, and we are never brought to identify with his year-in-year-out doggedness; we merely observe it, and so it's easy to enjoy the humor in his situation when he's hated and isolated and lives fuming in rage. Pacino's poker face and offhand, fast throwaways keep the character remote; this Serpico is spry and laconic, and though we're always on his side, we're as far outside him as we would be if Groucho were playing the part. Groucho comes to mind because Pacino's tilted walk goes even farther down than Groucho's; he's practically at a forty-five-degree angle to the sidewalk, and I'm not sure what keeps him on his feet. Pacino's walk has finally found a character. It's as if Serpico couldn't straighten up, because he was physically locked in his obsession; his crazy pusher-saint look becomes a cartoon of his state of mind. Pacino doesn't seem to have the moral conviction that would make us take the character seriously, but he's charming and brisk as the seething master of the put-on except for one blot on his performance: he is often indistinguishable from Dustin Hoffman. He uses a high, nasal voice and wrangling New York speech, and as he got longer-haired and more bearded, I began to lose track of who it was under the foliage; there were scenes in which I actually thought I was watching Hoffman, and had to remind myself that it was Pacino. (If this shaggy, covered-in-hair look becomes the newest thing, we won't know who anybody is; it will be like living inside the "Duck Soup" mirror routine.) Pacino didn't turn into Hoffman in "The Godfather," but Coppola, who directed that, probably exercises much more control over his actors than Lumet, whom many actors love to work with because he lets them do what they want. Without much guidance, and with a short shooting schedule and a character who's written to be played on the surface, Pacino must have fallen back on hero-worship of Hoffman.

Once again, Lumet brought a picture in ahead of schedule, although scene after ragged scene cried out for retakes. "He completed the film in ten weeks and one day—incredible, considering the logistics," the publicity boasts, as if making a film were a race and the speedy Lumet the champ. He wins the prize this time, because the cynical, raw, but witty script is right for him and he gives the material the push it needs. But, except for Pacino, almost all the casting seems aberrant, and the actors playing smaller roles—there are around thirty of them—suffer, since

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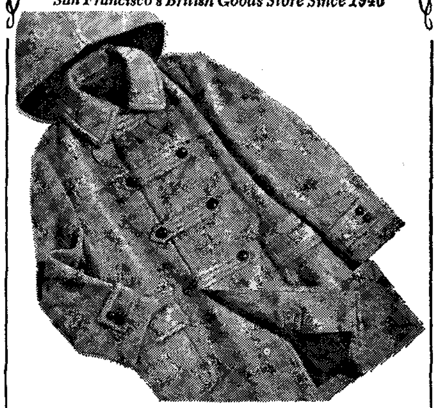
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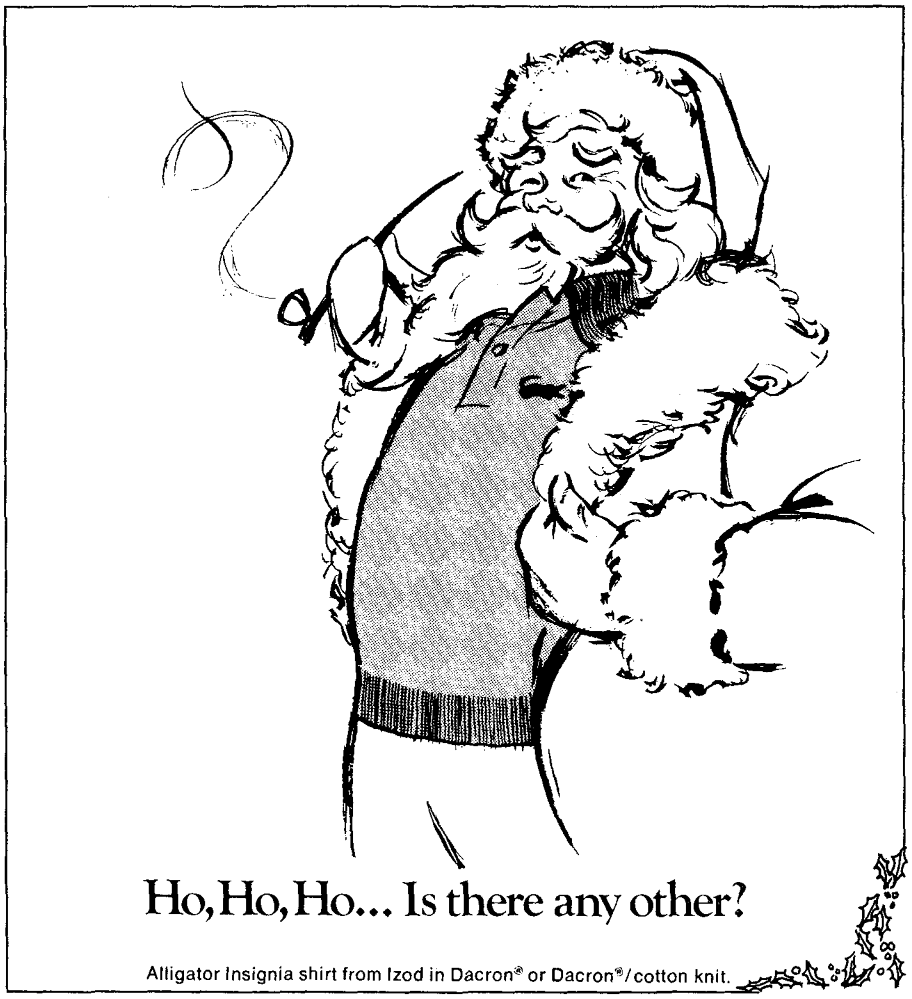
they can't direct themselves and work out a conception when they're on for only a scene or two. In some cases, actors with good reputations, such as Lewis J. Stadlen, come off abominably; and Barbara Eda-Young, making her movie début as Laurie, the nurse who loves Serpico but can't stand the pressure of his flare-ups, is given the worst lines in the film and allowed to emote as if she were in a different sort of vehicle altogether—she's chewing the wrong scenery. Visually, the movie is unpleasantly harsh—it might have been lighted for a police lineup. The music—the first score for an American picture by Mikis Theodorakis—is incongruous and is used disastrously; the tunes may be Italian, but the instrumentation sounds Greek, and why this metallic-sounding folksy music is rattling on while Serpico is testifying before the Knapp Commission I can't imagine—unless it's insultingly assumed that no one is interested in what he's saying.

The movie retains Peter Maas's spotty narrative: the episodes are flashbacks from the shooting of Serpico, even though that shooting isn't central to the main theme. Waldo Salt wrote the first script, and his general outline has been followed, but the rowdy spirit and the dry, wacked-out humor come from Norman Wexler, a former advertising man and political speech-writer, best known for "Joe" (and for his arrest for idly remarking on a plane that he was going to shoot Nixon). Wexler and John Avildsen, who directed "Joe" and was to have done "Serpico," went to Switzerland and lived with Serpico, and, for an intense week high up in the mountains, they all worked on it together. It was to have been a labor of mad love, but Avildsen got into disagreements with the executive producer, Dino De Laurentiis, and was replaced by Lumet, who thus came into the biggest commercial picture of his career. Probably it wouldn't have been very different if Avildsen had made it; the picture has some of the same temperament as "Joe." Wexler's talent, which is a little like Terry Southern's, dominates the mood. He writes virulent lowlife dialogue with a demented lift, and Lumet sends the comic scenes across. I remember thinking that Joe, the beady-eyed fascist, had so much audience appeal that he could return as the hero of an animated cartoon ("Joe the Hardhat," "Joe Goes Through Changes," "Joe Grows a Beard," "Joe at the Commune"), and "Serpico" has the same cartoon stridency and the same basic view of this society. The flat-out contempt for most of the characters makes the laughs come fast and easy; the laughter isn't deep or lasting, the way it might have been, but it's good and rude, and there's lots of it. The momentum that builds as Serpico gets more irascible and freakier carries you right up to the last fifteen minutes or so, and then you realize that the picture has set you up to expect more than it will deliver. Wexler and Lumet sacrifice Serpico's story to a cynical, downbeat finish—undermining Serpico's accomplishment by closing on his own sense of disgust with the whole scene.

They have worked toward this all along, not necessarily deliberately but in their attitudes—for example, by showing the corrupt police not as self-hating and miserable or as tormented by guilt and fear (why else would they be so down on Serpico for refusing to be like them?) but simply as crude, rotten villains. Yet one is still unprepared for this dim conclusion, which isn't dramatically sound and isn't sound in historical terms or in plain human terms. Suppose that Serpico didn't really change the system very much, suppose that he only pinked it; nevertheless, he survived, and he demonstrated to rookie cops that it was possible to stand up to corruption. The movie leaves out such details from the Maas book as that thirty-five cops wanted to give blood for him the night he was shot; it leaves out the cops who told him they wanted to be straight, like him. The Maas book is a popularizing account of Serpico which practically deifies him, but it also conveys a sense of what his example did for others; it's an account of an authentic hero. Wexler and Lumet, who enjoy chortling at corruption, are not the kind of men who believe that anything can be done. And so they leave him a broken loner, sitting with his sheepdog—a man who sacrificed everything, and for what? The movie can easily make you feel: for nothing. That's how things are, the ending seems to say, and there's no way to change them; it wasn't even worth trying. The message—as in "Joe"—is that it's all crap. Had Wexler and Lumet been men of greater vision, they might have seen that they could serve Serpico's intransigence and boiling anger—and the dedication and hope for change behind it all—by showing that his survival was in itself a triumph. And, in fact, he did more than survive. Apart from accomplishing what he did (which wasn't everything he hoped for but was something: busting all those high-ranking officers *must* have had repercussions in the behavior of the police force), he learned that busting crooked cops was only a beginning.

Wexler and Lumet have imposed their own careless cynicism on Serpico's life—the last place it belongs. That cynicism goes with the popular new pose about how America is coming apart at the seams and *should*—a pose in which corruption is some sort of retribution for Vietnam and everything else. But if corruption has become a matter of peer pressure and of being part of the team—Peter Maas says that most people who talk to him about Serpico ask, "What was wrong with him?"—that's just what Serpico was fighting. The movie "Serpico," showing us normal corruption to get a smart laugh of recognition, may be exactly contrary to Serpico's purposes—and not even consciously but because of its exploitative, hip, cynical temperament. Basically, the movie's attitude is like that of the people who think there had to be something the matter with Serpico—who think he had to be crazy to be honest. The wonderful joke of Serpico's life is that he's a winner, and one of the few fighting heroes that the disaffected can accept. The movie is great fun, but—to put it on a moral level—Serpico's crusade becomes Wexler's and Lumet's debauch. They had themselves a ball, and so will the public, but the movie turns this hero into a mere freak, and turns one of the rare hopeful stories of our time into an entertaining downer.

IF one looks at a photograph of Frank Serpico, or at the sketch of him on the cover of the Peter Maas book, one sees a much stronger, more worldly face than that of the Christlike Pacino in the movie ads, and Frank Serpico, whom I had coffee with last week, is trim and wily. He's a disgusted man, all right, but he's not a man who has given up, like the character at the end of the movie; he's disgusted because he doesn't feel he's done enough. It's one thing when he says nothing came of his long fight—that's an outraged idealist talking. It's something quite different when the movie says it. What Serpico hoped for was more than a personnel overhaul, and if he is bitter about having accomplished so little, it's because his visceral defiance grew into a fuller understanding and he began to get some perspective on how big the job really is. He's only thirty-seven, and, from his conversation, which is full of ideas and hopes for reorganizing the training of police recruits, it seems very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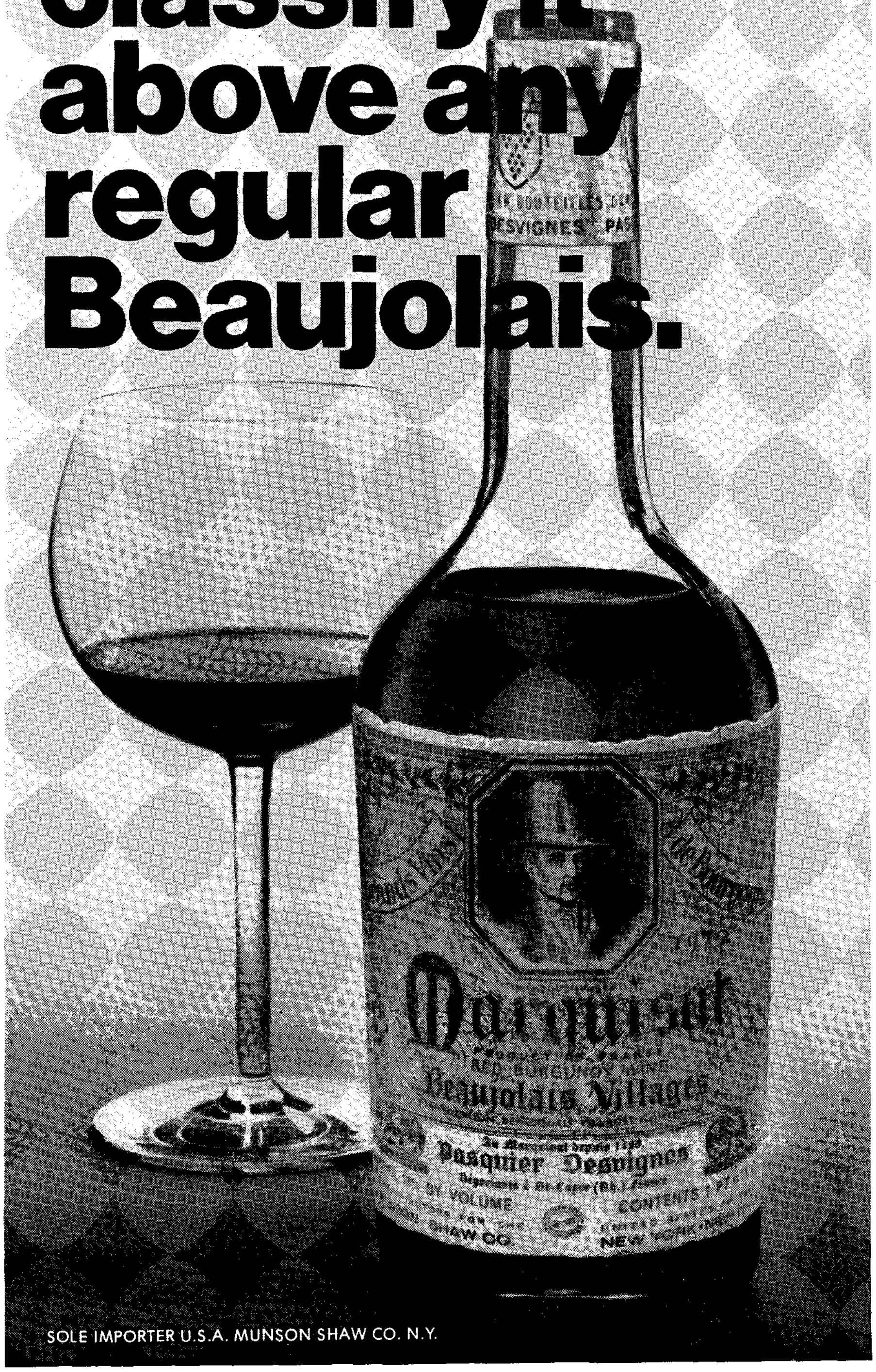

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possible that his major effectiveness is yet to come. He said he was sorry that the movie didn't give a sense of the frustration you feel when you're not able to do anything. Although he was referring to most of his eleven years on the police force, it's clear that he still feels frustrated, because he's looking for ways to make changes that go far beyond the scope of the Knapp Commission. He said that in the Police Department "anyone who has anything to say about civil liberties or minorities is considered a weirdo," and that the treatment of minorities is even worse than it is in the brutal episodes shown in the movie. He was angry about one invented bit in the movie—a policeman shoving a black prisoner's face into a toilet bowl. "What was that for?" he asked. I said that it seemed to be the latest thing, since it's done to a white prisoner in another new film, "The Laughing Policeman." He said, "The truth was so much better. The incident took place in a South Bronx tenement hallway; a couple of policemen were beating a black man, and a little old black lady opened her door a few inches to see what the noise was about. We were in plainclothes, but when she saw us she knew what we were and exactly what was going on—and she closed the door."

Serpico went on, "I'm really down on cops. Whatever the ratio of dishonest to honest, it's the dishonest who rule, because they go all the way up to the top. Pat Murphy couldn't do anything, because he'd been a member of the Department too long; a man like Ramsey Clark could have done it. The police are always saying, 'It's not our fault, it's the public.' This has to be corrected. Cops don't have the right kind of training. The whole system of values has to be overhauled. You ought to be involved in how many people you can keep out of trouble, not how many you can arrest." My impression was that Serpico is desperate to do something, but that perhaps he still harbors that old sad dream of men of good will that somebody high up will invite them in and say, "You have the power; do the job." But he's a tough little devil—tough enough to go get that power on his own. —PAULINE KAEL

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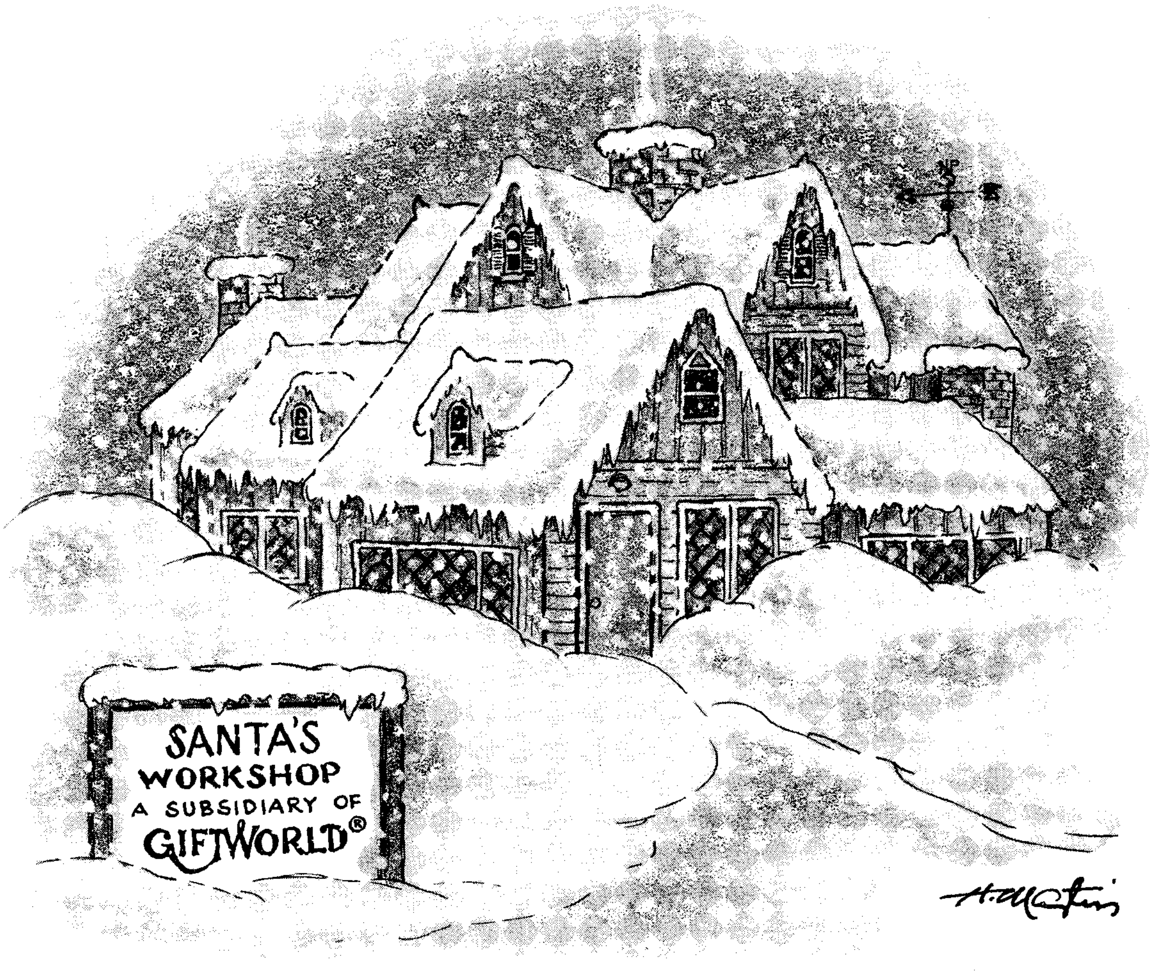
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

THERE is a scene in "Mansfield Park" that we sometimes think of while paring vegetables or scrubbing a sink—the scene in which Jane Austen feelingly describes Fanny Price's return to her father's underprivileged house after she has lived in luxury at Mansfield Park, and, to illustrate the depths of squalor to which the Price household has sunk, cites the slatternly appearance of the upper servant who opens the door and the even less prepossessing looks of the maid who brings in the tea. Nineteenth-century novels abound in examples like this of people down on their luck who (by today's lights) are crawling in hired help, and remind us of the historical novelty of our own servantless situation. Until almost the middle of this century, servants were as standard fixtures of middle-class households as refrigerators and vacuum cleaners are of ours (a novelist making Jane Austen's point today would probably make it in terms of outdated dishwasher models and electric ovens that don't self-clean), and we are still feeling, if no longer exactly reeling under, the transformation of our households from places where one's comfort depended on the good nature of miserably paid servants to those ruled by the whim of well-to-do electricians, plumbers, and repairmen. On the whole, we are better off with our unreliable machines than our ancestors were with their sullen maids and cooks, and in some areas of domestic life—notably those of child rearing and husband-denazification—there has been manifest improvement since Jeeves slammed the door. But in the area of "entertaining"—as having people over for dinner is hopefully called today—we're not so sure that things weren't better in the bad old days. Thanks to Julia Child, the late Michael Field, and other of our culinary mentors, we can now produce dishes at home that were previously available only at good French restaurants or in fabulously wealthy households where French chefs were employed; today it is not unusual when dining at a far from rich friend's house to get veal Orloff or *caneton à la bigarade* or some other French classic of exquisite complexity and troublesomeness. What is unusual, however, and is becoming ever more so, is to dine at friends' houses. As our culinary ambitiousness increases, our conviviality seems to diminish. Easy and frequent evenings of good food and good talk have given way to rare, effort-laden "gourmet dinners," where most of the talk at table is about how the food on it was prepared, and the host and hostess, scurrying between kitchen and dining room, resemble an anxious housekeeping couple who have been warned that if the sauce curdles one more time they'll have to find work elsewhere. It is no wonder that in the mid-sixties, when the gourmet fever was at its height, many couples, in despair over their burnt *roux* and recalcitrant mayonnaises, turned with relief to the various catering services the situation had given rise to. In preparing our report on food for the holidays we thought we would look into some local enterprises of this helpful sort, which seem to offer a solution—if often an expensive one—to the problem of the dinner party. But we're sorry to say that we have no recommendations to make among the purveyors of haute cuisine whose menus we sampled. Behind every catered *blanquette de veau* and *poulet Marengo* and *tournedos Rossini* we tasted was the disturbing memory of the same dish prepared to perfection by a friend or by ourselves, and right now, as far as we know, there is no substitute for doing it yourself if you want it to be French and good.

If, on the other hand, you are not above serving your startled friends a good plain baked ham or a nicely roasted turkey, we can confidently recommend the services of a lady named Rona Deme, who supplies these and other plain, nourishing items for prices that take into account her labor but are still well below the extremely high prices normally charged for food made by someone else. Mrs. Deme's ham, which we sampled in her shop, the Country Host, 1435 Lexington Avenue (93rd), at a rather late but still eminently edible stage in its de-



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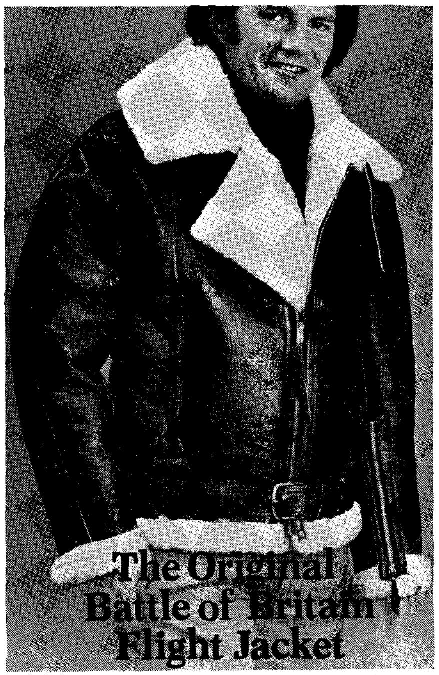

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velopment from a thing of beauty into an untidy, gnawed-looking bone ready for the pea-soup pot (we have been assured by two reliable picky eaters we know who have ordered Mrs. Deme's ham that it is wonderful when eaten on arrival), is simply an honest ham that hasn't been shot full of water and pink stuff, and that has been mildly cured, baked, and decorated with cherries and pineapple (or with anything else you stipulate), and partly sliced (thick or thin) just before it is delivered on the dot of the appointed hour by Mrs. Deme's pregnant daughter-in-law Linda, who runs it up to your apartment while her husband, Peter, watches out for cops in the double-parked truck. The cost is between $20 and $25 for a whole fifteen- to eighteen-pound ham and around $10.50 for half a ham, and deliveries are made anywhere in Manhattan. Mrs. Deme, a robust, ruddy-cheeked, soft-spoken Englishwoman who brings to mind some of the amiable contralto leads in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, speaks of her work as "plain country cooking, nothing fancy," and, in addition to the ham and turkey, offers various homey specialties that need not be ordered ahead of time but can always be found in her shop. One of these is a chicken-liver spread, sold by the quarter pound in plastic glasses, for seventy-five cents, in whose fresh artlessness we found a pleasant contrast to the many complicated and ill-conceived pâtés we had previously sampled. Mrs. Deme's chicken-liver spread is just chicken livers, butter, salt and pepper, and a discreet dash of gin—used more for its efficacy as a preservative than as a flavoring. Scotch meat pies (fifty-five cents each) are little round, deep constructions of lard piecrust filled with chopped lamb and beef, flavored with tarragon; these should be heated in the oven for twenty minutes or so, and—like the meat pies sold in English pubs, which they are a version of—are good with ale and beer. Mrs. Deme's Eccles cakes (thirty-five cents each) are two rectangles approximately two inches by three of pie pastry between which a mixture of raisins, currants, and honey is sandwiched, and sugar is sprinkled on top. According to a recipe book called "Good Things in England," edited by Florence White and "contributed by English men and women between 1399 and 1932," which we once picked up in a thrift shop and like to console ourselves with on bleak, raw winter days, Eccles cakes, as they are now known, were first made by a renowned eighteenth-century cook named Mrs. Raffald, who gave the recipe to a servant as a wedding present. The servant went to live in the town of Eccles, in Lancashire, and made a fortune selling the cakes she prepared according to Mrs. Raffald's recipe; her enterprise eventually led to Bradburn's Old Original Eccles Cake Shop, which was still in business in Eccles when "Good Things" was published, and may be there to this day. Mrs. Deme's Eccles cakes are reminiscent of mincemeat pies, and they are very good, but not as good—since nothing can be—as the apricot bars made by a couple named Julie and Philip who are part of a stable of local contributors that Mrs. Deme has built up during the year she has been in business. The apricot bars, which are the same size as the Eccles cakes, and cost forty cents, are a mixture of dried apricots, walnuts, and honey baked on a sweet piecrust base until a crust of caramelized honey forms on top, and a remarkable poignancy of flavor is achieved by the liaison under heat of the apricots, honey, and walnuts. These and various other bars are sold individually wrapped in transparent plastic, and Mrs. Deme will make up an attractive gift package of one or more varieties in one of a lot of Brie boxtops she has characteristically saved ("I don't like to waste anything"); she lines the box with a doily and pretties it up with ribbons and foliage, but charges only for the pastry. Another contributor, Helen, makes pickles that have been put up in a delicate bath of mild vinegar flavored with a sprig of dill, two cloves of garlic, and a few peppercorns; the crooked pickles have a good, firm texture and a fresh, clear, sour flavor such as that of the small French *cornichons* that conventionally accompany pâté, and for which these would be an acceptable substitute; $1.10 for a pint jar. A contributor named Janet makes an interesting jelly of Concord grapes flavored with thyme and sauterne, which sounds peculiar but tastes perfectly natural, though we prefer jellies a little less firm than this one; Janet's jelly is $1.45 for an eight-ounce jar, and it comes so unprepossessingly packaged that the person you give it to will assume you made it.

Mrs. Deme's English trifle, which must be ordered several days in advance, would best be employed as the finale to a simple meal—one consisting of, say, a small cup of broth. In Mrs. Deme's rich, dense version of the famous, humorously named dessert—whose quality of mushy innocence will charm some palates and confirm others in their feeling that finesse in cookery is not what the English were put on earth to exemplify—layers of ladyfingers soaked in black-raspberry preserve, macerated fruits, and cognac are alternated with a thick custard, slices of fresh bananas, and walnuts, and the whole is topped with vast quantities of whipped cream decorated with walnuts and maraschino cherries. The cream is whipped just before Linda bears away the stunning-looking creation, which Mrs. Deme has assembled in one of her own earthenware or glass bowls. (The bowl is retrieved a few days later.) Prices vary with the size of the trifle; a recent order for a trifle for eight, which would have been enough for sixteen trenchermen, cost $12. Finally, we mustn't omit mentioning the fresh—really fresh—eggs that Mrs. Deme receives every Tuesday from a farmer in Connecticut, and sells to people on her egg list for between ninety cents and a dollar a dozen. The telephone number is 876-6525.

NOTHING could provide a greater contrast to the sturdy food and cozy atmosphere of the Country Host than the elegance and cold perfection of Colette, 1136 Third Avenue (66th), where an unvarying small collection of exquisite pastry is purveyed under the unsmiling gaze of two Frenchwomen, who consider their names their own business, and whose air of melancholy contrasts oddly with the blissful smell of butter cream and buttery dough which wafts in from the kitchen just behind the counter. The opprobrium that attaches to catered main courses does not extend to store-bought desserts, which this town is rich in first-rate examples of, but no other local pâtisserie to our mind is as uniformly excellent as Colette. Everything you buy here has a grace and authority that is like a signature, and is a reminder of how much more there is to the art of baking than leaving out the preservatives. A cake named Trianon is an example of the art at its most audacious. Trianon is a prism-shaped chocolate cake, decorated on top with a few curls of chocolate, that has all the rich complexity of a filled and iced cake and yet has no filling or icing, and requires none—not even the whipped cream that plain chocolate cake usually cries out for. Trianon has a quality of denseness but not of heaviness; its friable texture is achieved by underbaking, while its dark beauty of taste is the result of the tactful proportions of good chocolate, butter, eggs, and small quantities of flour and sugar that we guess to be the cake's compo-

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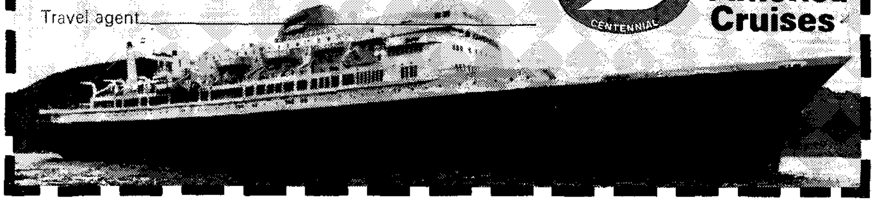

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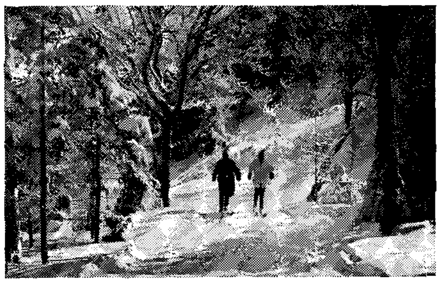

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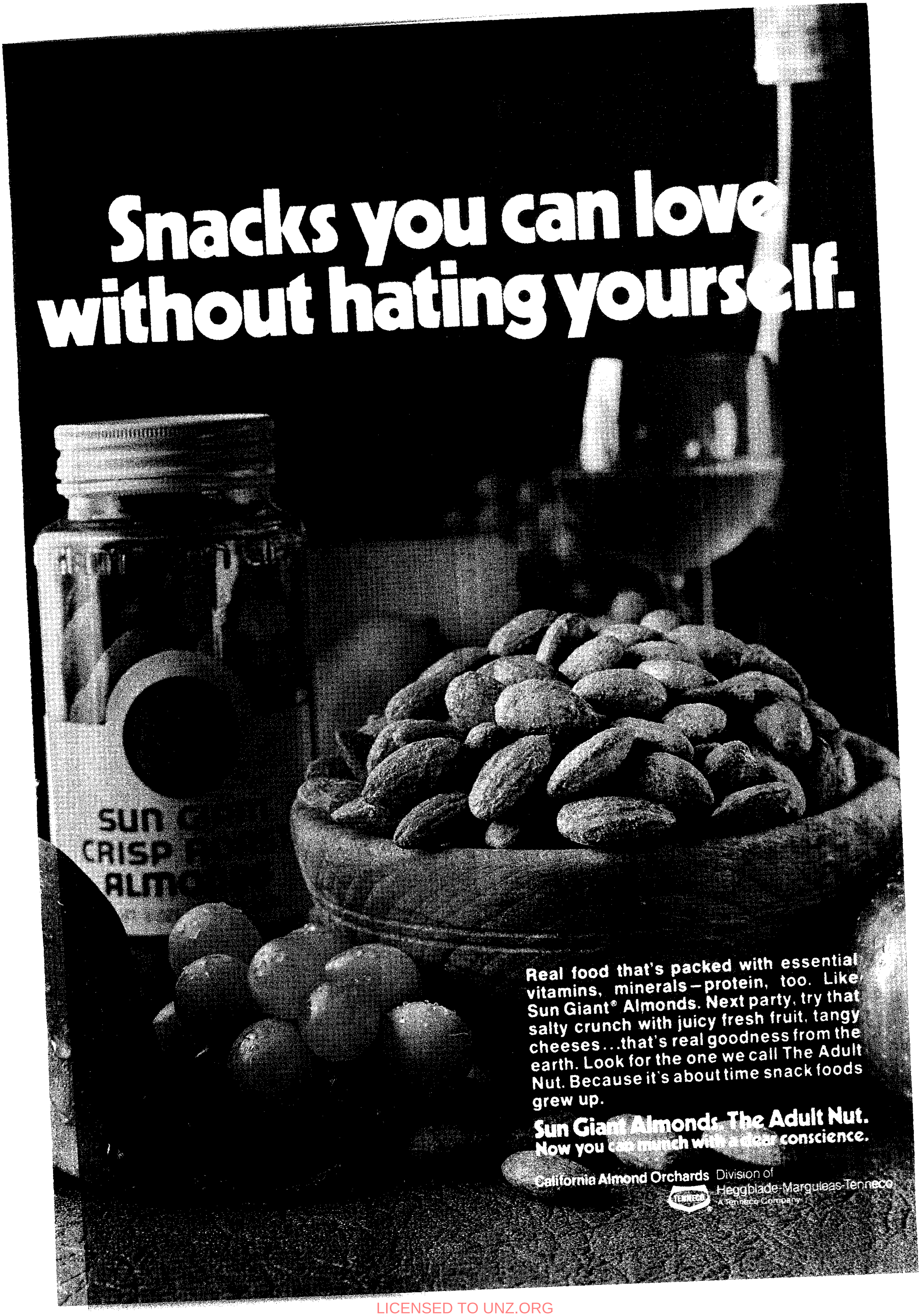
nents. (Our queries about ingredients were met with an unbelieving stare, such as one might receive on asking a famous brain surgeon about the kind of thread he uses.) The price is $3.50 for a six-person cake, and $5.50 for eight. A hazelnut *Torte* called Carmen is filled with a layer each of mocha and chocolate butter cream that retains a fragrance of butter, and it is decorated on top with powdered sugar and a fat diagonal ribbon of the chocolate cream; $3.50 for a square that serves six and $5 for a rectangle that serves eight. A companion of Carmen named Manon is a ground-almond *Torte* filled and iced with mocha cream, and shaped, decorated, and priced exactly like Carmen. The mocha cream reappears in La Bûche, a rolled sponge cake of great delicacy and lightness; it costs $3.50 for a six-person roll, and can be had in various lengths, including one serving twenty, which costs $18. Small, square butter-cookie sandwiches filled with lemon, mocha, orange, chocolate, apricot, or strawberry butter cream are not misnamed Les Merveilleuses; they are forty cents each. In addition to brioches, croissants, and chocolate mousses, which complete the pastry and dessert selection, Colette makes a quiche Lorraine that we have no hesitation in declaring to be the best in town. It has an excellent butter crust, and the heavy-cream custard, in which sizable hunks of ham appear, is of a depth that withstands reheating better than any other quiche we know; the price is $6.75 for a quiche that will serve four as a main course and six as a first course. Colette will make, on a day's notice, a quiche of spinach, onion, mushroom, *piperade*, tomato-and-mushroom, crab, or lobster; any one of these costs from $9 to $12.

AT William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue (75th), we sampled some huge and succulent grapes without feeling a twinge of conscience about the grape boycott, since the grapes come from Belgium, where—we gather from their price, which is $18 a pound—grape pickers must be pretty well paid. These hothouse grapes are offered in two varieties—a green muscat and a purple colman—and come in bunches whose average price is $35 and which are reverently laid, like orchids, in clear-plastic boxes filled with flossy strands of pink Styrofoam. Although these grapes are as firm, juicy, thin-skinned, and flavorful as any we have ever eaten, they remain mere grapes, and not the mystical experience one feels justified in expecting at that price. Poll's Smithfield ham, on the other hand, is an eating experience of a most uncommon order. The ham has been simmered in Burgundy for seven hours and then baked in champagne for two hours, and this gives it a melting, velvetlike texture and superimposes a dark, resonant flavor on its smoked taste. The price is $4.50 a pound if you buy a whole ten- to twelve-pound ham (which would serve about eight hundred people when sliced paper thin, as it should be), $5 a pound for half a ham, and $8 a pound for the smaller quantities most people buy. Poll also offers an excellent plain baked country ham at $4 a pound whole and $6 a pound for smaller quantities. Poll's pâté ($7 a pound) is a smooth, spreadable compound of veal, pork, and calf livers flavored with finely ground truffle, and it is a reminder of the pleasures of smooth pâtés forgotten by many in the current enthusiasm for coarse country pâtés. The Poll pâté has a thin brown crust that has the taste of well-browned *roux*, and it is very good on thin slices of rye bread. Tomme de Savoie is one of those unspectacular yet pleasing semisoft French cheeses that one can absently eat enormous quantities of; it has a mild but characterful taste, and Poll sells it for $4.50 a pound. Poll's cheesecake ($3 a pound, sold in containers that hold about a pound and a half) is of the solid-crumbly type rather than the custardlike type that Sara Lee made her name and fortune with; it has a crushed-biscuit-and-nut crust and a nice fresh taste, and it isn't too heavy. (Perhaps the best Sara Lee-type cheesecake made in town is made by Miss Grimble, a lady from Texas who has a shop at 305 Columbus Avenue, near 74th, and sells her cake for $5.) Poll has imported from Belgium a remarkable collection of fruit preserves that have all the fresh intensity of homemade preserves and yet escape the amateur quality that adheres to home canning. The preserves are made by an old lady (all preserves are made by an old lady, come to think of it) who uses only sugar and fruit, and whose repertoire includes raspberry, strawberry, mulberry, greengage, black currant, wild huckleberry, four fruits, mirabelle plum, cranberry, orange, quince, black cherry, and a combination called "cocktail." We sampled the apricot preserve, which has chunks of fruit in it and a wonderful pungency and aroma, which come, Mr. Poll believes, of the jam's being cooked while the apricots still have their pits in. The jams are less sweet than usual and cost $2.75 a one-



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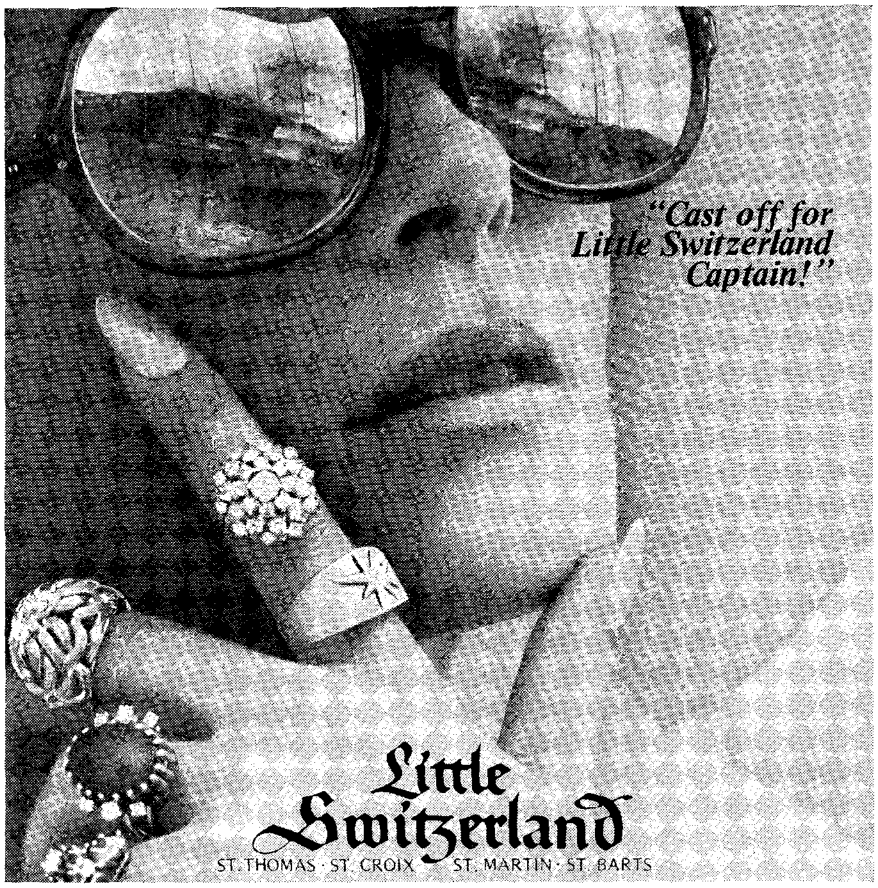
pound jar, which comes with a little gingham cap.

Another present for a serious breakfast eater might be a box filled with six different varieties of honey put up by the busy beekeeper Jean Bouchardeau, who, according to a leaflet that accompanies the box (for sale at Bloomingdale's for $9.15), restlessly moves his hives "from North to South, in altitudes changing from the coasts of the Mediterranean into the high pastures of the Alps and the Cévennes" in quest of taste thrills for his charges—and, eventually, his customers. The package contains four-and-three-quarter-ounce jars of lavender, thyme, acacia, firtree, high-mountain, and clover honey, and the differences in color, texture, and flavor are a treat for the eye and an education for the palate. Fir-tree honey ("harvested in the appeasing freshness of the high mountains") is the color of dark amber and has a strong, almost resinous taste; lavender honey has a delicate floweriness of flavor and a pleasantly gritty texture; the clover honey is white and firm and mild; high-mountain honey varies "according to the flowers which the bees suck over hill and dale."

The black Niçoise olives that Bloomingdale's has imported from Provence and sells for $4.50 a twelve-ounce jar are packed in a pungent, fragrant marinade of oil, thyme, and bay leaves, and have an equally pungent, fragrant taste. They are extremely small (some are not much bigger than peanuts) but, in our opinion, well worth the time and trouble it takes to eat them. The olive oil that Bloomingdale's has imported from the James Plagniol firm of Marseilles ($3.20 for a sixteen-ounce bottle and $1.45 for an eight-ounce bottle) is superior and giftworthy, and so is a nameless strawberry jam from France, priced at $2 for a twelve-ounce jar.

ANOTHER area that the kitchen-shy might explore is that of ethnic food, which can be served without fear of criticism, since no one knows what it's supposed to taste like in the first place. With this admittedly unkosher culinary concept in mind, we set out on a recent Sunday for the Syrian section of Brooklyn, where a stretch of Atlantic Avenue between Henry and Court Streets (this forms the southern boundary of Brooklyn Heights) is studded with groceries, bakeries, and confectioneries, most of which keep infidel hours and offer the Manhattan tourist sights and smells and tastes he has probably never before encountered. At the

Malko Importing Corporation, 182 Atlantic Avenue, we peered into one of a number of big bins on the floor in which olives glossily repose, and saw green olives in a marinade mixed with hunks of lemon—an unusual and, as it proved, sound combination; these olives are seventy-five cents a pound, and wizened Greek olives, large green olives, and large pink-black olives are available here for eighty-five cents, ninety cents, and a dollar a pound, respectively. Malko sells a canned stuffed eggplant prepared by the Bereket company of Turkey which is one of the best canned foods we have ever eaten, and which we would have no compunction about serving as a first course with a slice of lemon, a sprig of watercress, and a black olive or two. The ingredients are eggplant, rice, onions, tomatoes, raisins, pine nuts, dill, and parsley, and the taste is mild and ingratiating; a fourteen-ounce can, serving four, is seventy-five cents. At the Damascus Bakery, at No. 195, across the street, we bought, for thirty-five cents apiece, some hot meat pies—triangles of pastry thinly filled with a mixture of ground lamb, onion, lemon, yogurt, and pignolas—which we ate reheated and with sour cream at the house of friends who live nearby and believe in the universal efficacy of sour cream. A child who had been manfully eating with us throughout the preparation of this report observantly pointed out the similarity between the Syrian meat pies and Mrs. Deme's; "convenience foods" do seem to resemble each other wherever they come from. At the Oriental Pastry & Grocery Company, at No. 170, we added to our purchases a pound of feta cheese, half a pound of green olives in a peppery sauce, and six cheese pies made of papery phyllo pastry and feta, paying $1.70 for the cheese, fifty cents for the olives, and $1.50 for the six pies. For dessert, we stopped in at Alwan Brothers, at No. 183, where pastries, confections, candies, nuts, and ice creams are purveyed among hookahs, inlaid boxes, and other Arabian Nights paraphernalia. Walnut, almond, and pistachio baklava ($3 a pound), date cookies (thirty-five cents each), balls of fritterlike dough soaked in honey and rose water ($1.60 a pound), and squares of apricot jelly ($2 a pound) are among those we sampled and felt we would have liked if we liked this sort of thing. An unearthly-looking combination of pistachio nuts and purple rock candy resembles something from a mineral shop rather than from a candy store, and costs $1.50 for a round, tooth-breaking patty five



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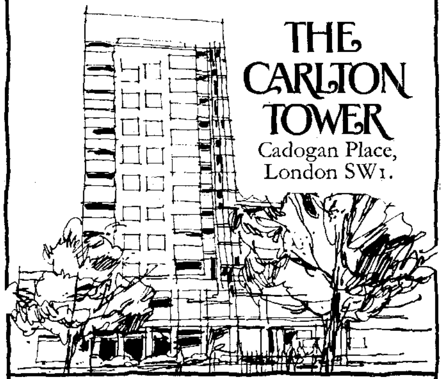

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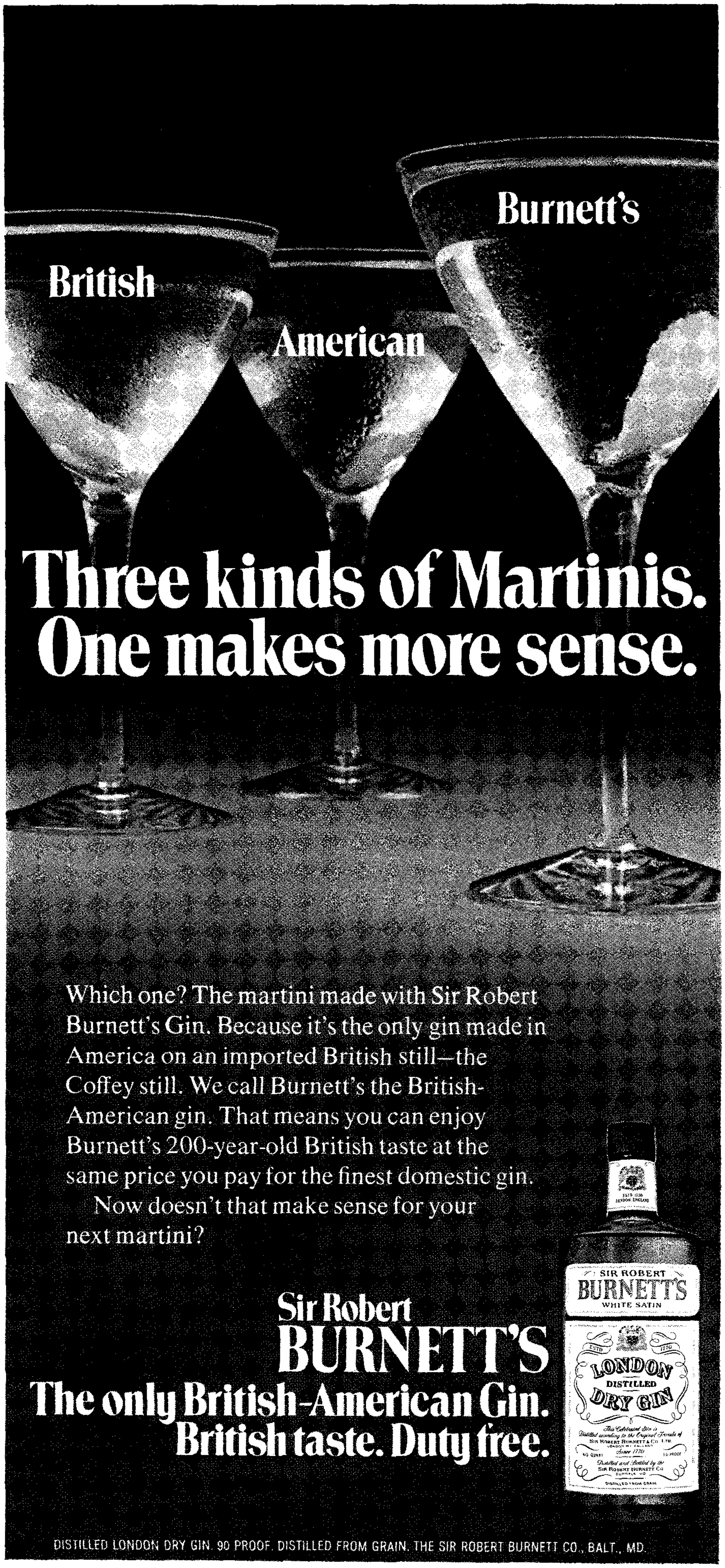
or six inches in diameter. The child with us fortunately ate it all. The apricot ice sold here, for a dollar a pint, has an intense apricot flavor and is neither an ice cream nor a sherbet—its texture resembles that of the Haagen-Dazs ice creams. A rich and creamy and not green pistachio ice cream is offered for $1.20 a pint.

WE recently came across a reprint of a guide to New York City written in 1866 in which the author deplored all the tearing down of buildings going on and sadly observed that "the denizens of New York are such utilitarians that they have sacrificed to the shrine of mammon almost every relic of the olden time." No doubt our grandchildren will read what is written today about the plight of the small shopkeeper with the same rueful amusement, the same feeling of what did *they* know?, for though the town is full of supermarkets, it is full of small butcher shops, grocery stores, and fruit stores as well. Most of us still have a "little man" within walking distance of our apartment whom we count on for treats that can't be got at the supermarket, and to whose old-style "personalized" service—nice if you're the person being served and less gratifying when you're one of a crowd of restive onlookers following, with rising hysteria, the grocer's every languorous movement—we accommodate as best we can. Our own local source of delicacies and character-building is A. & C. Trentacoste, 1429 Second Avenue (74th), where absolutely first-rate fruit, vegetables, fresh herbs, cheeses, cold meats, bread, and groceries are unhurriedly purveyed, and can be ordered by phone and delivered if you live on the East Side between 60th and 80th Streets. Fresh basil, mint, rosemary, chives, thyme, and marjoram are available only at certain times of the year (this is not one of them, alas), but arugula, the Italian salad green that is mildly peppery and nutty when young but hot and acrid in its dotage, is almost always on hand—young to middle-aged—for around fifty-nine cents a bunch. Trentacoste's ricotta, at a dollar a pound, is dispensed from a large can that comes in every day or so, and is dumped out on a piece of heavy waxed paper. It contains no preservatives and has the most lovely, delicate pure sweet taste; to eat this cottage cheese for lunch is not to feel put upon but blessed. Trentacoste's prosciutto, like everyone else's here, is made in this country (Italian prosciutto does not pass our health requirements—not enough chemicals, probably), and it is one of the best we know, being neither too salty nor too fatty, as some American prosciuttos are, but just what a prosciutto should be. The source is the Hormel Company, and the price is $8 a pound. The loaves of white Italian bread that decorate Trentacoste's windows are always fresh (they come in twice daily) and are a far cry from the pulpy, air-filled travesties of Italian bread sold at the supermarket; this is good, real bread. A regular long loaf (with or without sesame seeds) is thirty-five cents, and a large long loaf is fifty-five cents, and there are regular and large loaves of round bread for the same prices. Other Trentacoste specialties include an excellent fontina cheese ($3 a pound), salt-cured Greek olives ($1.19 a pound), and various imported pastas and cookies. Among the latter are the macaroons called Amaretti, which are such a festive sight in their blue, green, and pink tissue-paper wrappers printed, like money, with scrolls, historical portraits, and self-congratulatory messages in several languages. These crisp but approachable macaroons are made of sugar, apricot-kernel paste, and egg white, and are priced at $1.98 for an eight-ounce box and $3.19 for a pound tin. Trentacoste's panettone, made by the Alemagna company and handsomely packaged in a light-blue box with a little carrying handle, is a fragrant, coarse-textured cake made with butter and yeast and studded with raisins and candied fruit. This is a traditional Christmas cake (similar to the German *Stollen* and the Czechoslovakian *vánočka*), made only at this time of year, and it is priced at $3.29 for a one-pound one-ounce box.

Amaretti and panettone are also much in evidence along Ninth Avenue in the Forties and Fifties, the West Side Italian-food district, where some of the finest groceries, meat markets, and fruit stores in the city are to be found, serenely nestled in some of the city's most down-at-heels tenements. The high points of a recent visit to this district were: a wonderful rabbit pâté—coarse, cohesive, reddish, flavorful, covered with a layer of fat and aspic—for $2.99 a pound at Molinari Brothers, 776 Ninth Avenue (52nd); an unusual French headcheese—very soft, fatty, unrubbery, mildly smoked—for $3.50 a pound at P. Carnevale & Son, Inc., 645 Ninth Avenue (45th); a bagful of perfect fruit from Sommo's Market, 869 Ninth Avenue (57th); and the astonishing sight of the azalea in the window of Piccinini Brothers' renowned meat market, at 647 Ninth Avenue (45th), which is twenty-five years old and, beyond a doubt, the largest and most flourishing azalea in the world.

ON the urging of an ecumenical eater we know, we went down to Yonah Schimmel's knishery, at 137 East Houston Street, to sample what are reputed to be the best and most authentic knishes in the city. (The long block on which the knishery is situated, between First and Second Avenues, is one of the bleakest and most nervous-making streets in New York, with an empty lot on one side and crumbling tenements on the other, and readers who are not intrepid had better follow us to these parts only in their imagination.) A sign in front reads "The Original Yonah Schimmel Knishery Since 1910," and within there are a few tables, a case of knishes of various sorts, and an atmosphere suggesting that a determined effort has been made to keep things as plain and proletarian as they were when the place was a sort of Nedick's rather than the self-styled precious relic of the old times it is today. We sat down at a table and ordered a regular potato knish from an elderly waiter. "Coffee with the knish, or yogurt?" the waiter asked, and while we deliberated he wandered away and returned with a glass of yogurt. This yogurt, which is the descendant of a culture brought over from Galicia sixty-three years ago—as we learned from one of the newspaper and magazine clippings that decorate the walls—is the most delicious yogurt we have ever eaten. It has a soft, delicate, silky, slightly trembling texture and a clean, fresh taste; as one eats it—taking small spoonsful to prolong the pleasure—one thinks of things like fields of June flowers, the sweet breath of a cow, the fingernails of a new baby, the agreeable expression on the face of a unicorn. The knish, which is a round dumplinglike object with a hard, brown baked crust and a filling of onion-flavored lumpy mashed potatoes, evokes different images: cold, hunger, hardship, the sound of sleet against the window, scratchy wool clothing, the color gray, mildewed rags, the smell of kerosene, women with brown wrinkled faces, wolves chasing sledges, peasants cuffing dogs. The authenticity of Yonah Schimmel's knishes is beyond question, but their quality of harshness and intransigence



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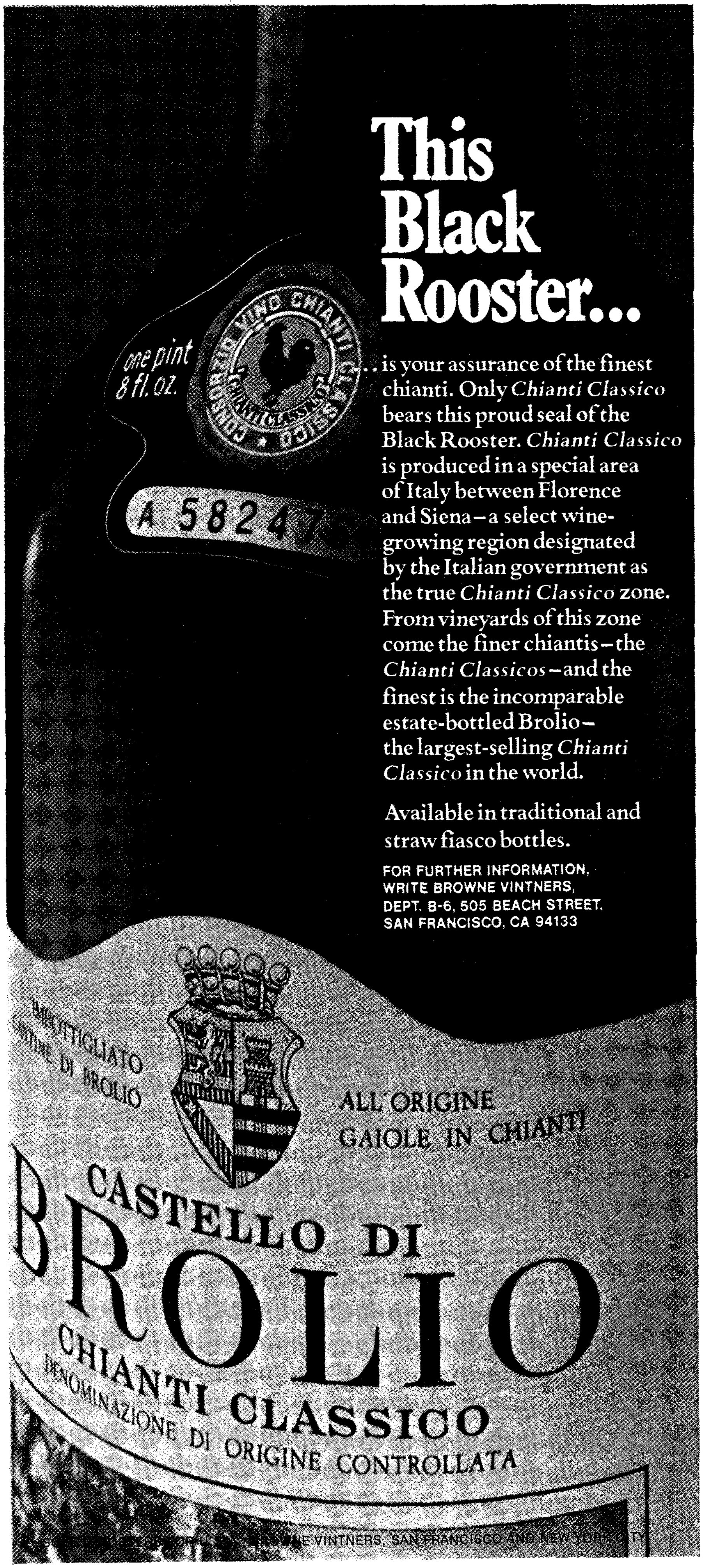
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may be more suitable for Lent than for Christmas. The knishes, which can be taken home and reheated, are forty-one cents each, and the yogurt is thirty cents a glass and $1.40 a quart.

SOME final recommendations: A lovely poundcake called *sandkage*, made of butter, sugar, eggs, flour, and lemon peel, which achieves its airy height without benefit of baking powder but solely by means of beaten egg whites, and which tastes as if it had just come out of the oven, as it does several times a day at the Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street; $2.85 for a twenty-two-ounce loaf. . . . The Hungarian strudel at Mrs. Herbst, 1437 Third Avenue (82nd), made of thin, papery dough and filled with cherry, apple, cheese, nut, poppy-seed, or cabbage filling; $2.65 a strip for all the fillings except cherry, which is thirty-five cents more. . . . The *Lachsschinken* sold at Bremen House, 200 East 86th Street—cured loin of pork with the texture of smoked salmon, to be eaten in paper-thin slices; $4.40 a pound. . . . The wholesome chocolates, candied nuts, and stuffed fruits made by Plumbridge, 33 East 61st Street. . . . The pale, delicate, lemony, small-grained golden caviar from Iran, in limited supply (and demand, we daresay) at Caviarteria, 870 Madison Avenue (70th), priced at $100 for fourteen ounces and $500 for a four-and-a-half-pound tin packed right on the boat. . . . And, finally, to make us merry as well as contented, a bottle of proper claret that Surrey Liquor Shop, 19 East 69th Street, has reduced from $5.69 to $4.99 in honor of the season and to wean us from the poisonous pasteurized wines we've been drinking lately to save money—as if decent Bordeaux were ever cheap in this country. This specially priced, highly recommended wine is Château Langoa-Barton '67, a St. Julien that received the rank of *troisième cru* in the 1855 five-rank classification of the wines of the Médoc.

GIFTS FOR MEN

"ADULTS don't want to look weird anymore. They're into good taste," a buyer for Bonwit Teller's men's shop told us during our annual visit to this stylish demesne, and, to illustrate his point, he donned a herringbone-tweed topcoat with raglan shoulders and a loose, blocky cut of the kind that was in style ten years ago and that many men—who felt they were too old or dignified or fat for the weird new fashions—have never left off wearing. "Normal" male attire is back in style, and shopping for men's clothes for Christmas is no longer the entertainment it was a few years ago, when the shops were full of guys squeezing into tight velvet pants and preening before mirrors in scarlet-lined capes and lace jabots. But if men's clothes are a good deal less various and individual today than they were when the "men's fashion revolution" was at its apogee, men themselves, we're bound to say, are looking more interesting and easier to tell apart than they were when their clothes and hairdos were so uniformly stunning. And so without further apology we'll begin our survey of tasteful sweaters, discreet ties, white shirts, and frumpy topcoats like the one at Bonwit's. That coat—it reverses to become a poplin raincoat, can be worn with or without a belt, and costs $250—looked oddly "right" on the buyer, whereas a fitted coat he modelled, much like coats we admired last year, looked "wrong." We have no idea why this is, and so we'll move on to Bonwit's camel's-hair sweaters, which raise no philosophical questions and are simply soft, light, and elegant, and knit in a pattern of fairly flat rows of ribbing alternating with cable stitch. Crew- and V-neck pullovers are $45, turtlenecks and V-neck cardigans are $50, and the color in all cases is the camel's own. Some mildly deviant but hardly weird cashmere pullovers at Bonwit's are decorated around the V neck with thin stripes of slightly contrasting colors; a camel-color sweater has beige and gray stripes, for example, and a gray sweater has beige and camel ones. These come from Scotland and are $70. Lisle sports shirts from England (which used to be touted as garments to wear in "overheated New York apartments") come in green, cream, yellow, red, navy, or brown, and have an exceptionally pleasant feel; $30. Herringbone-patterned dress shirts made by the English firm of Turnbull & Asser are even more sensuous: they are made of a fabric so soft and fine and shining that it seems to be silk, but it's cotton; the colors are pink, brown, cream, blue, or yellow, and white on white, and the price is $35. Bonwit's bicolor plaid sports shirts offer nothing special to the cloth-fingerer—they are half cotton and half wool flannel—but they are a great pleasure to look at; $30.

At Bloomingdale's, in the section of the men's department devoted to the designs of Ralph Lauren, which are sold under the rubric of Polo, an attempt to combat the monotony of men's clothes has been made in the

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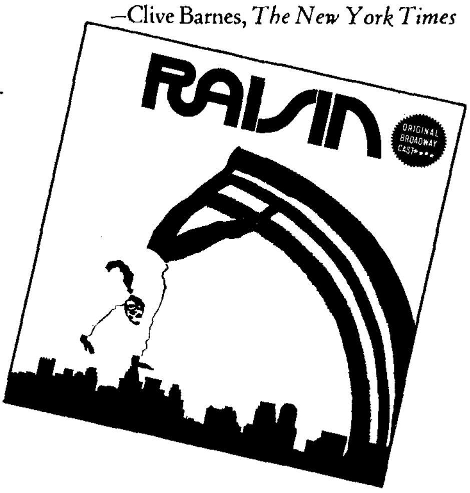

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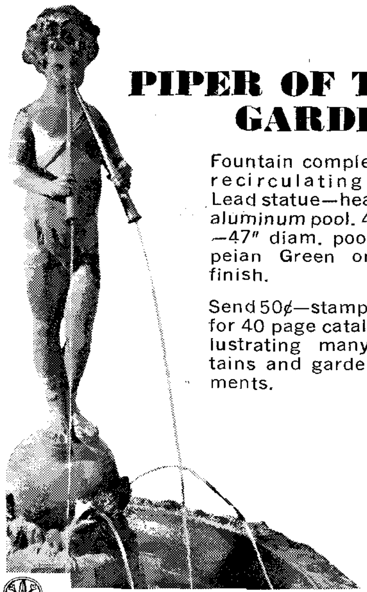

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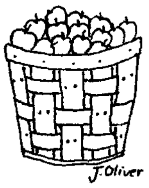
form of an *outré* combination of garments. A pin-striped shirt is worn with a bow tie of the same fabric together with a bulky, shawl-collared black cardigan sweater and tuxedo trousers. This outfit is recommended for "little evenings" (spent playing solitaire, we'd guess), and costs $65 for the shirt (because it's silk), $12.50 for the tie, $75 for the cardigan (called a "Shaker sweater," for some reason), and $75 for the trousers. A more prudent Christmas present from Bloomingdale's might be a pair of heavy wool mittens that fit everybody and come in solid colors (beige, brown, gray, or navy) or with horizontal stripes in combinations of, say, gray, red, white, and blue; $6.50. For the man who likes to tie his own tie but hates to have to untie it, Bloomingdale's thoughtfully provides a two-piece bow tie, with hooks and eyes at two ends, which meet in back. You hook the pieces together, put the tie on, tie it, and then at night unhook it and thus preserve your creation; $7.50, in many colors and patterns. In Bloomingdale's antique-jewelry department, a collection of Victorian pocket holders for wooden matches is on view. These small flat cases, roughly an inch and three-quarters long and an inch and a quarter wide, have rounded edges and are made of rust-colored leather with silver ends. At the bottom, there is a little groove for striking the match; $45. A Victorian gaming set includes equipment for chess, checkers, backgammon, Chinese checkers, cribbage, dominoes, and bezique, plus two packs of cards and a board game called Steeplechase, which is played with tin horses and riders. All this fits neatly into a compartmentalized box with a mellow patina, and costs $200. For people with Bloomingdale's fixations, the store has added two new items to its growing stock of things that have "Bloomingdale's" reassuringly printed on them. No. 1 is a silver tag on a chain for the sufferer to wear around his neck and consult whenever the urge comes over him; in addition to the magic name, there is his own name and his charge number to contemplate. This is $50. The second item is an umbrella with "Bloomingdale's" printed on one of the panels, in black on yellow, white on blue, red on green, or ecru on brown; $16.

An elegant shop named San Francisco, 975 Lexington Avenue (70th), which was spawned earlier in the year by the countercultural establishment on First Avenue named the San Francisco New World Clothing Trust, is featuring clothes inspired by the early photographs of Jacques Henri Lartigue. A heavy white cardigan, belted and with a high turtleneck fastened by brown leather buttons, is hand-knit in an intricate cable-stitch pattern and priced at $125. The sweater is sold in several versions, none exactly like another, but all have the high neck and the leather buttons. For a man who worries about running out of socks, San Francisco has a wicker hamper filled with forty-seven pairs of socks in forty-seven different colors. The socks are made of a soft, woolly blend of acrylic and nylon and fit size 11 through 13 feet. The whole thing is $100. S.F. has acquired a number of wool rugs that once warmed the knees of passengers in the unheated carriages of the Canadian National Railways and could now be a present for a football fan; the rugs are printed with a bold, handsome geometric design, in red, yellow, and dark green on walnut brown, that is reminiscent of the designs in American Indian rugs. The words "Canadian National" are stitched in red on each rug, and the price is $40. A soft, light fringed throw woven with a handsome Indianesque design in brown, beige, and white might be appreciated by a man watching football on television this winter in his chilly apartment; it is $35. Another topical possibility is one of the blankets that the San Francisco people make out of the same Harris tweeds that suits, jackets, and trenchcoats at the shop are made of. Since the fabrics are only thirty-five inches wide, several widths have to be stitched together, and to hide the seams dark-brown grosgrain ribbons are sewn on the top side, making the proverbial virtue of necessity. There are checked, plaid, and herringbone patterns, and the colors run to browns and grays; the price of a blanket that will fit a double bed is $125, and sofa cushions covered with these fabrics are $35 apiece.



At Bellini, 241 East 60th Street, we found a choice example of the handbag that men took to wearing a few years ago—less as an emblem of their liberation from sex roles than because their pants were so tight they couldn't get their hands in their pockets—and have now gone back to scorning. This bag is such a neat and well-designed one that we thought we'd mention it, for all its anachronism. It is a vertical rectangle of brown or black polished leather, ten inches long and six and a half inches wide, with a flap that fastens by means of a plain gold clasp, and with a zipper that runs the length of the back and opens a compartment separate from the main interior. The bag can be worn as a shoulder bag or as a handbag, thanks to an adjustable strap; $50.

A few doors down from Bellini, at Denoyer, 219 East 60th Street, we studied an unusual pattern that combines checks with stripes and appears in fitted shirts made of a soft, silky wool knit; the color combinations are navy, rust, olive, or brown with beige, and the price is $70. A skinny pullover, seventy-five per cent wool and twenty-five per cent rabbit hair, is decorated with thin ribbing over the chest and at the wrist and waist; the color possibilities are dark gray, forest green, navy, camel, or brown, and the price is $60.

Still on East 60th Street, at Madonna (No. 223), we examined some eighty-dollar silk shirts printed with tiny Art Deco figures on navy or brown backgrounds, and were informed by the slender salesman showing us around—who kept darting pleased little glances at himself in the mirror—that these shirts are extremely close-fitting and "if someone has a full body, forget it." Less expensive, at $40, but no more capacious, are Madonna's nylon-knit sports shirts from Italy, which are especially soft and silky; they are washable and don't need ironing, and come in an assortment of plaids and checks that keeps changing, we're told, since the shirts keep selling. A wraparound topcoat with a fitted body and broad shoulders, reminiscent of coats worn by tall women in the forties, is made in herringbone tweed, natural camel, or navy cashmere; it is appointed with a three-button inverted pleat, and costs $350, whichever fabric you choose. Our penchant for inconspicuous consumption was gratified by Madonna's dark-brown suède bomber jacket, which unzips to reveal a luxurious dyed-rabbit lining (also dark brown) that burrows down into the sleeves and extends up the collar. The jacket is trimmed with cotton ribbing at the waist and wrist, and it has patch pockets on the chest and, farther down, pockets into which the hands can be thrust sidewise; $325 for this cozy garment.

At Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue and 45th Street, we responded to the words "Now, here is something unusual" with a skepticism born of much disappointed expectation, and were startled to find that they were true. A collection of sweaters imported from the island of Malta brings to town examples of knit-

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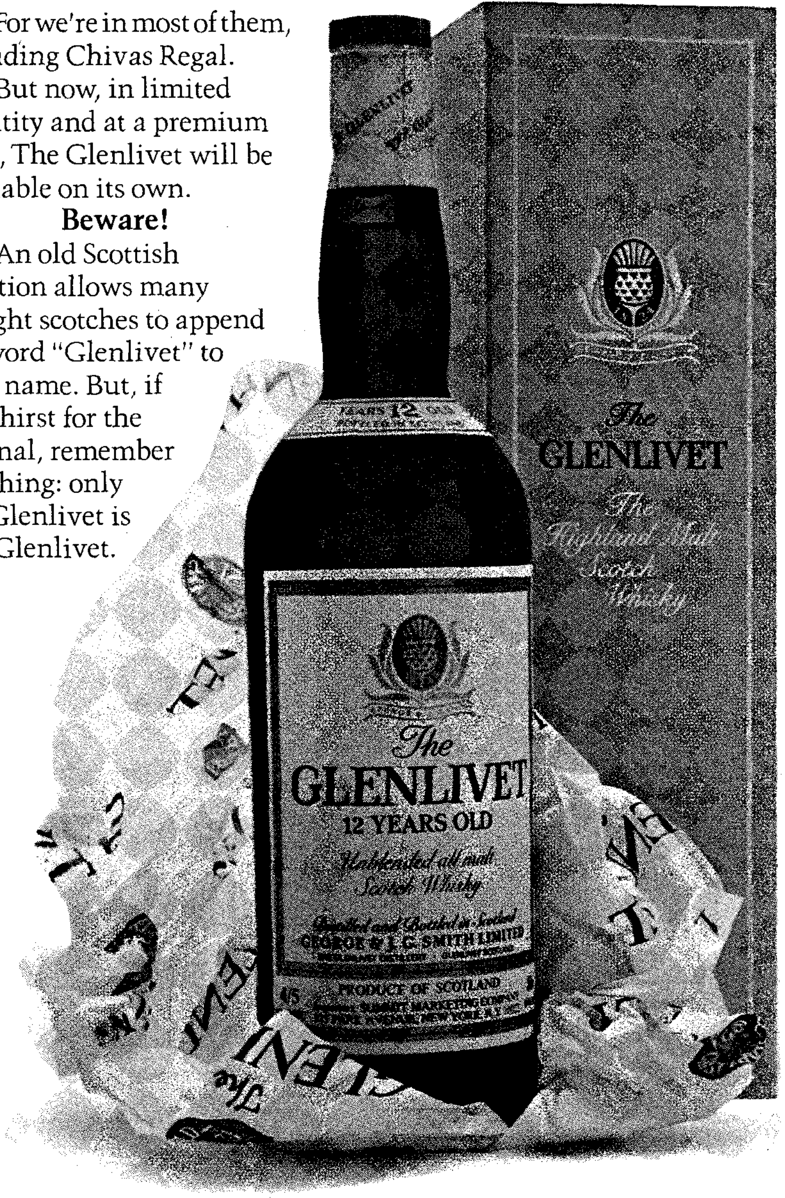
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ting stitches and patterns never seen here before—at least in our memory—and a fine sight they are, too. A pullover knitted in a pattern of hexagons interlocking with lozenges is one particularly attractive and unconventional specimen, and a shawl-collared cardigan that has wide ribs alternating with nubby knots and cable stitch is another. These are heavy, loosely knit sweaters, no two exactly alike, that come in navy, beige, yellow, or ivory. Cardigans, pullovers, and turtlenecks range from $45 to $57.50. Stuart's gingham-checked sports shirts—brown, red, or blue—are eighty per cent cotton and twenty per cent wool; $26.

At Barney's, Seventh Avenue and 17th Street, there is a section on the ground floor devoted to imports from the English firm of Kilgour, French & Stanbury, which salesmen used to refer to as a section for "older men," in the pitying tones of a saleswoman directing a mother and daughter to the department for "chubby girls." Today, this department—like the older man—is enjoying a renaissance (one of the most popular current male models is an older fellow with a grizzled yellow beard who is usually photographed among a bunch of somewhat surprised-looking young women), and men of all ages and girths are enjoying its discreet charms. Kilgour's cotton plaid sports shirts remind one of handkerchief plaids; the color combinations are, for example, peach, green, navy, and ivory, or blue, maize, dark red, and ivory. These fresh, pleasing shirts cost $26. In Kilgour's collection of soft cotton dress shirts we admired a subtle tattersall-like pattern that is visible only when you come right up against it, involving, as it does, cream pinstripes on a beige ground; $27.50. In the Piattelli section of Barney's, an air of youthful impetuosity still prevails. The Italian designer's skinny crew-neck pullovers with small flat ribs are here in dark red, dark gray, brown, navy, or black; $60. Piattelli's silk ties are printed with stylish geometric patterns of an Art Deco inspiration, in stylishly subdued color combinations such as black and white, maroon and white, or brown, orange, and blue; $15.

Jackie Rogers, 27 East 67th Street, doesn't have anything staid enough for a grandfather or cheap enough for a son, but there is much here that might be lavished on a stylish and deserving husband. A fitted plaid sports shirt of wool and cashmere is offered in various muted combinations—green, red, black, and gray on beige is one—and costs $65. Satin jeans (which are "all the rage," according to Ms. Rogers) are sold here in black or ivory for $55. Crêpe-de-chine ties printed with geometric patterns in elegant color combinations (rust, navy, blue, black, and beige was one we fancied) are imported from France and priced at $17.50. Donegal tweed pullovers—speckled and mottled brown, gray, or green—have the sort of stretched-looking neckline that one sometimes achieves at home by throwing a sweater in the washing machine unintentionally; these must look good with satin jeans. They cost $45.

At Sf. David, 779 Madison Avenue (66th), we found a luxurious V-neck cashmere pullover, knit in a delicate pattern of horizontal rows of tiny chain-stitch lines about an inch long that are set at an angle, like so: /////. The pattern appears only in the body of the sweater, which was made in Scotland, where they mothproofed the yarn but added a swatch of extra yarn just in case; $75. Sf. David's crewneck pullover of light, loosely knit wool and mohair has a complex but restful pattern of stylized snowflakes, thin vertical lines, and an occasional horizontal line, in navy, rust, or green on beige; $68.

The fragile fabric voile is used at Pierre Balmain, 795 Madison Avenue (67th), for shirts that have nothing girlish about them. In one distinguished example, minuscule white squares appear on a navy-blue background, and in another tiny white dots densely fill a dark-brown background. These are fitted shirts and cost $45. Balmain's collection of shirt-style jackets of soft, supple suède offers variations in color (dark brown, cinnamon, beige, or dark blue) and in the working out of the details of buttons, pockets, cuffs, yokes, and collars, but the price is a uniform $260.

WE turn now to some examples of the antiques that have become the object of many a woman's quest for the present that will reduce her boorish, inattentive boyfriend to a pulp of admiration and gratitude. A beautiful, crazy nineteenth-century brass mechanism that sits on a marble slab beneath a bevelled glass case, as if it were a box by Joseph Cornell, is one such present. It is for sale at Eris Antiques, 1001 Second Avenue (53rd), and is a firehouse telegraph machine that became activated by fire alarms; it spent its active years (c. 1890-1910) in a Boston firehouse. The case is thirty-three inches long, twenty-one inches wide, and nineteen inches high, and the price is $750. A thirty-six-inch-high

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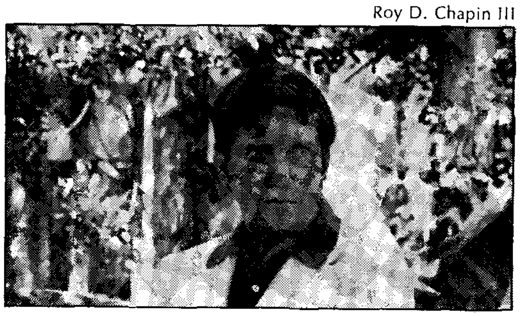

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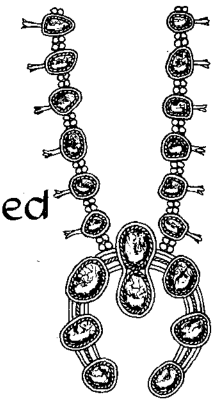

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composition representation of a bottle of Moxie Nerve Food, made to advertise the stuff, might please an advertising man. According to the legend printed on the bottle, "Moxie is a food for the nervous system in the form of a delicious beverage which is non-alcoholic and very healthful," and its inventor was one Augustin Thompson, M.D. The big bottle, which dates from about 1900, costs $550. A legal slot machine—legal because it doesn't pay—requires a penny to operate and $450 to buy, at Eris. Eris has a rare collection of nineteenth-century porcelain shaving mugs hand-painted with the former owners' names and with pictures illustrating their occupations. Men would have such mugs painted to order to keep on a shelf at their barber's, but most men were content with just their names; that is why these relics are so rare, and cost between $100 and $250. John Kelly, Jr.'s, mug, showing a hand and a telegraph key, informs posterity that he was a telegrapher; L. B. Garvin's mug identifies him as a circus performer, and John Spittel's as a pool shark.

A shop with the somewhat unkind name of Second Childhood, at 283 Bleecker Street (near Seventh Avenue), is a good source of the antique toys that some men have taken to collecting. Lead soldiers from all too many wars are sold here at prices ranging from $1 to $5, and various amusements, vehicles, and games made between 1850 and 1950 are offered at prices rising into the hundreds of dollars. An enormous replica of a Zeppelin, designed to be pulled by toddlers in the thirties, is $185. Big Little Books from the thirties and forties are $5 and $6.

Men given to the more grown-up pleasures of wine might be delighted with the Victorian corkscrews for sale at James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street. Made of brass and wood or of brass and ivory, or sometimes of all three, they have little brushes attached to their handles, which were used to dust the cobwebs off bottles in the days when clarets were laid down for decades before they were considered ready to drink. Prices range from $50, for a champagne-foil cutter with a reeded-wood handle, to $375, for an elaborate ivory-handled corkscrew worked by means of a ratchet and appointed with a brush. Upstairs at Robinson, in the James II shop, we admired a collection of Victorian penknives—small, flat, light knives with mother-of-pearl handles, made between 1840 and 1900, and priced from $45 to $65. A Victorian traveller's cutlery set provides a fork, a spoon, a sharp knife, and a corkscrew, all of which fold, jackknife-fashion, into a horn case; $125. An elegant cane of burled wood has a little hinged hatch in the handle, which opens to reveal a tortoiseshell-lined snuffbox. The man who brandishes it today could store his subway tokens there; $250.

At Philip W. Pfeifer Antiques, 900 Madison Avenue (72nd), we marvelled at a set of nine movable lantern slides, made in 1840, that illustrate physical laws. The slides are wooden plaques, seven inches long, four inches wide, and a quarter of an inch thick, into which round painted-glass pictures have been set; a little handle at one side is attached to gears at the back, and as the handle is turned, changes take place in the picture. A slide entitled "a diagram to prove the earth's rotundity" does so by showing two ships moving around the globe; another deals with "the diurnal motion of the earth, shewing the rising and setting of the sun, illustrating the cause of day and night;" and a third demonstrates a total and a partial eclipse of the sun. This beautiful and remarkable visual aid is $800. A Chinese string toy made in 1880 and for sale at Pfeifer illustrates the Chinese genius for mystery. It is a long band of strands of colored silk which pass through ivory cylinders that divide them into sections containing different numbers of strands, and as one gently pulls one of the cylinders the number of vertical strands passing through it increases or diminishes, for no conceivable reason. This baffling entertainment is $65. A collection of dominoes and dice in wooden boxes, made in 1810 by members of Napoleon's army imprisoned in England, tells us something about the conditions of their incarceration: from the bone of which the dice and dominoes are made we may infer that the prisoners got meat to eat, and from the pieces of split straw used in the decoration of the boxes we learn about their bedding. These handsome relics are well and inventively made. A tiny bone box with a sliding top on which a simple design is carved contains three dice and costs $85, and an elaborate set of dice and dominoes in a straw-decorated box whose top depicts a landscape is $275.

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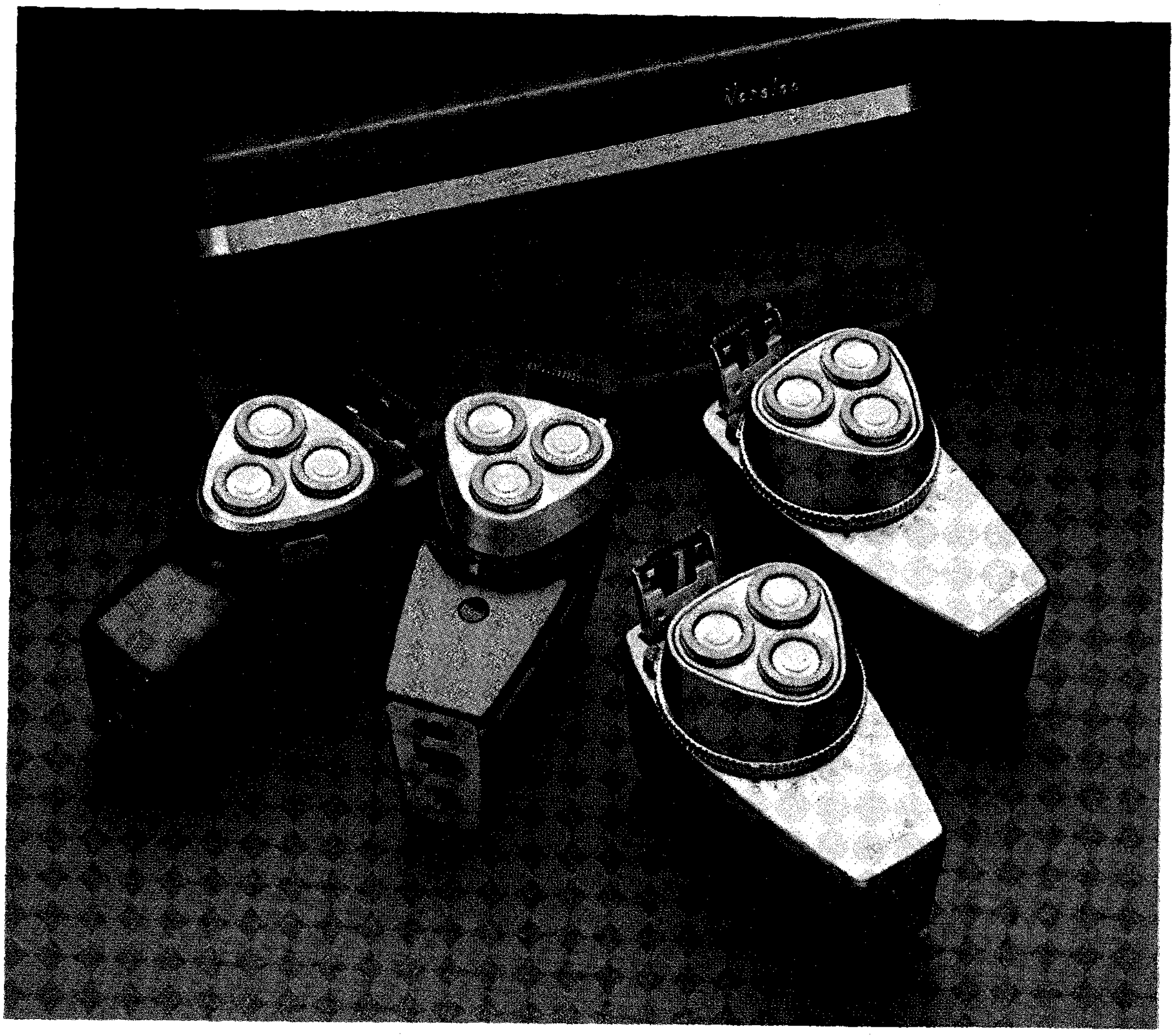

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LETTER FROM CAIRO

DECEMBER 6

A WAVE of peace euphoria swept over Cairo as soon as it was announced, in the middle of Henry Kissinger's visit here last month, that the United States and Egypt had agreed to renew diplomatic relations at the ambassadorial level. "*Khalas! Khalas!*" ("It's over! It's over!") people shouted in the streets on the evening of November 7th. *Al-Ahram*, the leading Cairo daily, ran a cartoon that showed Dr. Kissinger walking arm in arm with the angel of peace. An American foundation executive reported that his gardener came to his home around midnight to present him with a bouquet of freshly picked flowers. Several other Americans in Cairo received congratulatory visits or phone calls from Egyptian friends. One Egyptian woman told me she had broken the news to her twelve-year-old son as soon as she heard it, "because it means he won't have to go into the Army." While I waited for a crusty official to complete the endless forms that are required for changing money, he noticed that I had listed my profession as "journalist" and remarked, "You must know the news, then. It's good, no?" A Nubian taxi-driver whom I had come to know on previous visits said, "The war is over. We can all be friends again."

This rejoicing, which began before any details of the agreement had become known, was in part a tribute to the extraordinary reputation of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Egyptians, even intelligent and sophisticated Egyptians, had come to believe that he was, to use a term they often used, "a magician." When he arrived in Egypt, just before midnight on November 6th, several hundred people had gathered at the airport in Heliopolis, which is a good half hour from the center of Cairo, and spectators rushing to touch him bowled over at least one foreign ambassador waiting in the receiving line. Robert J. McCloskey, the discreet former State Department spokesman, who was temporarily called back from his post as Ambassador to Cyprus to travel with Kissinger as his press adviser, likened the crowd to "the Irish Republican Army going over the top." Earlier, the editor of the newspaper *Al-Akhbar*, Ihsan Abd al-Quddus, who is a close friend of President Anwar al-Sadat's, had written of the Secretary of State, "It is Kissinger who governs America. He is a Jew. In order to realize the Jewish dream, he fought against his native country, Nazi Germany. His Jewishness can give him a special force in efforts to make peace in the Near East, because no solution which he backs can be suspected of being against Israel." Mohamed Hassanein Heikal, the editor of *Al-Ahram*, who has now gained with President Sadat the kind of unofficial adviser's role he used to have with Sadat's predecessor, President Gamal Abdel Nasser, circulated about Kissinger a high accolade from Chou En-lai, whom the Egyptian editor had interviewed during a visit to China last year. According to Heikal, Chou En-lai told him, "We favor the Arabs over Israel, of course, but we are not against the Jews. We think the Jews have contributed some of the greatest figures in history—for example, Marx, Einstein, and Kissinger."

MORE impersonal forces also explained the sudden outburst of peace feeling. For one thing, there was a kind of psychological relief. In the month following October 6th, when the latest round of fighting got under way, Egypt had been hanging fire emotionally, waiting for the payoff from a supreme effort. The crossing of the Suez Canal and the attack against the Bar-Lev Line had been designed to break a diplomatic stalemate and set in motion forces that would lead the Great Powers to press Israel to yield up the territory seized during the Six-Day War of 1967. Militarily, the effort, called Operation Spark, had succeeded beyond expectations. "The Egyptian Army realized a miracle," President Sadat said in a speech on October 16th. If nothing else, the stain of ignominious failure in the Six-Day War had been wiped out. "We have crossed the ocean of defeat," the well-known Arab writer Tawfiq al-Hakim said of the initial military operations. But there was no immediate sense of a safe landing in the harbor of victory. President Sadat, in his October 16th speech, acknowledged that "these hours are fraught with contradictory feelings." He said that this was not the time "to boast together and show pride over what we have realized." Nor did the cease-fire, on October 22nd, make matters better. The tide of battle had changed, and the Israelis had crossed to the west bank of the canal. Many of the other Arab states, and at least some Egyptians, including some military men, wanted to keep on fighting. Matters only worsened in the next few days, when Israeli forces, in violation of the cease-fire, expanded their beachhead on the African bank of the canal north, south, and west, reaching Kilometre 101 on the road to Cairo, less than seventy miles east of the capital. By the time Dr. Kissinger arrived, the cease-fire had become precarious, and many Egyptians were panicky. Some twenty thousand men of the Egyptian Third Army Corps were trapped east of the canal, in an enclave at its southern end entirely surrounded by Israeli troops. The Egyptian Second Army Corps, which had crossed the canal at the northern

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end, was in a position to be cut off easily from Cairo by Israeli troops. The Egyptian high command had notified Sadat that both armies might be destroyed unless a concerted effort to break the Israeli lines was made in the next few days. The War Minister, General Ahmad Ismail, and the Chief of Staff, General Saad Shazly, were said to have offered their resignations in a clash with President Sadat's chief diplomatic adviser, Hafez Ismail. If they did, the offer was turned down, but Major General Saad Mamoon was replaced as commander of the Second Army Corps.

Presumably to bolster morale at home and make the Americans take the situation seriously, an Egyptian military spokesman threatened that Israeli lines on the west side of the canal would be infiltrated by thousands of Egyptian civilians mustered for guerrilla action, while regular forces from Algeria and Morocco would be hurled at the Israelis. There was gossip that the oil boycott, which had begun on October 17th and was by the time of Kissinger's visit responsible for a twenty-five-per-cent cut in production, would be tightened to cut production as much again in a matter of days. It was even rumored that Soviet troops would come in—perhaps as helicopter pilots ferrying supplies to the Third Army Corps. While not all the details, particularly about the tactical situation on the ground, were available to the Egyptian public, enough was known for most of Cairo to become edgy.

Apart from the immediate military danger, much of Egypt was feeling the pinch of various emergency measures. The blackout, which began when the war started, may not have been much by the standards of London in the blitz, but it was by far the closest to a total one I have ever seen in Cairo. The airport and the bridges across the Nile had been a blaze of light during past emergencies, and now they were dark. Except for the casino at the Sheraton Hotel, all night clubs were closed. Fancy restaurants, including the one at the Mohamed Ali Club, which is the indoor Babylon for Egypt's new affluent class of diplomats, Army officers, and bureaucrats, were half empty. The universities had not opened at all this year. The theatres have featured patriotic fare—for example, the national theatre presented a drama about Saladin, the great sultan who ruled most of the Near East, including Egypt, in the twelfth century and was the scourge of the Crusaders. The outdoor Babylon, the Gezira Sporting Club, was partly con-

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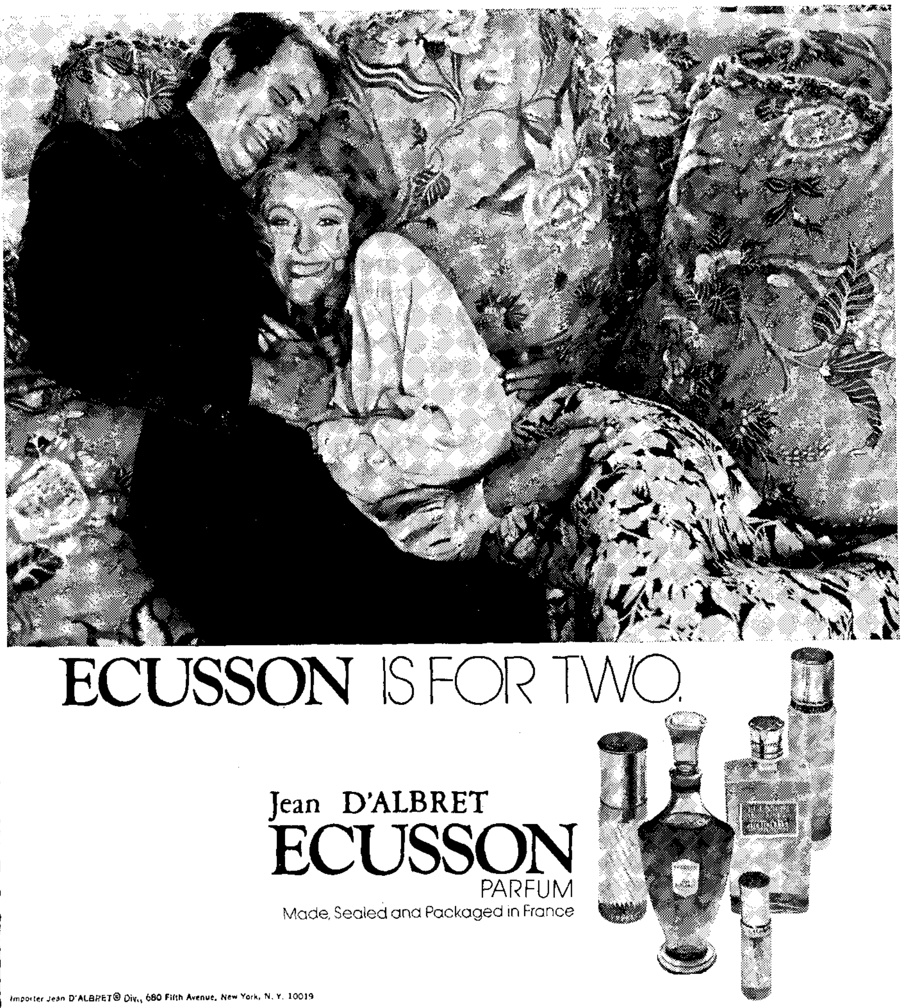
verted into a hospital for the wounded and a parade ground for young men training as militia. Commodities basic to every household—sugar, tea, kerosene, and cooking oil—had been rationed even before the war started. Meat was available only twice weekly. In addition, other commodities became scarce or rose in price. Even here, next door to the oil fields, the price of heating oil was raised by about fifteen per cent and gasoline was rationed at thirty gallons per family per month. "The gasoline rationing hurt least of all, because there's no place to go," one Cairo matron told me. "Normally, in the fall I would be having luncheon parties for my friends, maybe twenty people at a time. I would buy one or two new dresses. But without tea or sugar there's no point in having the parties. That means I don't have to buy the new dresses. Anyway, there's nothing to buy in the stores that I would want to wear. So I use the car only for going to the Red Crescent [the Islamic equivalent of the Red Cross] to do hospital work."

INTERNATIONAL worries compounded local troubles. In embarking on the war, Egypt relied heavily on the Soviet Union for tanks, planes, missiles, anti-tank guns, and equipment for the canal crossing. Even the basic strategic plan was Russian-inspired, and in the eighteen days of fighting, Egypt became further dependent on Moscow for military supplies and diplomatic backing. But the Egyptians simply do not like the Russians. President Sadat, in particular, has had the feeling ever since the attempted left-wing coup of May, 1971, that Moscow was trying to cut him down. The expulsion of Soviet technicians and military advisers in July, 1972, was only the most dramatic of many actions taken to lessen Cairo's dependence on the Soviet Union. Perhaps the most significant event has been the steady decline in Egypt's cotton exports to Russia—down from more than thirty-eight per cent of the crop in 1970 to twenty-four per cent this year. Before and after the expulsion of the Soviet advisers last year, I was made aware of resentment among Egyptian military men over what they deemed to be high-handed Soviet tutelage. There was also a lack of rapport between the shopkeepers of Cairo and the Russian officials, who patronized stores in a decidedly stiff and unbazaar-like way. What struck me on this visit was the cool attitude toward the Russians among Egyptian Marxists whom I had regarded as pro-Soviet. One of them,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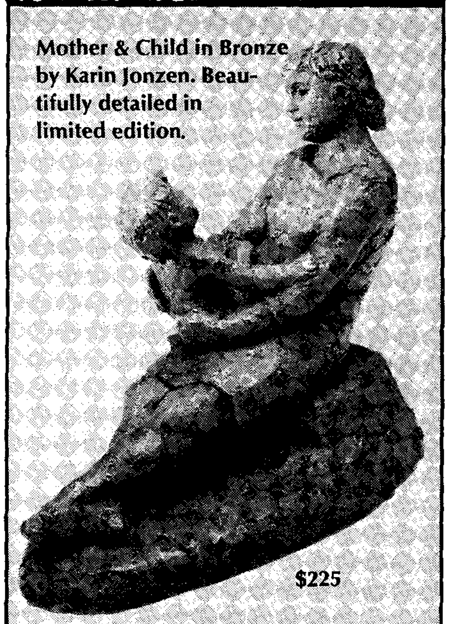

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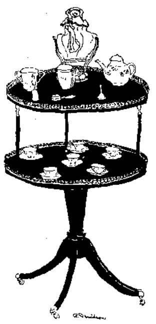
an official of the Arab Socialist Union, which is the government party in Egypt, complained to me about Soviet diplomacy during the October war. He definitely resented the fact that Russia had joined with the United States to impose the October 22nd cease-fire, which severely penalized Egypt. "The Israelis kept right on with military operations, and occupied advantageous positions before they stopped," he said. "But it took Russia forty-eight hours to complain, in the note from Brezhnev to Nixon on October 24th. We still haven't seen the note, and we don't know how strong it was. We do know that Nixon ordered a worldwide alert. We also know that Nixon compared the alert to the Cuban missile crisis, acting subsequently as if Russia had backed down. We know that Brezhnev gave a very soft speech to the World Peace Congress, in Moscow, on October 26th. The only critical comment that Moscow made about Nixon's statement came in a Tass statement that didn't even name Nixon. Why not? Why didn't Brezhnev himself say something?"

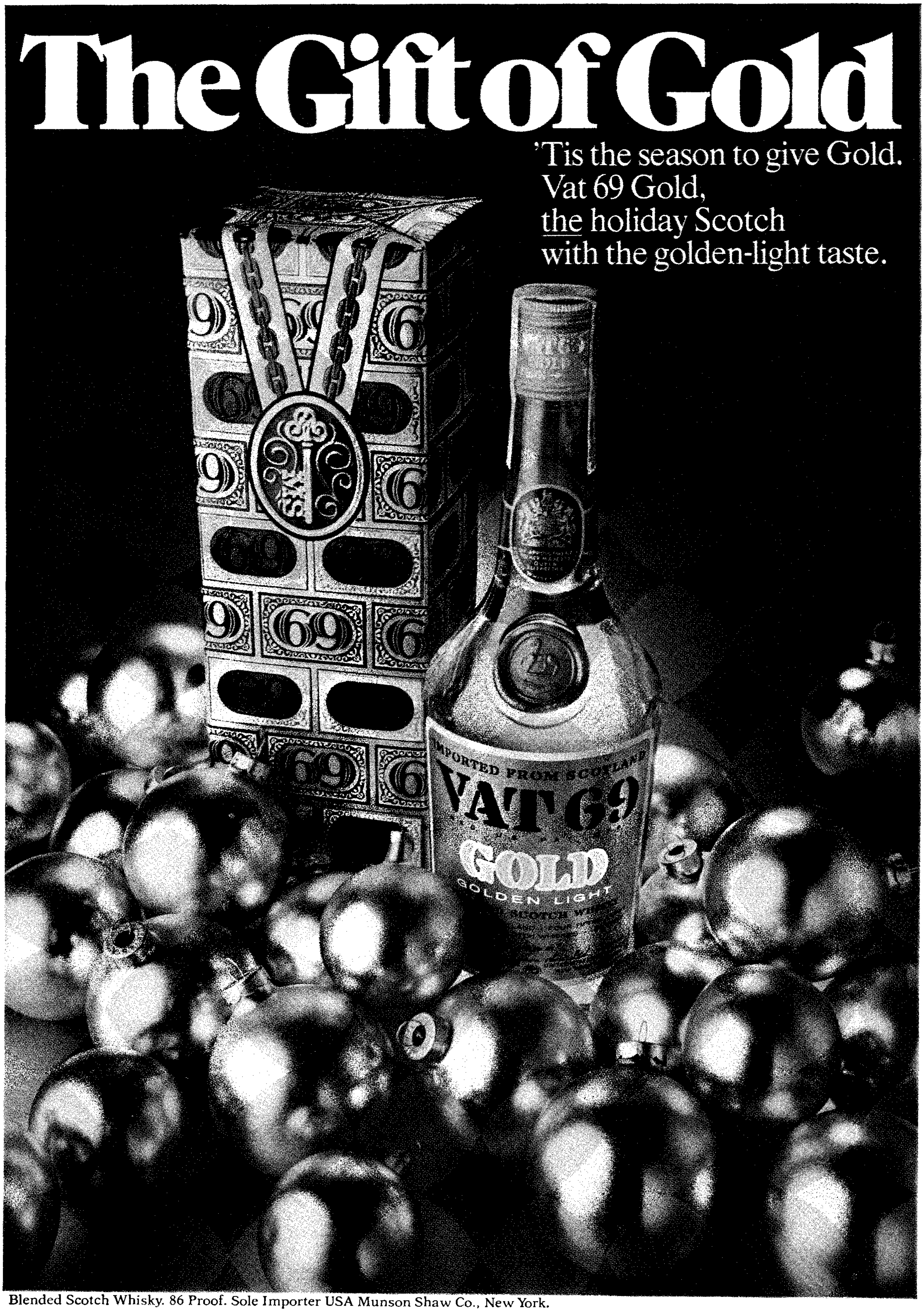


Another Egyptian whom I had always regarded as pro-Soviet, a journalist at *Al-Ahram*, told me of an episode that took place during the same period. He was in his office when the porter downstairs announced that a Russian named Vadim Something-or-Other wanted to see him. "I thought it was Vadim Kuzhevnikov, a Soviet official based in Moscow, who specializes in the Near East, and whom I've often visited in Russia," he told me. "I asked the porter to send him up immediately. I thought perhaps there was going to be some explanation of Soviet behavior. But I was wrong. The man who appeared was a different Vadim—a Vadim from the Novosti news agency. He wanted to sell me some pictures of the ceremonies marking the October Revolution. I looked at the pictures. They weren't even pictures of this year's ceremony. They were last year's pictures. Totally unusable. That's typical of the Russians."

In marked contrast to the hostility toward the Russians, despite the help they had given Egypt, was the tender attitude toward the United States, which had helped the enemy of Egypt. During the very thick of the fighting, at the most active stage of the American airlift to Israel, President Sadat, in his speech on October 16th, addressed "an open letter" to Mr. Nixon, "issued from a genuine desire to maintain peace and strengthen the détente." In his next public appearance, at a press conference on October 31st, Sadat cited the Americans as a reason for accepting the cease-fire of October 22nd. He said, "I fought Israel. . . . However, I am not prepared to fight America." Before embarking on the war, his government made two decisions symbolic of an affinity with the United States: a three-hundred-and-forty-five-million-dollar contract for building an oil pipeline from the Gulf of Suez to the Mediterranean was awarded to an American firm, the Bechtel Corporation, despite stiff competition from European companies, and it was announced that degrees from the American University of Cairo, a privately financed institution, would be accorded equal status with degrees from the Egyptian state universities.

It is now apparent that earlier Egyptian efforts to achieve greater rapport with the United States went, if not unnoticed, at least unrequited. The dramatic expulsion of the Soviet technicians was, in effect, a gage of good faith that President Sadat wanted Washington to pick up. When there was no positive response, Sadat directed his diplomacy toward the Arab state most able to influence the United States—Saudi Arabia, with its vast oil output and thick network of ties to American companies. His appeal hit home, for various reasons: because King Faisal, as he grew older, had come to care desperately about the holy places of Jerusalem; because the King felt that the Americans had repeatedly reneged on promises to push the Israelis out of Jerusalem and other occupied territories; and because the Saudis could literally make more money by cutting down on oil deliveries and driving up the price. The courting of the Saudis reached its peak just before the war, in the last week of August, in a visit by Sadat to King Faisal in Riyadh.

Prior to that, Sadat had remodelled his own regime in a way that promoted friends of the United States at the expense of Russophiles. The big change came last March, when Aziz Sidky, an economist who had built his career on negotiating Soviet credits for the Egyptian economy, was forced out as Prime Minister. Sadat did not name a replacement, and so underlined his own role as No. 1 without a No. 2. Around him he has since collected various advisers and technicians, chiefly from old fami-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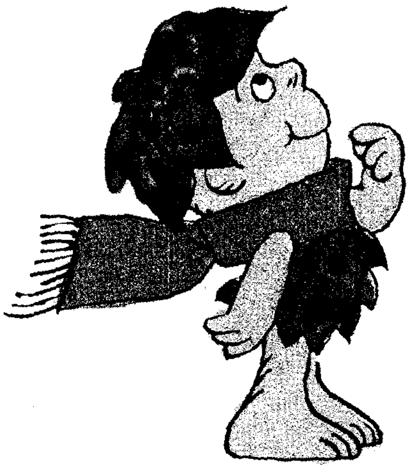

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

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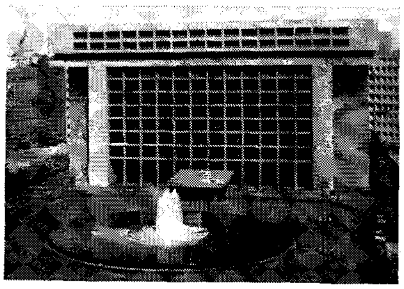
lies long known for their hostility to the Communists and their favorable disposition toward the West. Thus, the Interior Minister, al-Sayed Mamduh Salem, is the scion of a middle-class family from Alexandria, who was educated in England and received police training in the United States before endearing himself to Sadat by breaking up a left-wing student plot against the President. The Minister of the Treasury, Abdul Aziz Mohamed Higazy, was trained as an accountant in the United States. The Minister for Cultural Affairs, Abdul Kader Halem, was an Army officer in Farouk's Egypt and, as Minister of Culture during the Nasser regime, became known for anti-Communist crackdowns. The handling of relations with the Arab oil states has been entrusted to Sayyid Mari, a rich landowner who tried to institute American farming methods as Minister of Agriculture and now serves the President as an unofficial adviser. Mohamed Heikal, the *Al-Ahram* editor who has made such a comeback as a Presidential adviser, is in life style and outlook very much like a Western press lord. At his urging, Sadat advanced two "Americanists" (a term that Cairo journalists have coined in response to our State Department's use of "Arabists") in the Foreign Ministry. Ismail Fahmy, the son of a wealthy landowning family, who was in disfavor before the expulsion of the Russians because he argued publicly that only the United States could force Israel to abandon territory, was promoted to Acting Foreign Minister and then to Foreign Minister. Ashraf Ghorbal, a Harvard alumnus from a well-to-do Alexandria family, was named press spokesman for the President and then Ambassador in Washington. I had a chat with Mr. Ghorbal, who told me that the Sadat regime had become almost American in tone and style. "President Sadat is not an impulsive man who takes a dramatic action and then waits for others to react," he said. "He works on a long-term plan. He can take adversity, and he can get others to take it, until he is ready to move. Starting the war is an example. He took all kinds of abuse from people who were skeptical about his preparations. Even the Russians were not in favor of our starting the war at this time. But we managed to keep our secret. Because of the President, we did some things nobody expected. We Egyptians fought, and fought well. We coöperated with the Syrians. And we were able to mobilize the oil weapon. So you should understand we are



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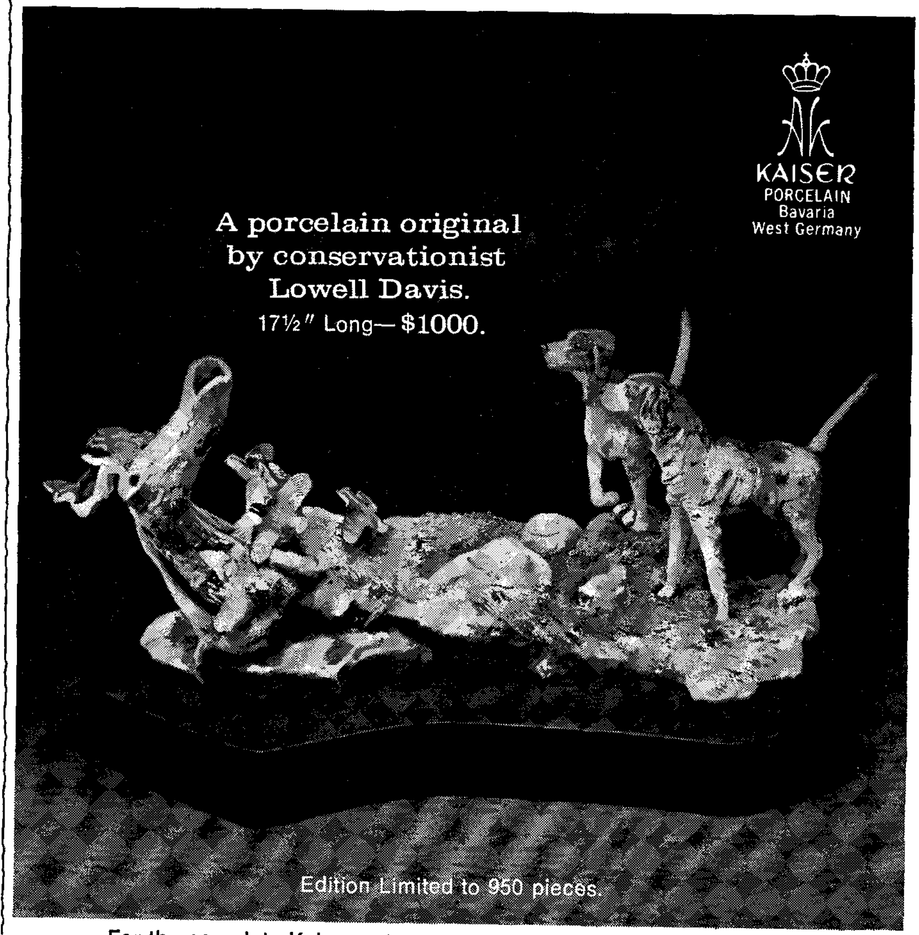

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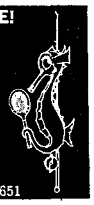

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The pro-American bias of the Sadat regime was especially evident—not to say annoying—to the Cairo representatives of the European powers that had sought to win an inside track in Egypt by coming down hard on the side of the Arabs against Israel. An ambassador from one of these countries offered this explanation: "The Egyptians are a people half decolonized. They do not like any of those who played master in the past—the British or the French or, most recently, the Russians. But they love the good things that go with being a colony. They especially love consumer goods—cars, refrigerators, and television sets. If General Motors could invent the ideal consumer, he would be an Egyptian. So, even as they deny imperialism, the Egyptians slip into the American embrace."

UNDER these conditions, it was easy—indeed, easier than anybody had foreseen—for Secretary Kissinger, during a few hours of talk with President Sadat, to work out an agreement consolidating the cease-fire and moving toward an international peace conference. Before the Secretary arrived here, four elements had been defined, during American talks with Egyptian and Israeli representatives, as crucial to the prolongation of the cease-fire. The Egyptians wanted, as a first priority, to save the Third Army Corps while being assured of an Israeli pullback to the lines of October 22nd. The Israelis demanded, in return, both an exchange of prisoners and an end to the blockade—imposed when the war began—at the strait of Bab el-Mandeb, where the Red Sea meets the Gulf of Aden. As to the second element, the Israelis, while refusing to return to the lines of October 22nd, were prepared to consider a thinning out of the forces of both sides along the Suez Canal, with a view to opening the canal as a first step toward an over-all settlement. Sadat, in his talk with Kissinger, accepted the prisoner exchange and agreed—though tacitly rather than in writing—to end the Bab el-Mandeb blockade. He abandoned the demand for a return to the October 22nd lines except in the context of a mutual thinning out of lines around the canal. He accepted instead the idea of supplying

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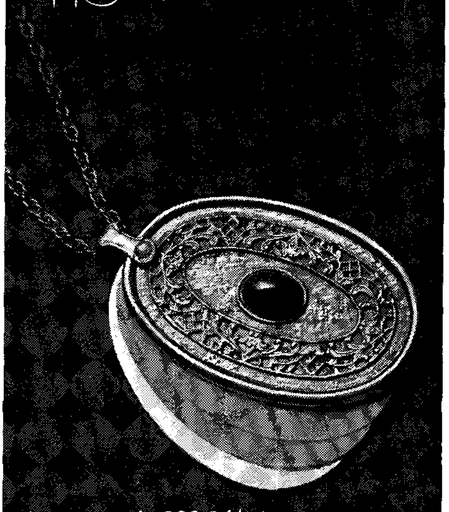

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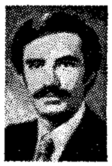

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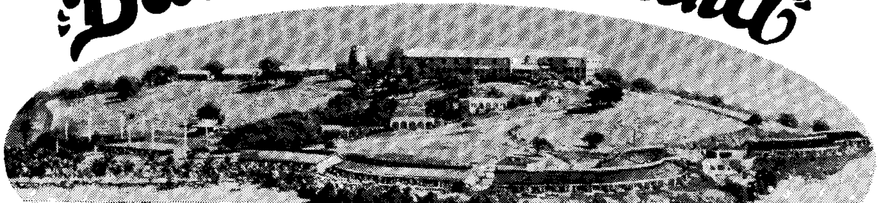
Though the full package was not revealed until November 9th, after Kissinger left Cairo, there were two signs that an agreement had been reached while he was still here. One was an unusual deference on the part of the Secretary of State when he and Sadat met briefly with reporters after their private talk. In a rare display of reticence, Dr. Kissinger kept referring questions to the Egyptian President, who, in turn, passed them back to the Secretary of State. "Is it war or peace?" was one question. Dr. Kissinger looked to President Sadat for the answer. President Sadat said, "We must await the answer of our friend Dr. Kissinger." Kissinger then said, "I think we're moving toward peace." The second sign was the exchange of ambassadors, which, when it was announced in Cairo a couple of hours after the meeting, precipitated the popular euphoria. "The resumption of relations was Sadat's way of saying, 'I want a political settlement under American auspices,' " according to a diplomat in the Kissinger entourage. "It said to the Russians, 'Despite all your aid, I know that only the Americans can pull off a settlement.' "

The agreement, however, proved hard to apply to the practical situation confronting Egypt and Israel. Several days elapsed before the Israeli Cabinet agreed that a mere tacit understanding on the lifting of the Bab el-Mandeb blockade was sufficient. Before satisfactory arrangements could be worked out for resupplying the Third Army Corps, there followed three days of talks by Israeli and Egyptian negotiators meeting in a tent at Kilometre 101. Prisoner exchanges did not begin until November 15th—a week after the agreement was reached in Cairo. At that point, negotiations shifted to the issues of disengagement and a new cease-fire line. At the end of November, a full two weeks after the issue of disengagement had been broached, there was still no agreement between Egypt and Israel on reducing the forces involved in their military confrontation.

The slow progress at the points of conflict inevitably raised doubts about the peace jubilation that had swept Cairo. One of President Sadat's advisers boasted to an American that he had told Sadat, "You've given on everything. You gave on prisoners, you gave on the blockade, and you gave on the October 22nd cease-fire line. Apart from the resupplying of the Third Army Corps, you got only a peace con-



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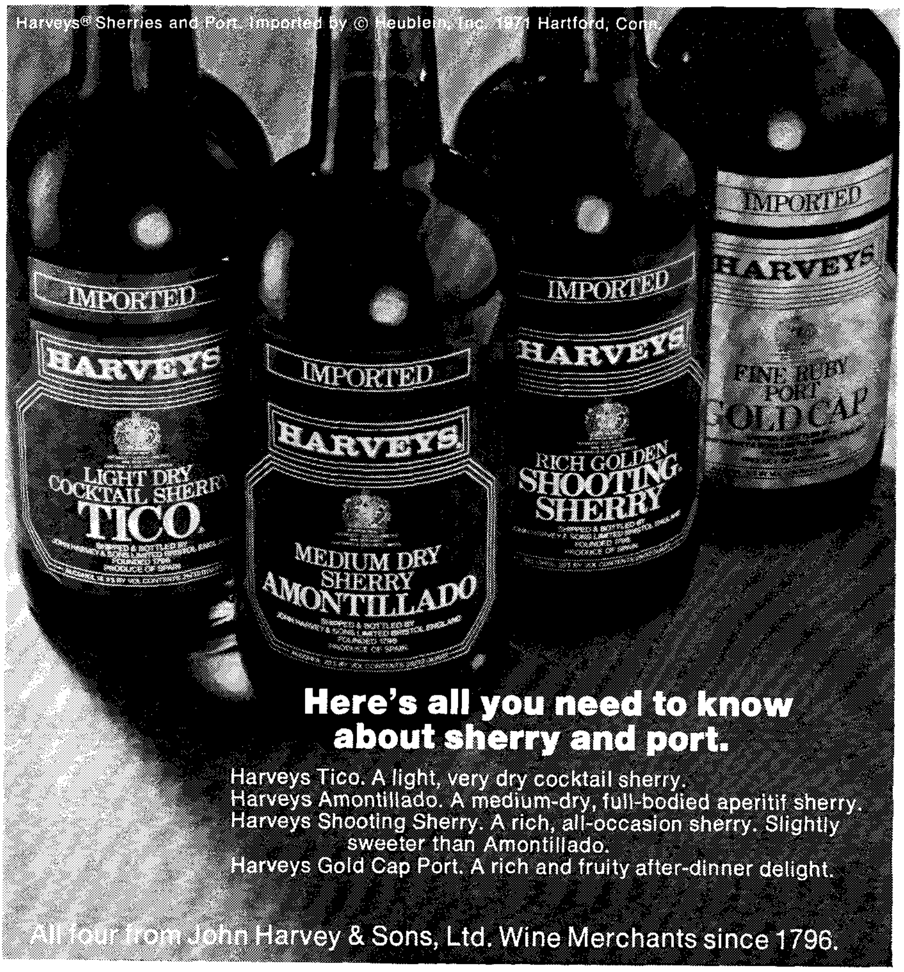

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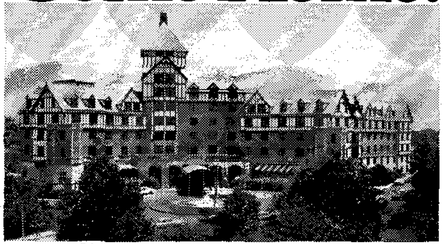

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ference with the Israelis at some distant date. But that will drag on and on and on. Four months from now, you will find that you are in total disagreement over a sentence in a paragraph in a clause of an article embedded in a diplomatic document that nobody understands anyway. What will you do then? Start up the war again?"

Another adviser, after acknowledging that Sadat had made his case totally dependent upon the United States, raised the question of whether, with Watergate preoccupying Washington, it was wise to rely so heavily on President Nixon. "Unfortunately, President Sadat doesn't understand Watergate," he told me. That point was rammed home, perhaps unwittingly, by Mohamed Heikal. In his widely read column, "Speaking Freely," he gave an account of an interview he had with Secretary Kissinger which underlined Sadat's dependence upon a weak American regime. According to Heikal, Kissinger began the interview by congratulating Heikal on Egypt's "success" in pushing the Near East to the center of diplomatic activity. Kissinger went on to say that he came not as a mediator, as a party to the conflict, or as a potential trustee for peace in the Near East. He wanted "the people of the area to build the systems of their own lives and security." But he did not have "all the elements of the crisis in my hands." All Kissinger had was "my personal reputation, my personal assets." Then, Heikal claims, Kissinger said, "The President of the United States is incapable of performing any positive role in the Middle East crisis, even if he wanted to, because of domestic pressure on him." Heikal concluded:

> Henry Kissinger is serious in his search for a solution. Still, the Arab future cannot be allowed to rest on a single man in the United States.... The Arabs must not be dazzled by the lustre surrounding Kissinger.

While some Egyptians whispered their suspicions that Sadat might have been taken to the cleaners by Kissinger, the rest of the Arab world roared out the charge. A Saudi Arabian representative, after pointing out that King Faisal had received Dr. Kissinger very coolly in Riyadh, asserted that his country would not relax the oil blockade against the United States or abandon its insistence that Jerusalem be returned to Arab hands just because "Kissinger seduced Sadat." The Syrians asserted that they could not go along with Egypt in a prisoner exchange until Israel began withdrawing from occupied territory and making provisions to meet the needs of the Palestinian refugees. Algeria's President, Houari Boumedienne, a claimant to the old Nasser role of leader of all the Arabs, called an Arab summit meeting in Algeria, and one of his Cairo representatives publicly complained that Kissinger had hurried Sadat into diplomatic recognition without consultation, although Egypt had previously promised to clear it with the Algerians—who were themselves interested in renewing ties with Washington. An Iraqi official declared that the Kissinger-Sadat meeting did not further "the aim of the struggle against Israel." The Palestinian Arabs complained that there seemed no place for them in the Sadat-Kissinger accord, and their leader, Yasir Arafat, in a disavowal of that accord, flew to Moscow, where he received recognition as the official Palestinian representative. To top it all, there arrived in Cairo a telegram from Sadat's most troublesome partner in the Arab world, Colonel Muammar al-Qaddafi, of Libya. "I CANNOT SLEEP BECAUSE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING AT KILOMETRE 101," Colonel Qaddafi said, referring to the meeting of the Egyptians and Israelis under the cease-fire terms. The telegram continued, "YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN GREATER, MR. PRESIDENT, IF YOU HAD LED US THROUGH A WAR EVEN WITH SWORDS, DURING WHICH WE WOULD LIVE IN THE MOUNTAINS, THE FORESTS, AND THE OPEN WITHOUT OIL, WITHOUT ELECTRICITY, WITHOUT TOWNS OR AMUSEMENTS, BUT WITH DIGNITY, CHIVALRY, AND RELIGION."

Sadat rebutted such charges with great skill. First, he emphasized the military success—"the greatest since Ramses II," one of his public-relations men said—that Egypt had achieved under his leadership. The Chief of Staff, General Saad Shazly, surfaced at a military base on November 14th, for the first time since the cease-fire—giving the lie to reports that he had resigned. The War Minister, General Ahmad Ismail, visited the headquarters of the Third Army Corps—proof of its continued survival despite the Israeli encirclement. In addition, General Ismail gave a press interview that revealed many previously unknown details of the war. He di-

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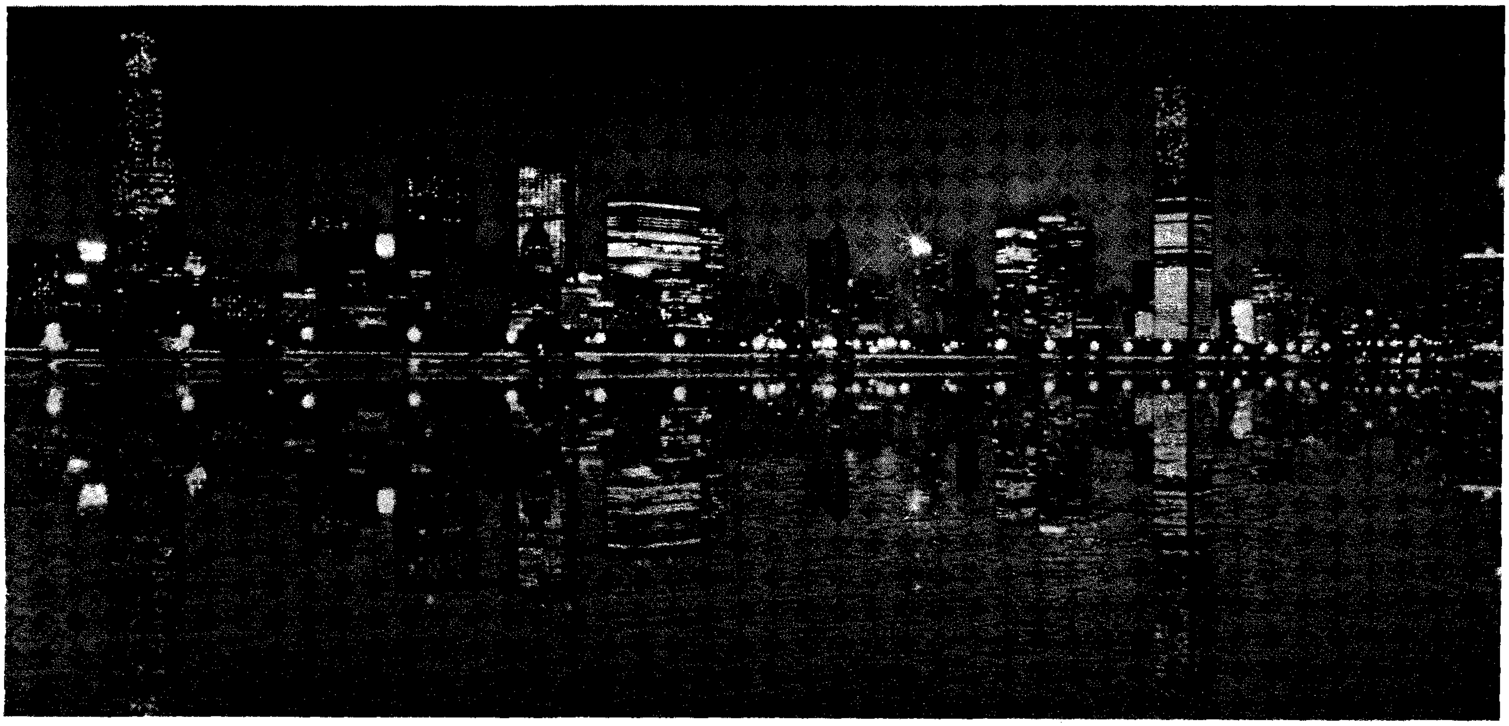

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vulged, for example, that there had been a deliberate effort to fool Israeli intelligence:

> When we began the mobilization and I knew that the enemy was reconnoitering, every day, I used to send a brigade to the field; then I would withdraw a regiment during the night, so that the enemy would feel that the forces were on training duty and that they had returned after this duty. I delayed the dispatch of [canal] crossing equipment as much as possible. It was certain that the emergence of this equipment from the depots would alert the enemy to our intentions. We manufactured special boxes for this equipment so that nobody would suspect that the large trucks carrying this equipment were engineers' trucks. We then dug holes on the bank of the canal for this equipment, which was lowered into the holes immediately on its arrival at night. All the minute details of the plan had naturally been completed in the meantime. There was coördination with Syria all of the time. A few days before D-Day, the details of the plan were passed from army commanders to the brigade commanders and the regiment commanders. Some of the vanguard soldiers of the attack knew about the plan only forty-eight hours before the attack, and others only knew of it on the morning of the attack. . . . We deliberately leaked out some reports which completely diverted attention from our intentions. We announced, for example, that the Rumanian defense minister would be arriving on 8 October to visit me. We asked [newspapers] to publish a report that we were accepting applications from officers and soldiers wishing to [go on a] pilgrimage.

By way of summation, General Ismail said:

> We have broken the deadlock surrounding the Middle East crisis. We have changed our image before the whole world, which thought we were a dead body. The world has seen that we are able to move, able to fight, and able to triumph. Not only has Egypt's image changed but the image of the entire Arab nation has changed before the world.

With Egypt's military contribution thus underlined, President Sadat moved to mobilize the rest of the Arab world behind his understanding with Dr. Kissinger. For a couple of days, the skies were almost black with the airplanes of emissaries moving around the capitals of the Middle East. Their talks yielded a compromise agreement, which surfaced on November 26th, 27th, and 28th at the Algeria summit meeting of Arab leaders. Three of them backed away from the bargain. The radicals who had opposed the cease-fire of October 22nd as well as the Kissinger-Sadat understanding—Colonel Qaddafi of Libya and President Ahmed Hassan al-Bakr of Iraq—did not attend the meeting or send delegations. King Hussein of Jordan did

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not attend, either—presumably because the Palestinian leader Arafat, who claims to represent many Palestinians living in Jordan, had been accepted as a full delegate—but a Jordanian representative was on hand. In any case, the final declaration contained something of importance to each of the other leading Arab statesmen. First of all, the mere fact of the summit meeting in Algeria gave another boost to the aspirations of President Boumedienne. In deference to King Faisal's principal interest, the declaration stipulated that a "paramount" objective of Arab policy was "evacuation by Israel of the occupied Arab territories, and first of all Jerusalem." President Hafez al-Assad of Syria won, on behalf of his special protégés, a provision in the declaration which asserted as a second "paramount" objective "the reëstablishment of the full national rights of the Palestinian people." But the biggest winner of all was Sadat. Despite all kinds of caveats, and notwithstanding a thunderous barrage of accusations against "Israel and international imperialism," the Algerian declaration posed no objection to the cease-fire and the calling of a peace conference. Sadat announced, "Battle by itself cannot constitute a solution of the problem. At the present time we are on a promising road."

At this writing, to be sure, difficulties abound. Still, Dr. Kissinger, with his great prestige intact, will in a few days be heading this way again, and it looks as if a peace conference will open in Geneva. Something hopeful, it now seems, has been kindled from Operation Spark. —JOSEPH KRAFT

•

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> —*Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.*

Good! It'll be nice to get away.

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Evelyn Chase Waters enjoys a lot of local Curling, volunteer work and keeping the home in tact.—*Alumnae bulletin of The Masters School, Dobbs Ferry.*

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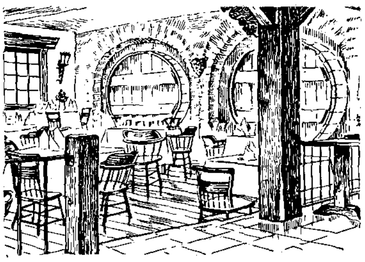

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Words, Words, Words

IN the minor aspects of concert-giving, each country has its own virtues and its own failings. Europeans are always charmed, when they go to a concert or opera or play in America, to be handed a free program; Americans abroad are correspondingly vexed at having to fish in their pockets or purses for small change to cover this necessary item. In France, that is not the end of the matter: woe betide the patron unready with his *pourboire* for the *ouvreuse!* England, mean old England, has cultivated a special line in underestimating the number of programs required, with the result that the supply is apt to run out just when they are most urgently needed, at vocal recitals. How often, in London, have I sympathized with the blameless attendant who has to face irate members of the public on such occasions!

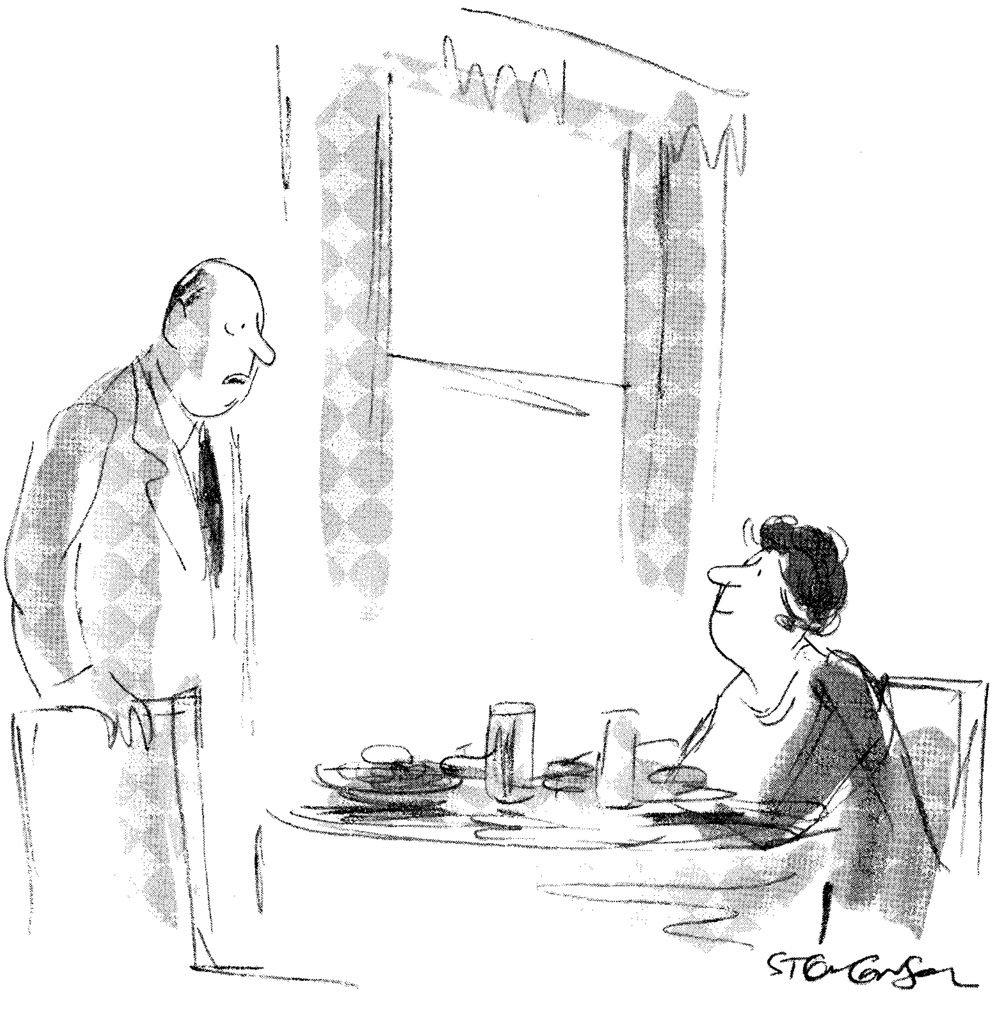
However, England can also chalk up something to her credit. The program, once secured, is likely to be full and informative. At Covent Garden, it even gives you the plot in two forms—brief or detailed, to suit the amount of time available for study; it will also tell you a great deal about the background and performing history of the opera in question, and perhaps about the edition that is to be used, as well as about the careers of the artists who are to appear. It is worth saving. And programs of vocal recitals normally include the original texts of the songs together with a facing prose translation designed not to be sung but to help the reader understand the poems.

American usage is by comparison niggardly—partly, I know, because the very plan that enables the program to be distributed free allows, as a rule, only three or four pages for matter relating to the actual concert, but partly, also, because of the indifference of the promoter, who may use no more of them than two. Such was the case with the program of that splendid and fascinating event, the Shirley Verrett recital at Carnegie Hall. The operatic arias, although one or two of them were by no means familiar, were billed by the bare titles; while of the songs, both German and Spanish, we were offered no more than a brief synopsis. The names of the poets were ignored, and only a listener well versed in the byways of Spanish music would have known what to make of the three "composers" curtly and carelessly billed as Litares-Nin, Esteve-Nin, and just plain Nin.

There are persons who declare that words don't matter and that everything essential is, or should be, conveyed to the listener by the singer's tone color and facial play. Except for the fact that such lost souls would never have heard of Jean de Reszke, I should like to remind them of how that great artist and teacher always used to insist, with his pupils, on *l'amour de la parole* as one of the singer's cardinal virtues, and a prime source of good style. And when we remember the supreme artists, is it not, time and again, the single phrase, even the single word, that we recall with lasting delight from their performances, whether live or recorded? I am thinking of such things as Martinelli's "Tutti i mali della miseria, della vergogna," in the Act III monologue of "Otello;" Lotte Lehmann's joyous "Quinquin, es ist ein Besuch" or her utterly resigned and toneless "Gar nix," in "Der Rosenkavalier;" the hammer blow of Povla Frijsh's "Ewigkeit," in Schubert's "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus;" Maggie Teyte's teasing "Je t'adore, brigand," in "La Périchole;" Conchita Supervia's caressing "Beau voyageur!" and "Bel étranger!," in Bizet's "Adieux de l'Hôtesse Arabe."

A slightly more respectable defense is offered by those who allow that words are important, but claim that, with such artists as I have just named, and also with Miss Verrett (one of the few modern singers with a marked *amour de la parole*), we can hear the words anyhow—so why bother to print them? The simple answer is that we really don't *quite* hear them: not enough of them, anyhow, not on first acquaintance, not in four different languages. Even when we do, instead of having to devote our attention to catching those elusive words, we should be able to glance ahead, see what is coming, and *then* relish the art with which the musico-verbal phrase is delivered. John McCormack himself, than whom no one ever sang words more lovingly or more clearly, nearly always had them printed in his programs.

Miss Verrett, who was accompanied by Warren Wilson (sometimes quite



"Is any of this soy-extended?"

well, but occasionally in a slapdash manner), began her recital with a remarkable feat. Without (so far as I could hear) the faintest preliminary cue from the piano, she launched into an unaccompanied line of recitative preceding the famous "Che farò senza Euridice," from Gluck's "Orfeo," so precisely on pitch that, when the accompanist entered, there was no discrepancy whatever between voice and instrument. Choosing an ideal tempo for the aria (and the choice is notoriously difficult), she filled it with a grief that was impassioned yet classically controlled, reserving her purest half-voice for the final reprise of the immortal tune. Then, ignoring the claims of chronological sequence, she gave us the bravura aria for Orfeo that comes at the end of Act I and was once thought not to be by Gluck (it is not in itself a very interesting piece of music) in such a fashion as to dazzle us with the energy and brilliance of her delivery.

To place four Brahms songs between such an opening and Jane Seymour's florid aria from Donizetti's "Anna Bolena" was poor program-building; nor did Brahms altogether suit her. She threw herself into the songs, as she throws herself into all that she does, with intense absorption, but her appeal to our sympathies was at this point too direct and overt, too little filtered through the composer's sensibility and style. In the Spanish group, however, she was in her element, adopting a lovely veiled quality for the grief-laden "Alma, sintamos" and displaying irresistible rhythmic verve in the popular "El paño murciano." The mixed-bag program continued with the group of Negro spirituals generally expected in the recitals of black singers, from which she suddenly switched to a mischievously sparkling "Una voce poco fa." By this time the audience was wild with delight, crowding down to the platform, and calling for "O don fatale" and other favorites. Those who stayed to the very end were rewarded by a group of encores among which two were outstanding: the folk song "The Water Is Wide" in Benjamin Britten's arrangement, sung with the purest legato in a dreamy *da-lontano* half-voice, and Saint-Saëns' "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," at the end of which she took and sustained an amazing soft high B flat that is actually borrowed from the bewitched Samson's reply. Singing on this level of skill and imagination is a very rare commodity nowadays.

NOTHING so grand is to be heard at the current Metropolitan revival of that rich, difficult, demanding work, Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," which fortunate prewar Metropolitan patrons were able to see with a cast including Rethberg, Martinelli, Tibbett, and Pinza. The present cast is weakest where most "Boccanegra"s are strongest—in the lower registers; and the great duets for Fiesco (Giorgio Tozzi) and Boccanegra (Ingvar Wixell) went for little, notwithstanding the evident intelligence of the singers. The best singing came from the surprisingly fresh Adorno of Richard Tucker and from the Amelia of Adriana Maliponte, who knows how to link her phrases into a steady line. Lawrence Shadur, making his début at the house, was promising as the villainous Paolo. Sixten Ehrling conducted carefully, and at first rather stiffly, becoming increasingly easy and flexible during the later acts.

CONCERTGOERS were so glad to find the lights on in Avery Fisher Hall once more, and the New York Philharmonic back on the job, that they were predisposed in favor of the first program—an all-Russian affair, with the Polish Georg Semkow conducting in place of Daniel Barenboim. Vladimir Ashkenazy, one of the most musical of the younger virtuosos, played Scriabin's youthful piano concerto with skill and grace; the music does not go very deep, but offers an unfailingly agreeable surface, and might perhaps prove well suited to the role to which so many masterpieces are now condemned—that of background to such household chores as washing up. Mr. Semkow, who is known as a Scriabin specialist, gave a sympathetic account of the orchestral accompaniment, and concluded the concert with an uninhibitedly emotional reading of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, frankly revelling in the rich and delicate range of colors provided by the fine New York players, and tending to begin rallentandos and accelerandos a few measures earlier than the composer had indicated. I don't suppose Tchaikovsky would have minded much, although he would perhaps have liked a closer

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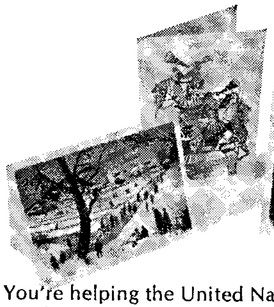

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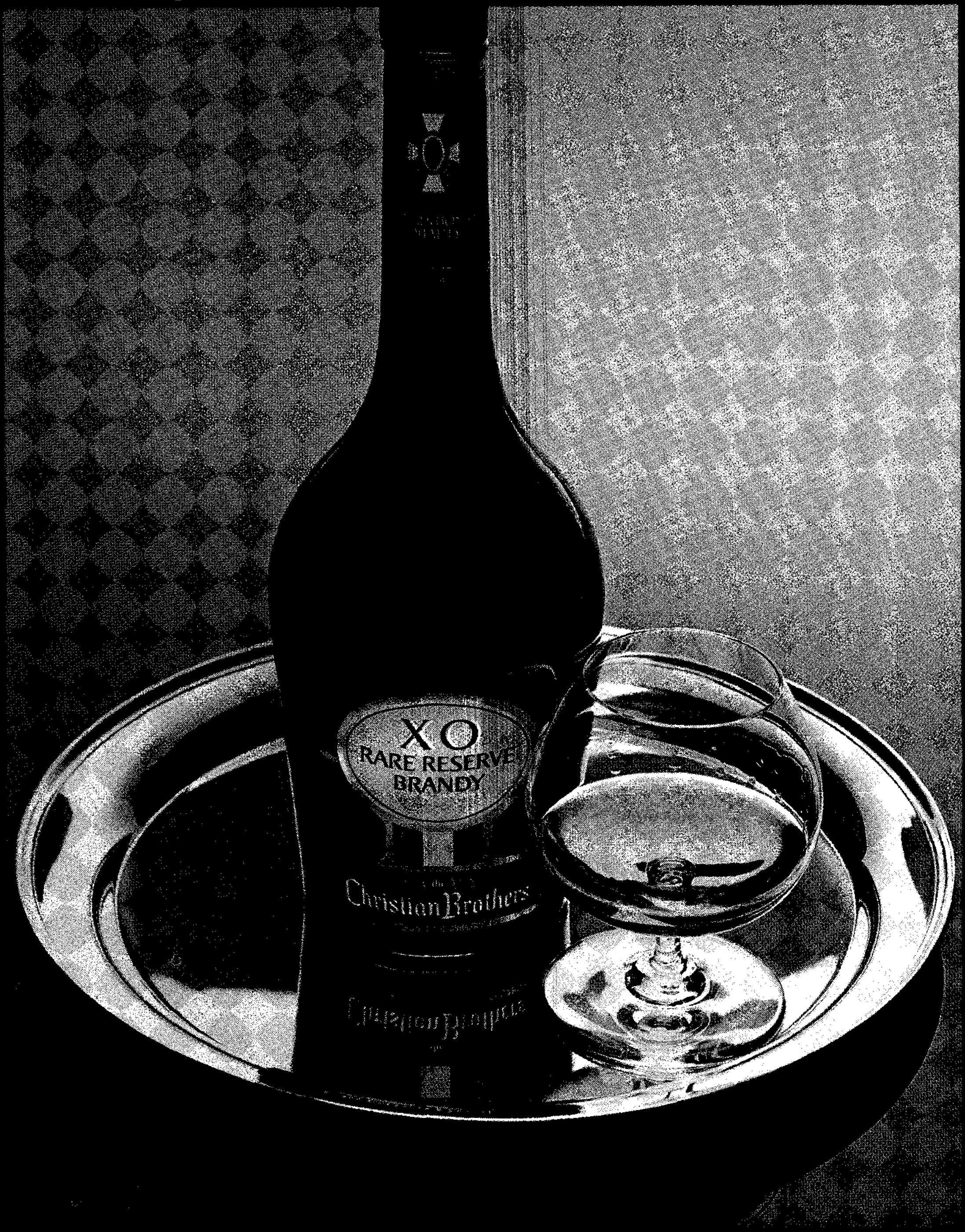

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A TINY audience, liberally sprinkled with critics, gathered at CAMI Hall for an hour of the music of Sir Donald Tovey, performed under the direction of Jens Nygaard, an avowed enthusiast. We all know and admire Tovey's famous "Essays in Musical Analysis" (now available in seven paperback volumes from the Oxford University Press), but few of us have heard any of his music, which includes an enormous piano concerto, a cello concerto admired and played by Casals, and an opera called "The Bride of Dionysus." Mr. Nygaard and his associates offered a pair of limpid, frankly melodious songs (unexpectedly Mendelssohnian rather than Brahmsian in style), a set of four Balliol dances for piano duet, which surprisingly turned out to be all waltzes, and a milk-and-water Pan-and-distant-satyrs episode from the opera, which came uncomfortably close to the Rutland Boughton of "The Immortal Hour." More valuable than any of these—indeed, quite beautiful in a derivative way—was a clarinet sonata which certainly leans on "the best models" (and why not?), but does so with such lyrical grace and structural ingenuity, and with such attractive melodies, too, that severe criticism is out of place. Richard Stoltzman and Mr. Nygaard (as pianist) found plentiful opportunities for their skill in this beautifully written score.

"THE BURNING FIERY FURNACE," the second of the three Church Parables by Benjamin Britten which are being given in repertory at St. Stephen's Church, on West Sixty-ninth Street, strikes me as a stronger and more enjoyable piece than its somewhat bare predecessor, "Curlew River." There is another chance of seeing the Concert Artists Guild's able performance of the Biblical work on December 19th; and I hope to discuss it next week in connection with "The Prodigal Son," the final panel of the triptych.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

•

HEAT WAVE ENDS

SYDNEY (Australia)—(AP)—Thieves jumped into the crocodile pit of the Taronga Park Zoo sometime last night, hauled two of the zoo's 12 acres over an eight foot wall and escaped.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

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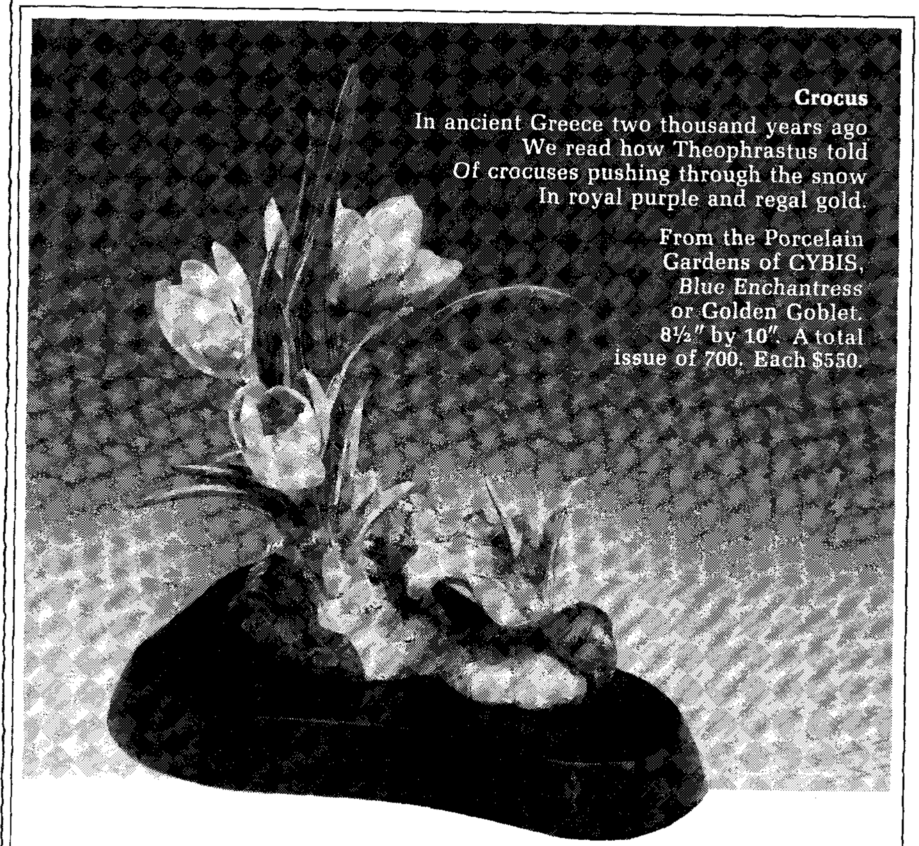

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BOOKS

Jong Love

ERICA JONG's first novel, "Fear of Flying" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), feels like a winner. It has class and sass, brightness and bite. Containing all the cracked eggs of the feminist litany, her soufflé rises with a poet's afflatus. She sprinkles on the four-letter words as if women had invented them; her cheerful sexual frankness brings a new flavor to female prose. Mrs. Jong's heroine, Isadora Wing, surveying the "shy, shrinking, schizoid" array of women writers in English, asks, "Where was the female Chaucer?," and the Wife of Bath, were she young and gorgeous, neurotic and Jewish, urban and contemporary, might have written like this. "Fear of Flying" not only stands as a notably luxuriant and glowing bloom in the sometimes thistly garden of "raised" feminine consciousness but belongs to, and hilariously extends, the tradition of "Catcher in the Rye" and "Portnoy's Complaint"—that of the New York voice on the couch, the smart kid's lament. Though Isadora Wing, as shamelessly and obsessively as Alexander Portnoy, rubs the reader's nose in the fantasies and phobias and family slapstick of growing up, she avoids the solipsism that turns Roth's hero unwittingly cruel; nor does she, like Holden Caulfield, though no less sensitive to phoniness, make of innocence an ideal. She remains alert to this world.

> How little our happiness depends on: an open drugstore, an unstolen suitcase, a cup of cappuccino! Suddenly I was acutely aware of all the small pleasures of being alive. The superb taste of the coffee, the sunlight streaming down, the people posing on street corners for you to admire them.

Admiring she is even of the impotence, madness, and defective hygiene of her many awful lovers. A feminist since birth (she says), radicalized at the age of thirteen "on the I.R.T. subway when the moronic Horace Mann boy who was my date asked me if I planned to be a secretary," Isadora Wing nevertheless has more kind words for the male body than any author since the penning of "Fanny Hill":

> He was so beautiful lying there and his body smelled so good. I thought of all those centuries in which men adored women for their bodies while they despised their minds.... That was how I so often felt about men. Their minds were hopelessly befuddled, but their bodies were so nice.

Her account of her travails among these befuddled beauties, while not exactly a flag of truce in the war between the sexes, does hold out some hope of renewed negotiations.

The second of four daughters of a would-be paintress and a father who designed "ice buckets which looked like beer steins and beer steins which looked like ice buckets," Isadora grew up in a fourteen-room apartment on Central Park West. She heavy-pets (let's call it) at thirteen, remorsefully tries to starve herself at fourteen, embarks upon a series of psychiatrists (the first is Dr. Schrift; he's short, of course, and tells her, "Ackzept being a vohman"), enters Barnard at seventeen, meets the brilliant Brian Stollerman when she is a freshman, seduces him and terminates her virginity, marries him after graduation, endures his growing madness while she attends graduate school, commits and divorces him at twenty-two, takes up with an unwashed, musical loser called Charlie Fielding, is betrayed by him, embarks upon a swinging tour of Europe with a girl friend at the age of twenty-three, returns to New York, meets a silent thirty-one-year-old Chinese psychiatrist named Bennett Wing, marries him, and now, five years later, at the age of twenty-nine, in 1971, attends with her husband an international congress of psychologists in Vienna, where she meets, loves at first sight, and runs away with an English Laingian psychiatrist called (yes) Adrian Goodlove. This life history is scattered carefreely backward and forward throughout three hundred and forty pages that should be read, one sometimes suspects, in fifty-minute doses. A pattern and a person emerge, amid the wisecracks, postcards ("Vienna. The very name is like a waltz. But I never could stand the place. It seemed dead to me. Embalmed"), and reflections upon the hard and curious lot of Woman. Intellectual condescension, physical intimidation, deodorant-selling insinuation—women suffer them all. The case for marriage is nailed in a sentence: "Being unmarried in a man's world was such a hassle that *any*thing had to be better." Motherhood is another distrusted institution: her own mother, a frustrated artist, is full of "misplaced artistic aggression," and Isadora thinks sadly of young wives "making babies out of their loneliness and boredom and not knowing why." The smaller discomforts of femininity are vividly, comically detailed. The one female complaint not registered, surprisingly, is the one most conspicuous in seriously sexy male fiction, such as Mailer's "The Time of Her Time." However adverse her circumstances, Isadora Wing seems to have no trouble achieving sexual satisfaction. And maybe this is what makes her saga so uncranky, for all its intelligent pain, and lends its prose a spun-

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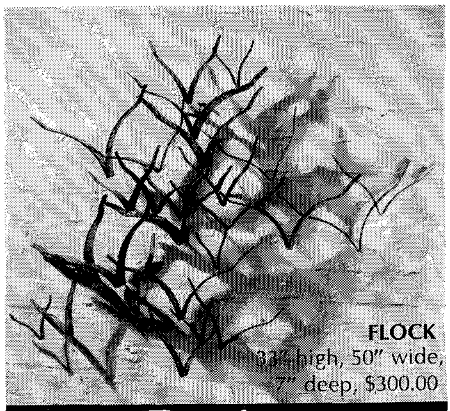

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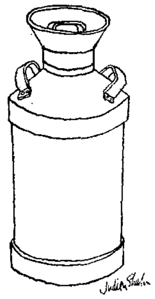
sugar halo of wonder and fun, and gives its conclusion the smug snap of a shopping expedition satisfactorily completed: "A nice body. Mine. I decided to keep it."

The male reviewer, grateful to be served this lovable, delicious novel (each chapter garnished with epigraphs), embarrasses himself with digestive rumblings. While intimacy with Isadora Wing is maintained, the reader accepts the value she puts on her own story: a reconciliation of the hunger at the poles of her being, a triumph, if precarious, over aerophobia and the socially conditioned guilt and slavishness that lie beneath it. At a little remove, however, the story can be viewed as that of a spoiled young woman who after some adventures firmly resolves to keep on spoiling herself. She bounces about on a ubiquitous padding of money: her parents were well-to-do, her first husband's parents were able to pay for private treatment of his madness whose "fees were about $2,000 a month," Charlie Fielding lived on a trust fund, both her present lover and husband are psychiatrists, with the subliminal affluence of that priestly profession. To be sure, the middle class has problems, too, and most novels are written about them, but as an instance of sexist oppression Isadora Wing should be recognized as a privileged case, with no substantial economic barriers between her and liberation, and—by her own choice—no children, either. Edna Pontellier, the heroine of Kate Chopin's elegiac novel of female revolt, "The Awakening," was a mother as well as a wife, and drowned herself to escape the impasse between her personal, artistic identity and her maternal obligations. Childless, with an American Express card as escort on her pilgrimage and with a professional forgiver as a husband, Isadora Wing, for all her terrors, is the heroine of a comedy.



ON the back jacket flap, Mrs. Jong, with perfect teeth and cascading blond hair, is magnificently laughing, in contrast to the sombre portrait that adorns her two collections of poetry. Rather disconcertingly, not only does Isadora Wing, like Erica Jong, write poetry but she writes Mrs. Jong's poetry, two samples of which are included in this book. And the reader of "Fruits & Vegetables" (1971) and "Half-Lives" (1973) has already encountered Isadora Wing's fractured leg and burgeoning crow's-feet, her multicolored notes to herself and the trail of sequins one of her gowns leaves, her mother's avocado tree behind her mother's avocado-colored couch, her mad first husband and her fondness for likening human cheeks to willow tips for softness, her irritated observation of Braque and Utrillo prints in psychiatrists' offices, and her quotation of Sylvia Plath's question "Is there no way out of the mind?" In some of the poems of "Half-Lives," the husband and lover of "Fear of Flying" are distinctly silhouetted, and in the earlier collection the sequence entitled "Flying You Home" presents the removal of "Brian Stollerman" to a California hospital in a slightly different light—more moving and ominous than what we find in the corresponding chapter of the novel, where the incident seems one more of the long string of zany mishaps that comprise Isadora Wing's amorous education. "Fear of Flying" wears its gossamer disguise as fiction with a breathtaking impudence; the difference between "The Green Hornet" and the "Blue Wasp series for radio" appears about the thickness of it. Adrian and Isadora playfully discuss how he will be portrayed in the book she will presumably write about their affair, and the sister whose husband later attempts sodomy on Isadora screams at her, "Well I won't have you putting me and my husband and my children in your filthy writing—do you hear me? I'll kill you if you mention me in any way at all." The disinterested reader, of course, need not tremble, but the flashback sections about romances past do feel more spilled than told, and there is something a shade archetypical, or unanalyzed, about the heroine: for all the times she looks at herself nude, she remains visually misty, and the author's nimble recourse to cultural and psychoanalytical tags at times verges on nervous patter. As a creator of scenes and characters, Mrs. Jong is at her best in the present—that is, at the Vienna Congress of 1971, with Isadora running back and forth between her husband and her new lover, getting their inexhaustible and incompatible analyses of what is happening. Here, comedy becomes satire and distress becomes drama. The prose flies. Throughout, the poet's verbal keenness rarely snags the flow of breathy vernacular; a few false shifts of tone, an occasional automatism of phrase ("intensely interested," "poring over books," "clutching my baby" within six lines), a few clammy touches of jargon insignificantly mar a joyously extended per-

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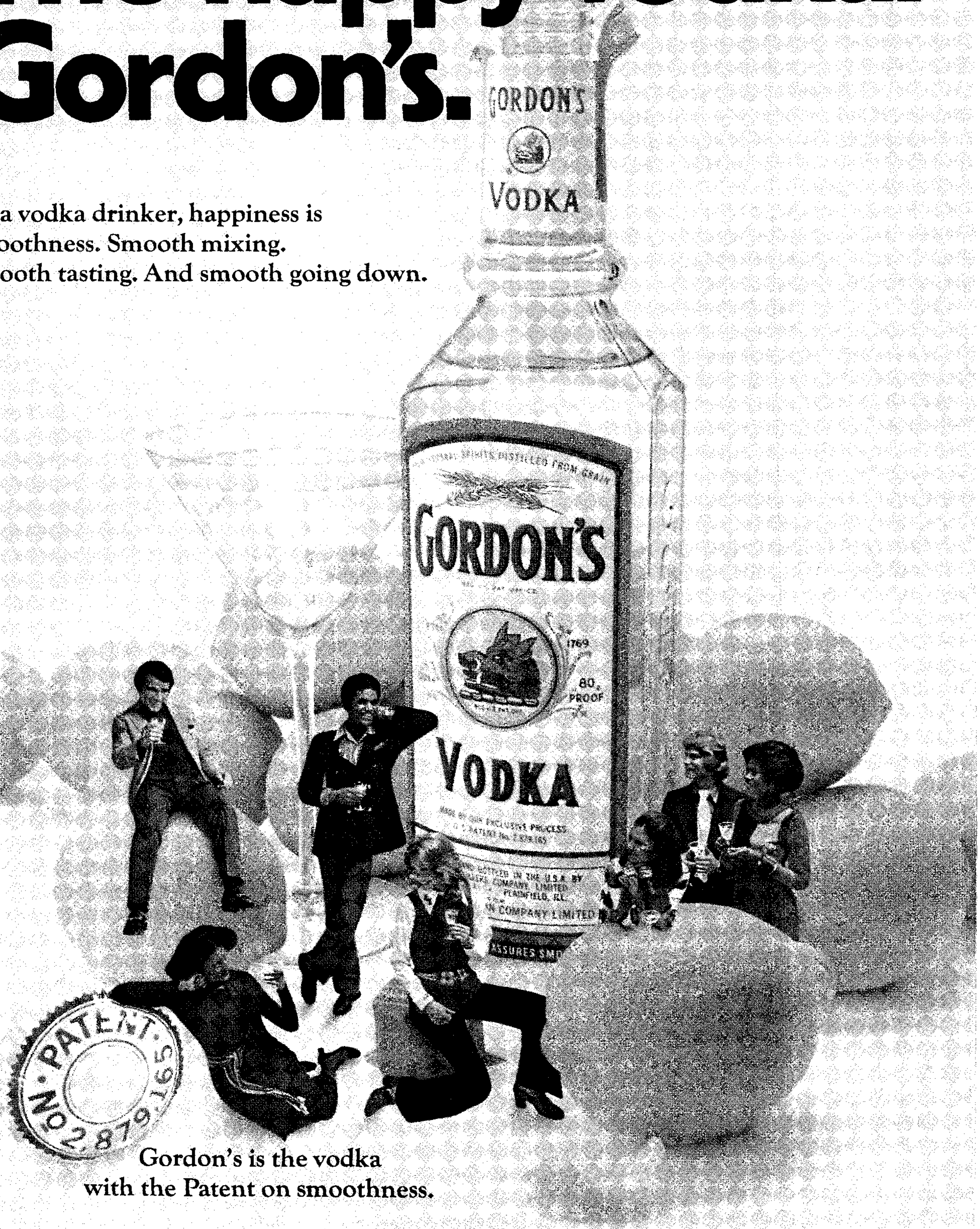
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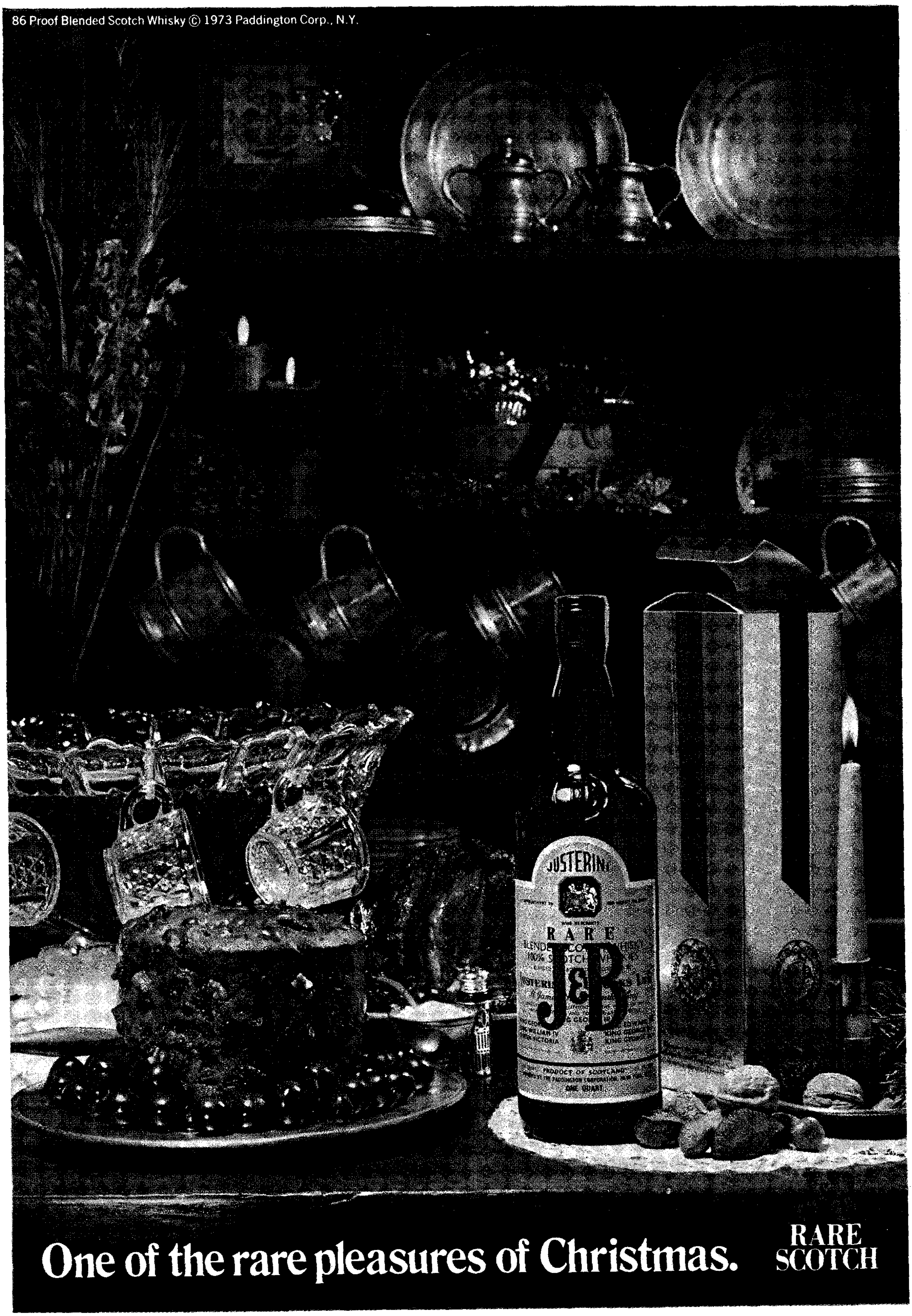
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formance. The novel is so full, indeed, that one wonders whether the author has enough leftover life for another novel. Fearless and fresh, tender and exact, Mrs. Jong has arrived non-stop at the point of being a literary personality; may she now travel on toward Canterbury. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE BOYS ON THE BUS, by Timothy Crouse (Random House). Down in the dust of the campaign trail. The time is 1972 (and how far away that seems now!), and the campaigners are Humphrey, McGovern, and Muskie, straining for the Democratic Presidential nomination, and then Nixon and McGovern for the Presidency. The Democrats are all prominently onstage (and even Agnew makes a brief, unruffled appearance), but Nixon is only a presence—inaccessible on the road, invisible at the White House. Mr. Crouse, a young contributor to *Rolling Stone*, is clearly fascinated by the sight and sound of politicians, yet his central subject here is not the candidates but the reporters who covered the candidates—the boys on the bus, or plane—and his book is an attempt to re-create the excitements and tediums of their assignment. It is a most interesting book, full of grubby motel details, full of backstage anecdotes, and generally enlivened by bright writing. He introduces us to some of the top correspondents—the "heavies," as he calls them (David Broder, R. W. Apple, Jr., Curtis Wilkie, Walter Mears, Jules Witcover, Richard Stout, Haynes Johnson)—he discusses the phenomenon of "pack journalism" and the fear of originality, and he makes the crushing point that it is not the reporter, however famous, who gets the politician's attention but the paper or wire service or network he works for; the Denver *Post* is worth a nod, but the New York *Times* commands an embrace. Indeed, he instructively notes, "once a story hits page one of the *Times*, it is certified news and can't be ignored." Mr. Crouse's impression of the working press is somewhat different from that entertained by the Nixon White House. The strong opinions shouted so manfully in the pressroom are seldom seen in print or heard on the air. There is a built-in inhibitor in every experienced reporter which takes care of that, and back at the

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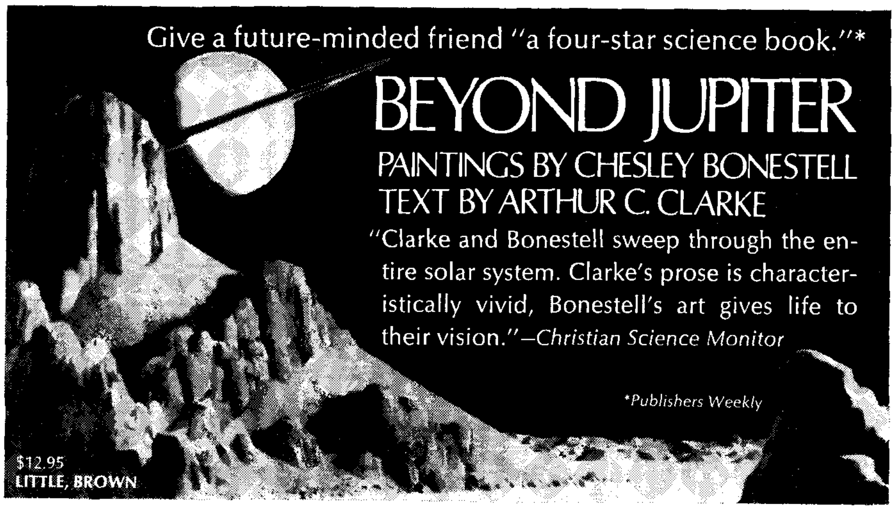
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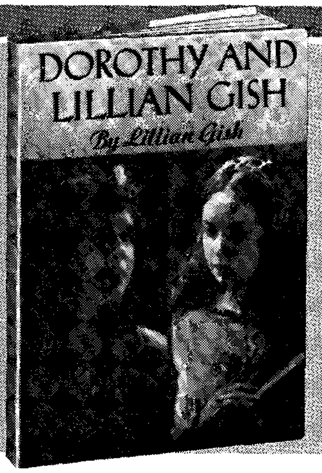

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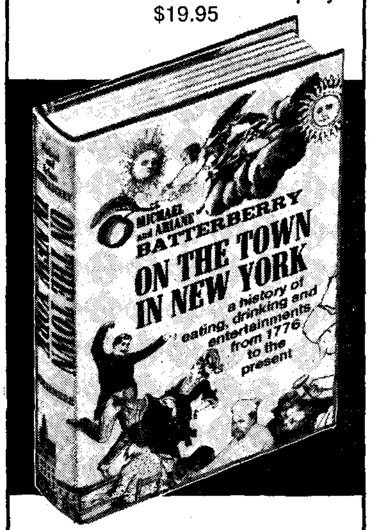
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SCRIBNERS

office, in every editor and deskman, there is an even stronger one. Mr. Crouse seems to like and sympathize with most of the reporters he talked with, but he does not hesitate to strip them down to what he sees as their common professional faults: "the insecurity, the ambitiousness, the name-dropping, the ass-kissing, and the weakness for powerful men." This is perceptive of him, but it should be added that he himself is not entirely free of certain of these disfigurations. Photographs.

WHY JUSTICE FAILS, by Whitney North Seymour, Jr. (Morrow). The author, a lawyer, has held several public positions (among them United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York), but he has never—until now, it seems—been a teacher. Here he shows a gift for analysis and exposition as he makes mysteries plain to the layman. In discussing why our legal system does not always work as well as it might, he ranges through all sorts of matters, from the decay of moral self-policing by members of the bar to the disparity between the sentences received by poor robbers and rich embezzlers, from the vexing business of courts crowded with cases of victimless crime (drunkenness) to the complications of antitrust. In each instance, he says exactly where the trouble lies and what can be done about it. He also records divergent opinions about solutions. His aims are equity and simplicity, and his work is an example of both.

SEXUAL SUICIDE, by George F. Gilder (Quadrangle). While the rest of the world worries about future generations' not having enough food to go around, George Gilder, a former editor of the *New Leader*, has apparently become haunted by the fear that Greer, Millett, Brownmiller, et al. are encouraging rampant "aimless copulation" and threatening the very structure of society by questioning their time-honored roles as wives and mothers. If this sounds rather like "Son of 'Prisoner of Sex,'" it is, except that Mr. Gilder doesn't write as dashingly as Mailer, and that his main thesis—"the crucial process of civilization is the subordination of male sexual impulses and psychology" to female biological needs (reproduction)—plummets the reader even deeper into the murky depths of mystical determinism.

MAD DUCKS AND BEARS, by George Plimpton (Random House). This lengthy book about professional football and its practitioners is slowed

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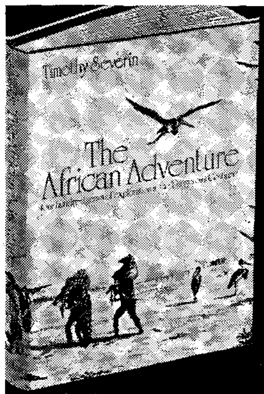

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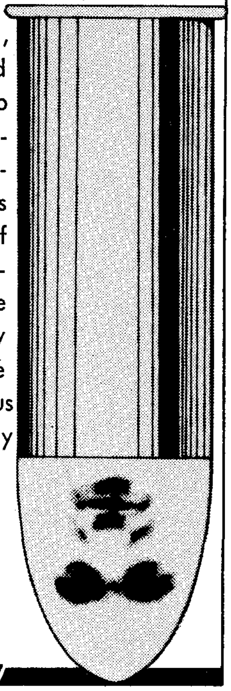

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at the outset by several self-imposed burdens, not the least of which is the fact that it is an afterpiece or successor to Mr. Plimpton's vivid best-seller "Paper Lion." The game plan here is complex, since the work begins as a dual portrait of Alex Karras and John Gordy, star linemen (both now retired) for the Detroit Lions, who talk thoughtfully and comically about the demands of their frightening, nearly impossible profession, and then shifts at halftime to take up the author's further adventures as an amateur, exhibition-play quarterback among the pros—this time for the Baltimore Colts and a television special. A busy, ambitious, and scattered book, then, and one that offers rewards and disappointments in profusion. Karras is a genuine eccentric and fantasist, and Gordy an alert raconteur, yet their funny and sad reminiscences have something about them that is smoothed and no longer quite startling, like tales heard on a nighttime talk show. The complex mystery and privacy of the great athlete have been translated into anecdotage, and our laughter, emptying each brilliant event, becomes inattentive and patronizing. Mr. Plimpton, however, is such an accomplished and thoughtful reporter that his book still surmounts its excessive readability. There are chapters and passages here—a reunion of old-time Lions; Karras as the dismayed coach of a boys' football team; the terrible boredom of practice; the players' essential, appalling disregard for their own pain and repeated injuries; the humiliating dissolution of a proud but aging team by its busy new owners; the last, meaningless flash of success by the admirable Johnny Unitas; the musings of a gigantic lineman who cares most about bird-watching—that remind us that George Plimpton, the professional amateur, the dashing public hero, is first and best of all a writer. Like some of the others here, he appears to be in danger only of his own celebrity.

•

Sen. Stennis is an honorable man who won wide sympathy when he was near death following a holdup outside his home here. But, at 72, after many months in the hospital he was hardly qualified for the demanding task of reviewing the White House tapes to make sure the submarines accurately reflected the content.
—*Daytona Beach Morning Journal.*

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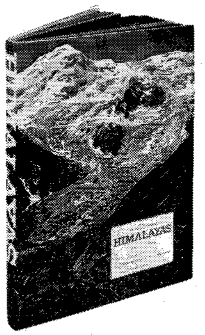

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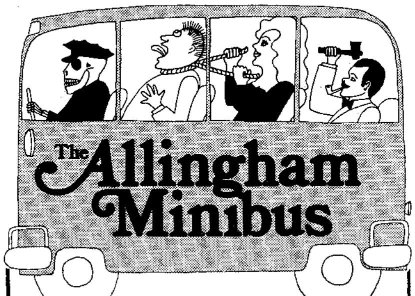

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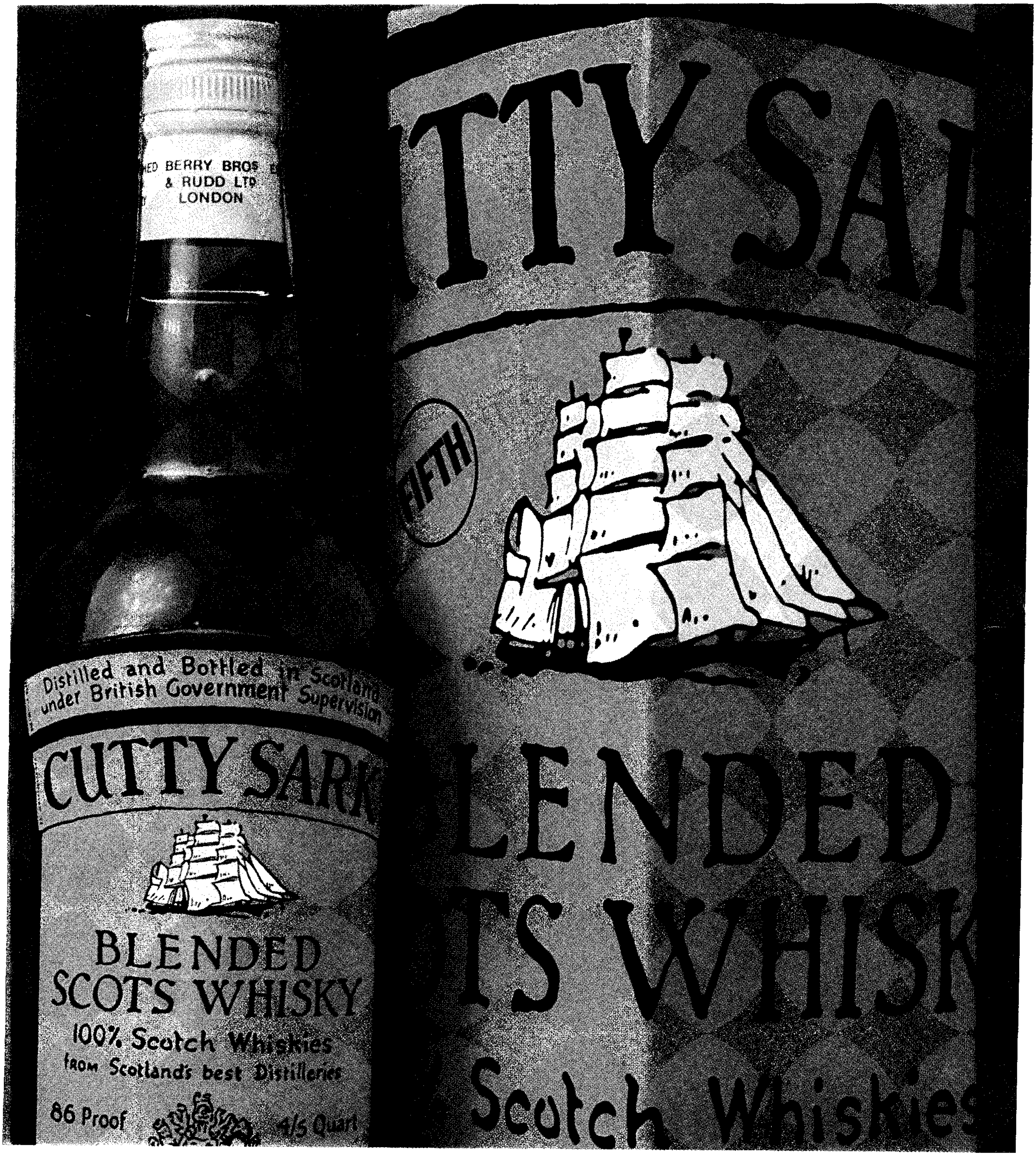
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